INTERMEDIATE

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English

For Class XI

N.W.F.P. TEXT BOOK BOARD PESHAWAR

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For

Class-XI

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Preface

This volume contains fourteen short stories, ten poems and three One-Act plays. Since the selection of reading material was made bearing in mind students of the higher secondary school level (commonly known as the intermediate level), this volume will provide pleasure as well as education to them all. Young people of this age group are in a period of life that may be termed as the age of mixed blessings — mixed blessings in the sense that these young people look back at their childhood with nostalgia and forward to adulthood with eagerness. This is a very crucial period of their lives, and they need guidance to make the best of this period.

More important to them than anything else are the problems that concern them deeply at this point in their lives, such as what kind of person they Would become, how they may bring real meaning into their lives, how they can achieve what they want, how they can make themselves agreeable and likeable, how they can make their peers admire them, and how they can make their parents and other adults understand them. These are genuine problems and the adults must understand them as such.

Literature is the best means of entertainment as well as guidance. Literary pieces, if chosen well, not only give pleasure but also provide unobtrusive instruction to the youth. Children and young people easily identify with the characters they like,

The stories, poems, and plays in this anthology deal with things and issues facing young people of this age, such as, the value of human relationships, the importance of personal values, cultures and conflicts, the difference between reality and fantasy, ambitions, success and failure, loss and gains, achievements, struggle, opportunity, maturity, virtues of a successful man/woman, virtues and values, making decisions, and growing up.

I hope students and teachers will find this selection entertaining and educative.

MR

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Short Stories

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live. The reader becomes interested in what is happening to a particular individual in a particular situation.

Once the author has decided upon the point of his story, he must begin to create plot, characters, and setting to dramatize it. These are the elements of any story. The following discussion will present them separately. It is important to remember, however, that in a well-written story the plot, characters, setting, and theme cannot be separated from each other; they all must function harmoniously to produce the total impression of the story. It is only for convenience of study that each can be isolated and discussed as a separate factor.

The Situation: Like a newspaper story, a short story must begin by introducing the characters and showing their relation to each other. It must tell the reader where the action is taking place and when. In short, it must explain the situation as the story opens. You must therefore read the first part of a short story slowly enough to get the details.

Plot and Conflict: Probably the basic need for an interesting story is a good plot or conflict. The conflict is presented through a succession of incidents. These incidents are closely related to each other and heighten the reader's interest in how things are going to turn out. That is, the incidents in a good plot build up to a climax where the conflict is settled. A good tale must have at least two opposing forces: the protagonist, the central character, who wants to achieve some goal; and the antagonist, the person or thing that the main character must overcome to achieve his desired end.

Most plots include the following stages:

Exposition	Rising Action	Climax	Falling Action	Resolution

Exposition: This is the foundation of the plot. Characters are introduced, the setting is described, and the plot begins to unfold.

Rising Action: As the story progresses, complications usually arise, causing difficulties for the main characters and making the conflict more difficult to resolve.

Climax: This is the turning point of the action, the moment when interest and intensity reach their peak, usually involving an important event, decision, or discovery that affects the final outcome.

Falling Action: These are the events that occur after the climax. The protagonist loses control and there is a snowballing effect.

Resolution: The falling action leads either to a tragic ending or a happy ending. A sudden revelation or the intervention of a force may lead to a happy ending. The resolution is the ending, and often tying together, of the story.

The opposition to the protagonist can be of various kinds: it can be another person or group of persons; it can be an external force such as physical nature, society, or the general environment; finally, it can be internal, something within the character himself such as a conflict of desires or of "the better self versus the worse self." Hence, we can classify the conflict as **Internal and External**:

Internal: "man vs. himself" – struggle takes place within a character.

External: This is a struggle between the protagonist (the hero) and some other force.

External conflict is of three types:

> **"man vs. man"** – struggle between two characters, the protagonist and the antagonist (the villain).
>
> **"man vs. nature"** – struggle between character and the elements of nature, such as fate.
>
> **"man vs. society"** – struggle between character and people as a whole, or an institution, such as the law and justice.

Plot need not be the chief interest, but, unless there is a conflict, there is hardly a story in the usual sense of the term.

Character: As readers, we are interested in fictional characters only if they are plausible, that is, only if they seem like real persons engaged in a real human experience. A story must present characters that the reader will accept as believable. Unless the author arouses our sympathy, our feeling for the people in his story, he will not hold our attention.

Each author has his own way of bringing his character to life, but, in general, he will use one or more of the following four basic techniques of characterisation:

1) The narrator's own direct comments
2) Other characters' speech, thoughts, feelings, and actions about that character
3) The character's own speech, thoughts, feelings, actions
4) Writer may use physical description

First, he may present the character directly; that is, he may tell the reader that the hero is brave or cowardly, that he is generous or selfish, that he is cruel or kind. If he uses this technique, the reader will know about the character, but he will not picture him. The person will remain flat and lifeless. Second, the author may create a character through what other characters say about him, how they react toward him, and what they think of him. Third, the writer may present his character dramatically; that is, he can show him being brave, or selfish, or cruel, or kind. He can do this in a number of ways: by the character's actions, by his speech, by his thoughts and feelings. Finally, he may present his character by describing his physical appearance.

Setting: To present characters engaged in a significant conflict, the author needs a time and a place; that is, he needs a setting. The action must take place somewhere during a given period of time. Some stories are so constructed that they could take place only in one setting. In other stories the action and characters are so universal that place and time have little bearing on the development of the story. Although the setting may not be as important as plot and character, the author can use it to build up the total impression he is trying to create.

Point of View: Point of View refers to the narrative method used in a story. There are three main types:

First Person   Third Person Limited   Third Person
Omniscient

First Person: A character (usually the main character) or characters in the play (or novel, short story) describes the action as a participant (uses "I" and "we").

Third Person Limited: The events are related through the eyes of one character (a fly on the wall perspective).

Third Person Omniscient: The narrator is all-knowing, can see the thoughts of all characters.

Theme: Every good writer intends his fiction to give an insight into some aspect of human experience or of human values, which is called the theme of the story. This need not be a moral or lesson in the ordinary sense of the word, but the idea as dramatized by the author should give the reader something to think about. It may even challenge his own sense of values or his appreciation and understanding of why human beings are what they are and why they do what they do. In short, the author enriches the lives of his readers by giving them an experience of life which they could not have in actuality.

The well-written short story or a play, then, presents action, character, setting, and theme so artistically interwoven that the reader gets an experience of human life often more vivid and more satisfying than anything he could enjoy in his normal existence.

Basic Questions

Although short stories and plays differ from one another, there are a few basic questions that can be asked of almost any play or story as an aid in identifying and understanding its major features. The following are some of the questions that the students can ask so as to help them understand and appreciate the stories and the plays included in this volume.

Plot

1. Describe the plot in terms of the exposition, complication, crisis, falling action and resolution. Is the plot unified?
2. What is the central problem or conflict on which the plot turns? Where does the turning point seem to occur? How is the plot resolved? Does the resolution seem to be appropriate and satisfactory?
3. Describe the function of each scene. Do certain scenes contrast with or reinforce one another? Do any of the scenes seem to present a metaphor of the play as a whole?

Character

1. Who is the protagonist of the play/the story, and who is the antagonist?
2. What is the function of the play's (or the story's) other major characters? What is their relationship to the protagonist and the antagonist and to each other?
3. What methods does the playwright employ to establish and reveal the characters?
4. Are the actions of the characters properly motivated, consistent, and plausible?
5. Do any of the characters serve symbolic or allegorical functions?

Setting

1. What is the play's/story's setting in time and place?
2. To what extent does the setting functionally serve to aid in characterisation, establish and sustain atmosphere, and/or influence plot?
3. What is the relationship of the setting to the play's/the story's action? Does it serve to reinforce the action, or is the relationship one of contrast?
4. Does the setting have any symbolic overtones?

Theme

1. What is the play's/story's theme or its central idea?
2. How is the theme presented? Is it explicitly stated somewhere in the play/story or is it merely implied?
3. Are there any specific passages, dialogues or actions that contribute most clearly to the revelation of the theme?
4. What is the value or significance of the play's/story's theme? Is it topical or universal in its appeal?

Personal Reaction

1. What is your reaction to the play/story? Do you like the play/story? If so, why? If not, why not?
2. Have you learnt anything from the play/story? If so, what is it that you have learnt from it?

Liam O'Flaherty

His First Flight

The young seagull was alone on his ledge. His two brothers and his sister had already flown away the day before. He had been afraid to fly with them. Somehow when he had taken a little run forward to the brink of the ledge and attempted to flap his wings he became afraid. The great expanse of sea stretched down beneath, and it was such a long way down, miles down. He felt certain that his wings would never support him, so he bent his head and ran away back to the little hole under the ledge where he slept at night. Even when each of his brothers and his little sister, whose wings were far shorter than his own, ran to the brink, flapped their wings, and flew away, he failed to muster up courage to take that plunge which appeared to him so desperate. His father and mother had come around calling to him shrilly, upbraiding him, threatening to let him starve on his ledge unless he flew away. But for the life of him he could not move.

That was twenty-four hours ago. Since then nobody had come near him. The day before, all day long, he had watched his parents flying about with his brothers and sister, perfecting them in the art of flight, teaching them how to skim the waves and how to dive for fish. He had, in fact, seen his older brother catch his first herring and devour it, standing on a rock, while his parents circled around raising a proud cackle. And all morning, the whole family had walked about on the big plateau midway down the opposite cliff, taunting him for his cowardice.

The sun was now ascending the sky, blazing warmly on his ledge that faced the south. He felt the heat because he had not eaten since the previous nightfall. Then he had found a dried piece of mackerel's tail at the far end of his ledge. Now there was not a single scrap of food left. He had searched every inch, rooting among the rough, dirt-caked straw nest where he and his brothers and sister had been hatched. He even gnawed at the dried pieces of spotted eggshell. It was like eating part of himself. He had then trotted back and forth from one end of the ledge to the other, his grey body the colour of the cliff, his long grey legs stepping daintily, trying to find some means of reaching his parents without having to fly. But on each side of him the ledge ended in a sheer fall of precipice, with the sea beneath. And between him and his parents there was a deep, wide chasm. And above him he could see nothing. The precipice was sheer, and the top of it was perhaps farther away than the sea beneath him.

He stepped slowly out to the brink of the ledge, and, standing on one leg with the other leg hidden under his wing, he closed one eye, then the other, and pretended to be falling asleep. Still they took no notice of him. He saw his two brothers and his sister lying on the plateau dozing, with their heads sunk into their necks. His father was preening the feathers on his white back. Only his mother was looking at him. She was standing on a little high hump on the plateau, her white breast thrust forward. Now and again she tore at a piece of fish that lay at her feet, and then scraped each side of her beak on the rock. The sight of the food maddened him. How he loved to tear food that way, scraping his beak now and again to whet it! He 'uttered a low cackle. His mother cackled too, and looked over at him.

"Ga, ga, ga," he cried, begging her to bring him over some food. "Gaw-ool-ah," she screamed back derisively. But he kept calling plaintively, and after a minute or so he uttered a joyful scream. His mother had picked up a piece of the fish, and was flying across to him with it. He leaned out eagerly, tapping the rock with his feet, trying to get nearer to her as she flew across. But when she was just opposite to him, abreast of the ledge, she halted, her legs hanging limp, her wings motionless, the piece of fish in her beak almost within reach of his beak. He waited a moment in surprise, wondering why she did not come nearer, and then, maddened by hunger, he dived at the fish. With a loud scream he fell outwards and downwards into space. His mother had swooped upwards. As he passed beneath her he heard the swish of her wings. Then a monstrous terror seized him and his heart stood still. He could hear nothing. But it only lasted a moment. The next moment he felt his wings spread outwards. The wind rushed against his breast feathers, then under his stomach and against his wings. He could feel the tips of his wings cutting through the air. He was not falling headlong now. He was soaring gradually downwards and outwards. He was no longer afraid. He just felt a bit dizzy. Then he flapped his wings once and he soared upwards. He uttered a joyous scream and flapped them again. He soared higher. He raised his breast and banked against the wind. "Ga, ga, ga. Ga, ga, ga. Gaw-ool-ah." His mother swooped past him, her wings making a loud noise. He answered her with another scream. Then his father flew over him screaming. Then he saw his two brothers and his sister flying around him, curvetting and banking and soaring and diving.

Then he completely forgot that he had not always been able to fly, and commenced himself to dive and soar and curvet, shrieking shrilly.

He was near the sea now, flying straight over it, facing straight out over the ocean. He saw a vast green sea beneath him, with little ridges moving over it, and he turned his beak sideways and crowed amusedly. And around him his family was screaming, praising him, and their beaks were offering him scraps of dogfish.

He had made his first flight.

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. What is the young seagull afraid of?
2. Why don't his parents, his brothers and sister give him food?
3. What does his mother do to force him to fly?
4. What does he feel when he finally flaps his wings and finds that he is not falling?
5. What is significant about the bird's first flight?
6. What lesson do you derive from this simple story?

Grammar Unit-I

Word Classes (Parts of Speech)

Words are fundamental units in every sentence, so we will begin by looking at these. Consider the words in the following sentence:

- My brother drives a big car.

We can tell almost instinctively that brother and car are the same type of words, and also that brother and drives are different types of words. By this we mean that brother and car belong to the same word class. Similarly, when we recognise that brother and drives are different types, we mean that they belong to different word classes. Hence, it is useful to learn how different words function within a sentence. Looked at simply, there are eight main functions, each of which can be used to describe a word.

WORD CLASSES ('Partsof Speech')	**DESCRIPTION**
NOUN	A **noun** is a naming word that acts to label a thing or person, whether a real thing (e.g. 'cat' - a **concrete noun**), an imaginary thing (e.g. 'ghost' - still a **concrete noun**), a thing that is just an idea ('love' - an **abstract noun**) or a specially named thing or person ('Steve', 'Eiffel Tower' - **proper nouns**). Clearly nouns form an **open class** of words in that new nouns are being formed all the time as new things need naming. A phrase that has a noun as its head word is called a **noun phrase**. Within any sentence, the nouns or noun phrases can occupy three possible positions and each of these has a very different function. A noun or noun phrase can be placed BEFORE a verb to tell what or who is doing the action of the verb. This position is called the **subject** position (The cat ate the mouse). Some verbs also need a noun or noun phrase after them - to be in the **object** position, to tell of the thing or person that has taken the action of the verb (The cat ate the mouse). Finally - and very frequently - a noun phrase can follow a preposition (see below) to form a prepositional phrase.
PRONOUN	A **pronoun** is another kind of naming word. Pronouns form a small **closed class** of words that ***stand for*** a noun ('closed' because no more pronouns are being added to our language - we have enough

	already!). Pronouns can be used to save repeating a noun word, e.g. The tiger crawled through the jungle; it couldn't be heard). The noun to which a pronoun refers is called its **antecedent** or **referent** - in this case, the **pronoun** 'it' has - as its antecedent - the **noun** 'tiger'. As with nouns, a pronoun can be put in either the **subject** or **object** position in a sentence (e.g. 'He played the piano' and 'The girl hit him') but the form of the pronoun changes whether **subject** (e.g. he) or **object** (e.g. him).
ADJECTIVE	An **adjective** is one of an **open class** of words that acts as a describing word or phrase (i.e: an adjectival phrase) that **adds extra information to a noun**. It is said to **modify** the meaning of its noun. Adjectives are often used as a part of a **noun phrase** and are sometimes referred to as **modifiers**, e.g. '*The tall man*', here the adjective 'tall' acts to **pre-modify** the noun 'man'. Adjectives can also occupy a position after a **link verb** (e.g. be, is, am, seem, appear) to become a **complement**, e.g. 'The man is *tall*.' A separate, small group of modifiers are called **determiners**. A **determiner** is a word that can **pre-modify** and **specify** a noun, e.g. the, a, some, many, those, these.
ADVERB	An **adverb** is another kind of describing word. It **adds more information to words or phrases other than a noun.** Adverbs can also modify or introduce whole sentences. They are an **open class** of words. • An adverb modifying a verb: 'He ran quickly' • Modifying a sentence: 'Thankfully, *they have escaped*' • Modifying an adjective: 'He is really *old*' • Modifying another adverb: 'It is simply *too* expensive' • Modifying a prepositional phrase: 'He is almost *at the top*'). Unlike any other part of speech element, the position of an adverb can often be varied *without affecting the meaning of the sentence*, e.g. They have, thankfully, escaped."
VERB	**Verb** are doing or being words. They are an **open class** of words. If it tells what a subject *does* it is called a **dynamic verb.** If it tells what a subject *is*, it is called a **stative verb**. **Dynamic verbs** can usually take an **object**, e.g. 'The cat chased *the mouse*', whereas **stative verbs** such as 'be', 'feel', 'appear' and

	'seem' can take an object, e.g. 'She likes ice cream' or a **complement**, e.g. 'She is bright' (SVC). • A **complement** acts to 'complete' the subject in some way by describing or explaining it further. Typically in English syntax, a verb follows its subject (SV) or complement (SC) and precedes its object (SVO), e.g. 'The cat (S) **ate** (V) the mouse (O)'. There are other grammatical positions within a sentence into which a verb can be placed however in these positions, the verb is never part of a subject-verb combination and so is not a **finite verb**. • Verbs used in this way are called **non-finite**. These verb-like words are easy to confuse with a verb but they are not acting as a verb but, rather, as *another part of speech*. For example, non-finite forms of a verb can act as a noun and *act as the subject or object of another finite verb*, e.g. 'Cooking is fun' or 'To swim can help overall fitness') and 'He enjoys running. Similarly, they can be used in the adjective position to modify a noun, e.g. 'The cooked apples were mixed with a little melted sugar'.
CONJUNCTION	**Conjunctions** are joining words. They are a **closed class** of words that link words, phrases and clauses to create larger grammatical units. **Co-ordinating conjunctions** such as 'and', 'but' and 'or' act to create a **compound sentences** when they are used to link two or more equal **main clauses**. Another kind of conjunction, e.g. however, although, when, because, creates a **subordinate clause** by acting to link a clause to a main clause to give more detail, e.g. He bought the phone, even though / because / when / although *he knew it was stolen*.'
PREPOSITION	A **preposition** is one of about sixty **closed class** words (e.g. in, on, about, of). These small words (some are phrases) link to a **noun** or **noun phrase** (that acts as its **object**) to create a **prepositional phrase**. This acts to modify some other part of the sentence to tell, often, about *time, space, manner* or *cause* (e.g. **in, on, under, through, by, because**). **Prepositions** form small phrases along with their objects that often act as **adverbial phrases** to answer the questions *when (time), where (space)* or *how (manner)*: 'He is in the room' 'She sings with a fine voice'.

	Prepositional phrases can also act like **adjectives** when they act to **post-modify** a noun, as in " The man *in the black cap*" .
INTERJECTION	**Interjections** are an **open class** of words that suggest sudden emotion, e.g. 'Ouch!', 'Hey!'

It is also useful to know that a word in a sentence may be replaced by a word from the same class only, not by a word from another class:

My	**son**	**cooks**	**Dinner**	**on**	**Sundays.**
His Her Your	daughter wife husband father mother sister brother	prepares eats skips	Lunch breakfast Supper	on	Mondays Tuesdays etc.

Can you identify the class of words in each column?

Exercise

DIRECTIONS: Remember that the class of a word is determined by its use in a sentence. In each of the following sentences two words are italicised. Identify the two italicised words by underlining and then putting the appropriate number below it. An example has been provided.

1. noun 2. pronoun 3. verb 4. adjective 5. adverb

Example: The disturbances became annoying.
1 4

1. *Refreshments* will be served *later*.
2. At some *later* date you very *likely will* be hired.
3. Some of the people *left* the *meeting* early.
4. Some *enthusiastic* fans swarmed into the *left* field.
5. *A swarm* of bees *settled* in the attic.
6. Most of the *early settlers* arrived by boat.
7. We greeted their *arrival* most *enthusiastically*.
8. Your *enthusiasm* for study is *commendable*.
9. This *completes* my *report*.
10. A photographer *works* with the two *reporters*.
11. Two of the *photographs* are *usable*.
12. I found *a better use* for the old draperies.
13. The *harshness* of his *voice* surprised us.
14. The teacher *voiced* his objections *harshly*.

Ghulam Abbas

Overcoat

Translated from Urdu by Zainab Ghulam Abbas

One evening in January, a well-groomed young man having walked up Davis Road to the Mall turned to Charing Cross. His hair was sleek and shining and he wore sideburns. His thin moustache seemed to have been drawn with a pencil. He had on a brown overcoat with a cream coloured half-opened rose in his button hole and a green felt hat which he wore at a rakish angle. A white silk scarf was knotted at his neck. One of his hands was slipped into a pocket of his overcoat while in the other he held a short polished cane which every now and then he twirled jauntily.

It was a Saturday evening in mid-winter. The sharp icy gusts of wind struck like steel, but the young man seemed to be immune to them. So, while others were walking briskly to keep warm, he was ambling along obviously enjoying his promenade in the bitter cold.

He looked such a dandy that *tonga-wallas* on catching sight of him, even from a distance, whipped up their horses and raced towards him. With a wave of his stick he turned them away. A taxi also drew near him and the driver looked at him enquiringly. He too was turned off. This time with a 'No thank you.'

As he was approaching the more lively part of the Mall his spirits rose, and whistling up a 'Tango' he stepped it out as he went along. On a sudden impulse he ran a few steps and pretended to deliver a ball as if he were playing cricket.

At the turning which led to Lawrence Garden, he paused for a moment as if to decide which way to go, but in the chill evening light the gardens looked sad and uninviting and so he walked straight on towards Charing Cross.

When he reached the statue of the queen he sobered down, pulled a handkerchief out of the sleeve of his overcoat where he kept it, and mopped his face.

On the lawn near the statue some English children were playing with a big rubber ball. He stopped to watch their game. At first the children did not notice him, but as he continued to stare at them they felt embarrassed and picking up their ball, laughing and shouting, chased off to the other side of the lawn. Seeing an empty cement bench by the side of the road, the young man flicked the dust off it and sat down.

As the evening advanced the cold became more intense. It was a cold that induced people to seek comfort in pleasure. At such times it was not only the profligate who ranged abroad, but even those who were usually content to live with their loneliness, emerged from their hide-outs to join in the gaiety of the streets, and to enjoy the warmth of body to body proximity. And so people converged on the Mall where they amused themselves among the variety of hotels, restaurants, cafes and snackbars, each according to his means. Those who could not afford the pleasures inside, were content to gaze at the coloured lights and brilliant advertisements outside. Up and down the main road there was an unending stream of cars, buses, tongas and bicycles while the pavements thronged with pedestrians.

The young man seated on the cement bench was watching with interest the people passing on the pavement before him. It was their clothes, rather than their faces that attracted his attention. These people belonged to all walks of life. There were traders, officials, public men, students, artists, tourists, reporters, clerks and others. Most of them were wearing overcoats, which were of every kind from the *astrakhan'* to the rough military khaki, such as are found in large bundles at the second-hand clothes' shops.

The overcoat the young man himself was wearing was old, but it was well cut and the material was of good quality. The lapels were stiff and the sleeves well creased. The buttons were of horn, big and shiny. The young man seemed to be very happy in it.

A boy selling *pan and* cigarettes with a tray of his wares passed by.

'Pan *Wallah*.

'Yes sir'

'Have you change for a ten *rupee* note?'

'No sir, but I'll get it for you.'

'And what if you don't come back?'

'If you don't trust me sir, you can come with me.

Anyway, what do you want to buy?'

'Never mind . . . Here, I have found one *anna*. Now give me a good cigarette and be off with you.'

As he smoked he seemed to relish every puff.

A small lean white cat shivering with cold rubbed against his legs and mewed. He stroked it and it leapt up onto the bench. Smoothing its fur he muttered: 'Poor little mite.'

After a few minutes he got up.

As he was crossing the Mall the bright lights of a cinema foyer lured him. The film had already started and so there were only a few people gazing idly at the stills of future attractions displayed on the boards. Among these people were three young Anglo Indian girls who were giggling over a set of pictures. The young man drew towards them but as decency demanded he stood a step or two behind.

One of the girls looked back followed by nudges and glances from the others. Suddenly she burst out laughing and the other two, trying to control themselves, pushed their companion out of the foyer. In a few seconds they were gone.

The young man seemed unconcerned at their departure and after loitering for a little while also left the cinema.

By now it was past seven. He started off again along the Mall. An orchestra could be heard playing in one of the restaurants. Many people had collected outside. Mostly they were passers-by, a few drivers of the waiting taxis and tongas, labourers and beggars. Some fruit vendors having sold their fruit were also standing around with their empty baskets. These people outside seemed to be enjoying the music more than those who sat inside, for they were listening in silence though the music was foreign.

The young man also stood and listened for a moment or so, then walked on.

A few minutes later he found himself outside a large Western music shop. Without hesitation he went in. There were musical instruments of different kinds arranged on shelves around the walls. On a long table, attractively displayed, were the latest hit songs. Their cover designs were vulgar but gay. The young man cast a glance at them and then moved away towards a Spanish guitar which was hanging on the wall. He examined it with the air of a connoisseur and studied the price label attached to it. Then a huge German Piano diverted his attention. Lifting the cover of the key-board he played a few notes and closed it again.

One of the salesmen came up.

'Good evening, sir,' he said courteously, 'Can I help you, sir?'

'No thank you,' the young man said with an air of indifference. Then suddenly as if remembering something he called out.

'Oh yes . . . Could you let me have a list of this month's gramophone records?'

He slipped the list into one of the pockets of his overcoat and resumed his promenade on the Mall.

He stopped next at a bookstall. He picked up one or two magazines and after a hurried glance at the contents carefully replaced them. A few yards further on, a large Persian carpet, which was hanging outside a shop, attracted his attention. The owner of the shop, wearing a long robe and a silk turban, greeted him warmly.

'I just wanted to see this carpet,' the young man said to the carpet dealer.

'With pleasure, sir.'

'Oh, don't bother to take it down. I can see it quite well as it is. How much is it?'

'Fourteen hundred and thirty two rupees, sir,'

The young man frowned as if to suggest, 'Oh so much.'

'You have only to select, sir,' said the carpet dealer amiably, 'and we will reduce the price to the minimum.'

'Thank you so much,' the young man said approvingly. 'A fine carpet indeed, I'll come again some time,' and he walked away.

The cream colour rose which adorned the lapel of his overcoat had slipped and was about to fall. He adjusted it with a peculiar smile of satisfaction.

He was now walking along the pavement near the High Courts. He had been roaming about for quite a long time, but his spirits were still high; he was neither tired nor bored.

At this part of the Mall the crowd of pedestrians had thinned down and there were quite long stretches of empty pavement between one group and another. The young man as he went along tried to spin his cane around one finger, but in the attempt he dropped it.

'Oh, sorry,' he exclaimed and bending down picked it up.

Meanwhile a young couple who had been walking behind him passed by and went ahead of him. The youth was tall and was wearing black corduroy trousers and a leather jacket with a zip. The girl wore a floppy *shalwar* of white satin and a green coat. She was short and bulky. Her long black pigtail tossed about her back as she walked.

The young man was delighted to watch this spectacle and kept on walking behind them. They were silent for a while, and then the youth said something to the girl to which she answered vehemently.

So far the young man had found little to interest him among the persons he had observed that evening. Perhaps he had been too deeply engrossed in himself, but there was something that fascinated him about this young couple who seemed to have stepped out of the pages of a romantic novel.

He followed them closely hoping to get a glimpse of their faces and to hear more of their talk.

By now they had reached the big cross-roads near the General Post Office. The pair stopped for a moment, then after crossing the Mall headed toward McLeod Road. The young man paused, possibly thinking that if he went after them at once they might discover that they were being followed. It would be better, perhaps, if he waited for a few moments.

When the couple had walked some hundred yards ahead of him, he hurriedly started after them. Hardly had he reached half way across the road when a truck full of bricks came from behind like a gust of wind and crushing him down speeded off towards McLeod Road. The driver of the truck had heard a shriek and had actually for a moment slowed down, but realising that something serious had happened, had taken advantage of the darkness and had sped away into the night. Two or three passers-by who had witnessed the accident shouted: 'Stop him . . . take the number,' but the truck was no more to be seen.

In a short while quite a crowd had collected. A traffic inspector on his motor bike stopped. The young man was badly hurt. There was a lot of blood about and he was in a very precarious state. A car was stopped and he was loaded into it and taken to a nearby hospital. When they reached there he was just alive.

On duty that night in the casualty department were assistant surgeon Khan and two young nurses, Shehnaz and Gull. When he was being taken to the operating theatre on a stretcher, he was still wearing his overcoat and the silk scarf. There were large stains of blood all over his clothes. Someone had, out of sympathy, placed the young man's green felt hat on his chest so that it should not be lost.

'Seems quite well-to-do,' Nurse Shehnaz said to Nurse Gull, to which she replied in a lower tone:

'All togged up for Saturday night, poor chap.'

'Did they catch the driver?'

'No he got away.'

'What a pity!'

In the operating theatre the assistant surgeon and the two nurses with their faces concealed behind masks, were attending to the young man, only their eyes were visible. He was lying on a white marble table. His hair was still smoothed against his temples. The strong scented oil with which he had dressed it earlier that evening still gave out a faint odour.

His clothes were now being taken off. The first to be removed was the white silk scarf. Suddenly the two nurses exchanged glances. With masks on, how else could they communicate!

Beneath the scarf there was neither a tie nor a collar . . . not even a shirt. When the overcoat was removed it was found that the young man was wearing underneath only an old cotton sweater which was all in holes. Through these holes one could see the dirty vest which was in an even worse state than the sweater. The young man had wrapped the silk scarf in such a way that it hid most of his neck and chest. Layers of dirt covered his body. He could not have had a bath for at least two months. Only the upper part of his neck was clean and well powdered.

After the sweater and the vest it was the turn of the trousers to come off. Again the eyes of the two nurses met. The trousers were tightly bound at the hip with a strip of old cloth which perhaps had once been a tie. There were no buttons, no buckle. The cloth at the knees had given away, but as these parts remained under the overcoat no one could have seen them.

The shoes and the socks now came off. The shoes were old but brightly polished. As to the socks, in colour and pattern the one was quite different from the other. There were holes at the heels, and where the flesh showed through the holes it was grimed with dirt. He was by now dead and his lifeless body lay on the white marble slab.

Before his clothes were removed his face was towards the ceiling but in the process of removing his clothes it had turned towards the wall. Was it perhaps for the shame of this dual nakedness of body and soul that now he dared not face his fellow beings?

The following were the few things which were found in the various pockets of his overcoat:

A small black comb, a handkerchief, six *annas* and a few *pies*, a half smoked cigarette, a little diary in which the names and addresses of a few people were noted, a list of gramophone records and a few handbills which distributors had thrust upon him during his evening promenade.

Alas, his little cane, which was perhaps lost at the time of the accident, was not included in the list.

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. How is the young man described in the very first paragraph of the story? What kind of picture do you make of him after reading that description?
2. What places did the young man visit during his walk till he was run over by a truck? Since he did not buy anything, what was the purpose of these visits?
3. How is the young couple described which fascinated the young man?
4. What hit the young man while he was crossing the road and why was he crossing the road?
5. Who were on duty in the casualty department when the young man was brought to the operation theatre?
6. What were the items recovered from the young man's various pockets?
7. Why do you think the young man visited those many expensive shops when he had only six *annas* in his pocket?
8. Why did the young man ask the pan wallah if he had change for a ten-rupee note when he didn't have one?
9. Why is the story titled "Overcoat"?

Nouns

Nouns are commonly thought of as "naming" words, and specifically as the names of "people, places, or things". Nouns such as Ibrar, Peshawar, and *computer* certainly fit this description, but the class of nouns is much broader than this. Nouns also denote abstract and intangible concepts such as *birth, happiness, evolution, technology, management, imagination, revenge, politics, hope, cookery, sport, literacy....*

Characteristics of Nouns

Many nouns can be recognised by their endings. Typical noun endings include:

-er/-or	*actor, painter, plumber, writer*
-ism	*criticism, egotism, magnetism, vandalism*
-ist	*artist, capitalist, journalist, scientist*
-ment	*arrangement, development, establishment, government*
-tion	*foundation, organisation, recognition, supposition*

Most nouns have distinctive SINGULAR and PLURAL forms. The plural of regular nouns is formed by adding *-s* or-es to the singular

Singular	Plural
car	*cars*
dog	*dogs*
box	boxes

However, there are many irregular nouns which do not form the plural in this way:

Singular	Plural
man	*men*
child	*children*
sheep	*sheep*

The distinction between singular and plural is known as NUMBER CONTRAST.

We can recognise many nouns because they often have *the*, *a*, or *an* in front of them:

- **the** *car*
- **an** *artist*
- **a** *surprise*
- **the** *egg*
- **a** *review*

These words are called determiners, which is the next word class we will look at.

Nouns may take an *-'s* ("apostrophe *s*") or GENITIVE MARKER to indicate possession:

- the *boy's* pen
- a *spider's* web
- my *friend's* brother
- *Ali's* house

If the noun already has an *-s* ending to mark the plural, then the genitive marker appears only as an apostrophe after the plural form:

- the *boys'* pens
- the *spiders'* webs
- the *Browns'* house

The genitive marker should not be confused with the *'s* form of contracted verbs, as in *Ali's a good boy* (= Ali *is* a good boy).

Nouns often co-occur without a genitive marker between them:

- *rally car*
- *table top*
- *cheese grater*
- *University entrance examination*

We will look at these in more detail later, when we discuss noun phrases.

Common and Proper Nouns

Nouns which name specific people or places are known as PROPER NOUNS.

- *Ali*
- *Maira*
- *Peshawar*
- *Pakistan*

Many names consist of more than one word:

- *John Wesley*
- *Queen Mary*
- *South Africa*
- *Atlantic Ocean*
- *Buckingham Palace*

Proper nouns may also refer to times or to dates in the calendar:

- *January, February, Monday, Tuesday, Christmas, Eid*

All other nouns are COMMON NOUNS.

Since proper nouns usually refer to something or someone unique, they do not normally take plurals. However, they may do so, especially when number is being specifically referred to:

- There are three *Farids* in my class
- We met two *Eids* ago

Exercise

Identify all the nouns in the following extract by underlining them:

> The following were the few things which were found in the various pockets of his overcoat:
>
> A small black comb, a handkerchief, six *annas* and a few *pies*, a half smoked cigarette, a little diary in which the names and addresses of a few people were noted, a list of gramophone records and a few handbills which distributors had thrust upon him during his evening promenade.
>
> Alas, his little cane, which was perhaps lost at the time of the accident, was not included in the list.

Count and Non-Count Nouns

Common nouns are either count or non-count. COUNT nouns can be "counted", as follows:

- one *pen*, two *pens*, three *pens*, four *pens*...

NON-COUNT nouns, on the other hand, cannot be counted in this way:

- one *software*, *two *softwares*, *three *softwares*, *four *softwares*...

From the point of view of grammar, this means that count nouns have singular as well as plural forms, whereas non-count nouns have only a singular form.

It also means that non-count nouns do not take *a/an* before them:

Count	**Non-count**
a pen	*a software

In general, non-count nouns are considered to refer to indivisible wholes. For this reason, they are sometimes called MASS nouns.

Note: Any sentence with an asterisk in this book means that it is incorrect or unacceptable.

Exercise

In each of the following sentences, indicate whether the highlighted noun is count or non-count.

1. The **board** will meet tomorrow to consider your application.

    (A) Count (B) Non-count

2. The **information** you gave to the detective was very misleading.

    (A) Count (B) Non-count

3. I thought it was a strange **comment** to make.

    (A) Count (B) Non-count

4. Smoking damages your **health**.

    (A) Count (B) Non-count

5. Jean is studying **music** at college.

    (A) Count (A) Non-count

6. I'll have a **Juice**, please.

    (A) Count (B) Non-count

Tu Peng-Cheng

Lingkuan Gorge

(A Man Should Never Leave His Post)

Translated from Chinese

The snow, already more than half a foot deep, obliterated the line between earth and sky behind a hazy white curtain. I had been following the path of the future railway for forty kilometres. Although I could hear the roar of machinery further back in the hills, I had seen neither work sites nor workers.

Entering Lingkuan Gorge, my irritation increased. Even in clear weather, in this gorge the sun never shone. It didn't matter where you looked up along the twisting course—the most you could see of the sky was a patch no bigger than the palm of your hand. Now it was dusk, and the swirling snowflakes and the gale made every step a struggle.

Construction in the gorge was very busy. Everywhere people were at work. Generators, cement-mixers, air compressors shook the ground. Hundreds of light bulbs gleamed dim and yellow. Electric wires, crisscrossing like a giant spider web, were scarcely visible, but I could see the overhead cables and their pulley cars sliding back and forth loaded with materials.

Hungry, cold, I tripped and fell, scraping my hands. Enough! I'd find some place under a cliff, out of the wind, and rest a few hours. If I reached the materials depot tomorrow morning by ten o'clock, that still wouldn't be too late. Stumbling around in the dark like this, I was liable to fall into some deep ravine, and that would be the end of this Materials Department chief; I'd have to be put on the "used up" list!

I noticed a path leading to a cave in the cliffside. A door curtain hanging in the entrance way showed that the cave was undoubtedly occupied by workers. Grasping branches along the steep path, I hauled myself up to the door and entered.

Strange! Seated on a small stool in the doorway was a little boy, seven or eight years old, elbows on his knees, supporting his face in his hands. His cheeks were red with cold. He had been peering at the opposite cliffside through a rent in the curtain. He glanced at me briefly as I came in, then went back to his observation.

The cave was large, but quite warm. It had a stove and eating utensils. On the wall above a bed was a coloured New Year picture of "Chubby Children Pulling the Turnip." All the walls had been papered with old newspapers, now blackened by smoke from the stove.

"Why isn't anybody home?" I asked, shaking the snow from my coat and hat.

The little boy turned his head. His eyes flashed. "Aren't I anybody, uncle?"" He rose and walked towards me, his hands behind his back, his chest extended, as if to say: Not only am I somebody, I'm a very grown-up somebody!

I cupped his round little face in my hands. "You're pretty sharp, young imp!"

He pushed my hands aside. Doubling up his fists, he cocked his head to one side and demanded: "Who are you calling imp! I have a name!" Pointing at the baby girl asleep on the bed, he informed me: "Her name is Pao-cheng, mine is Cheng-yu."

No doubt about it. These kids were like thousands of others I had met, born and raised on construction sites. The workers liked to name their children after the projects where they were born. Cheng-yu probably had first seen the light of day on the railway project between Chengtu and Chungking, also known as Yu. His baby sister Pao-cheng very likely had been born right here at the site of the future Paoki-Chengtu Railway.

I sat by the stove, smoking and rubbing the drying mud from my hands.

Cheng-yu crawled on to my lap and looked into my eyes, "Is it going to snow tomorrow, uncle?"

I pressed his icy red little nose. "As soon as we get our telephone line connected up with heaven, I'll ask for you. . . ."

Angrily, he leaped down and stood a meter away, scowling at me. "Quit your kidding! You've got a newspaper in your pocket. Why don't you look at the weather report?"

He resumed his seat in the doorway, clamped his elbows on his knees, rested his face in his hands, and peered out through the rent in the curtain. When I asked him where the kettle was, he ignored me. I certainly was sorry I had offended my small host!

"Why do you want to know about the snow, Cheng-yu?" I asked him. "Is it because you cant go out and play when it's snowing?"

He didn't even bother to look at me. "Papa says if it's still snowing tomorrow, we'll have to quit work."

"What does your pa do?"

"He opens up mountains!" the child replied proudly.

"Where?"

Cheng-yu pointed with pursed lips at the work site opposite.

I looked. All I could see was a searchlight beam, shining through the drifting snowflakes straight up into the heavens. In its light I could vaguely discern a few dozen men, who seemed pasted to the side of the towering cliff, drilling holes for dynamite charges. The holes were like the steps of a ladder to the sky.

"How can you tell which one is your father at this distance?" I asked.

"I can't see him plainly, but pa says he can see me. He says all he has to do is turn around. I often sit here so he can see me."

Ah, so that was it!

The icy snow melted from my boots. My numbed legs, thawing out, ached painfully. I stamped to help the circulation.

Cheng-Yu waved his hand warningly. I understood. He was afraid I'd wake his baby sister.

"You really take good care of your sister," I commended.

"Mama says my job is to look after her. When mama comes home, I can knock off."

"So, you're on the job every day?" I hugged him. "What does mama do?"

He pointed to the road below the cave.

I could see a person standing by a telephone pole beside the road. Covered with snow, she looked like a white stone image. Apparently she was directing traffic. The road, not very wide, had been blasted through the rock. Ordinarily, carts, mules, donkeys, people . . . no doubt streamed in both directions along that road twenty-four hours a day. Someone had to keep the traffic in order.

Today, because of the big snow, there weren't many people or vehicles on the road. She could very well have spent the day at home. But there she stood, and there she would remain, three months, five months, or three years, five years, if need be. Perhaps, from time to time, she raised her head to gaze up at her child, or at her husband who was scaling the cliffs between the mountains and the sky. When he paused to wipe the sweat from his brow, could he see the determined figure of his wife, or the tiny image of his little boy? Even though it was a snowy, windy night, even though the worker, his wife and children couldn't see one another clearly, I was sure they could feel a mutual loving encouragement and sense that each was looking forward to the moment of family reunion.

I glanced at Cheng-Yu. The child had placed his hands in his sleeves and pulled his neck into his collar. He kept dozing off.

"You're liable to catch a chill. Better get into bed and go to sleep."

He looked at me dreamily for a moment, probably thinking that his parents had returned.

When he realized who I was, he shook his head violently. "No. I won't!"

"Why not?"

He rubbed his eyes with his fists. "Papa and mama say a man should never leave his post."

I hugged him tightly and pressed my cheek against his. Then I rose, buttoned my coat, pulled my hat down firmly, left the cave, and walked down the path. Following the road that had been blasted through the rock, I pushed on, the words of the child echoing in my head, "A man should never leave his post." A job was waiting for me. I wanted to reach my destination without any further delay.

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. What is the narrator's job and the purpose of his journey?
2. What physical conditions persuade him to rest for a few hours?
3. About how old is the child, Cheng-Yu? What is his reply when the narrator asks, "Why isn't anybody home?"
4. What work do Cheng-Yu's parents do?
5. What "job" has Cheng-Yu been given, and what does he say when the narrator advises him to go to sleep?
6. What does the narrator do in the final paragraph? He realises that something is waiting for him; what is it?
7. What sort of child is Cheng-Yu? What attitude does he display toward his parents and his responsibilities?
8. What ideas about work does the story convey? What else does the story suggest that is valuable?

Personal Pronouns

What are personal pronouns?

A **pronoun** is a word that can be used in place of a noun.

A **personal pronoun** is used in place of a noun that is a person or a thing.

Personal pronouns for people =	I, you, he, she, we, they me, you, him, her, us, them
Personal pronouns for things =	it, they, them

Why use a personal pronoun?

Personal pronouns are useful because you don't have to repeat words.

They can be used to talk about something or someone that you have already talked about.

e.g. *Maira put the coat on because Maira was cold.*

This would be better written as:

Maira put the coat on because ***she*** *was cold.*

The word **she** is a personal pronoun and means 'Maira' in this sentence.

This makes the sentence shorter and better, as you don't have to repeat 'Maira'.

There are two sets of personal pronouns. The first set, known as subject pronouns, has three personal pronouns each having SINGULAR and PLURAL form:

Person	Singular	Plural
1st	*I*	*we*
2nd	*you*	*you*
3rd	*he/she/it*	*they*

The second set, known as object pronouns, also has three personal pronouns each having singular and plural forms:

Person	Singular	Plural
1st	*me*	*us*
2nd	*you*	*you*
3rd	*him/her/it*	*them*

- Subject pronouns are the 'who' or 'what' the sentence is about.
- Object pronouns are the 'who' or what' acted upon.

e.g. *Maira put the coat on.*

In this sentence 'Maira' is the subject, and 'the coat' is the object.

Maira is doing the action (putting on), and the coat is the thing that is 'done to' (it is the thing that she puts on).

If you wanted to repeat this information later you could say:

She *put* ***it*** *on.*

Problems with personal pronouns

Remember that personal pronouns are small words that you can use to replace a person or thing, when you have already talked about them.

e.g. *Ali loves Saira.* ***He*** *(Ali) is always buying* ***her*** *(Saira) presents.*

Singular or plural?

Singular personal pronouns are used to replace singular nouns (one person or thing).

Plural personal pronouns are used to replace plural nouns (many people or things).

NOTE - 'You' can be used to replace one person or many people, it is both singular and plural.

Should it be 'I' or 'me'?

These personal pronouns are often used in the wrong place. Think about whether the personal pronoun is the subject or the object.

Is it 'I' doing something or 'me' being acted upon?

e.g. *Usman and* ***I*** *are going there.*

Please give the money to ***me.***

A good trick for working out which one to use is to say the sentence to yourself with the other person taken out.

e.g. *Usman and I are going to the cinema.*

Actually, this sentence is made up of two simple sentences: ***Usman is going to** the cinema* and *I am going to the cinema.*

When we combine the two, we say, *Usman and I*, **not** *Usman and me*. As you know, we do not say 'Me is/are going to the cinema'.

Floyd Dell

The Blanket

It was a fine September night. A thin white moon rose over the valley. Peter, eleven years old, did not see the moon. He did not feel the cool September breeze blow into the kitchen, for his thoughts were fixed on a red and black blanket on the kitchen table.

The blanket was a gift from his Dad to his Granddad ... a going-away gift. They said that Granddad was going away . . . that's what they called it "going away."

Peter had not really believed his Dad would send Granddad away. But now — there it was — the going-away gift. Dad had bought it that very morning. And this was the last evening he and his Granddad would have with each other.

Together the old man and the young boy washed the supper dishes. Dad had gone out . . . with that woman he was to marry. He would not be back for some time. When the dishes were finished, the old man and the boy went outside and sat under the moon.

"I'll get my harmonica and play for you," the old man said. "I'll play some of the old tunes."

But instead of the harmonica, he brought out the blanket. It was a big, double blanket.

"Now, isn't that a fine blanket?" said the old man, smoothing it over his knees. "And isn't your father a kind man to be giving the old man a blanket like this to go away with? It costs something; it did — look at the wool in it! And warm it will be these cold winter nights to come. There will be no other blanket like it up there."

It was like Granddad to be saying that. He was trying to make it easier. Ever since they had talked about "going away," Granddad had said it was his idea. Imagine — leaving a warm house and friends to go to that building . . . that government place where he would be with so many other old fellows, having the best of everything. But Peter had not really believed Dad would do it . . . until this night when he brought home the blanket.

"Oh, yes, it's a fine blanket," Peter said and got up and went into the house. He wasn't the kind to cry, and besides, he was too old for that. He had just gone in to get Granddad's harmonica.

The blanket dropped to the floor as the old man took the harmonica. It was the last night they would have together. Neither the old man nor the young boy had to say a word. Granddad played a few notes and then said, "You'll remember this one."

The thin moon was high overhead and the gentle breeze blew down the valley. The last time, Peter thought. He would never hear Granddad play again. It was well that Dad was moving to a new house — away from here. He did not want to sit here outside on fine evenings under a white moon with Granddad gone. The music ended, and the two sat for a few minutes in silence. Then Granddad spoke. "Here is something happier."

Peter sat and looked out over the valley. Dad would marry that girl. Yes, that girl who had kissed him and who had said she would try to be a good mother to him and all that.

The tune stopped suddenly and Granddad said, "It's a poor tune, except to be dancing to." And then, "It's a fine girl your father's going to marry. He will feel young again with a pretty wife like that. And what would an old fellow like me do around the house ... getting in the way ... an old fool with all the talk about backaches and pains!

"And then there will be babies coming, and I don't want to be around listening to them cry all hours of the night. No, it's best that I leave. Well, one more tune or two, and then we will get to bed, get some sleep. In the morning I'll get my new blanket and take my leave. Listen to this. It's a bit of a sad tune but a nice one for a night like this."

They did not hear the two people coming down the road, Dad and the pretty girl with a hard bright face like a doll. But they heard her laugh and the tune stopped suddenly.

Dad did not say a word, but the girl walked up to Granddad and said prettily, "I'll not be seeing you in the morning, so I came over to say good-bye."

"It's kind of you," said Granddad, looking down at the floor; and then seeing the blanket at his feet, he bent down to pick it up. "And will you look at this," he said, sounding himself like a little boy. "Isn't this a fine blanket my son has given me to go away with?"

"Yes," she said, "it's a fine blanket." She felt the wool again ... and said, "A fine blanket indeed." She turned to Dad and said to him coldly, "Must have cost a pretty penny."

Dad cleared his throat ... "I . . . I wanted him to have the best."

The girl stood there, still looking at the blanket. "Mmmm . . . it's a double one, too."

"Yes," the old man said, "it's a double one ... a fine blanket for an old fellow to be going away with."

The boy suddenly walked into the house. He could hear the girl, still talking about the expensive blanket. He heard his Dad get angry in his slow way. And now, she was leaving. As Peter came out, the girl turned and called back, "No matter what you say, he doesn't need a double blanket!"

Dad looked at her with a funny look in his eye.

"She is right, Dad," the boy said. "Granddad doesn't need a double blanket. Here, Dad," — and he held out a pair of scissors — "Cut it, Dad . . . cut the blanket in two."

Both of them looked at the boy surprised.

"Cut it in two, I tell you, Dad. And keep the other half!"

"That's not a bad idea," said Granddad gently. "I don't need such a big blanket."

"Yes," the boy said, "a single blanket is enough for an old man when he's sent away. We'll save the other half, Dad; it will come in useful later."

"Now what do you mean by that?" asked Dad.

"I mean," said the boy slowly, "that I'll give it to you, Dad when you're old and I'm sending you away."

There was a big silence, and then Dad went over to Granddad and stood before him, not saying a word.

But Granddad understood, for he put out his hand and laid it on Dad's shoulder. Peter was watching them. And he heard Granddad whisper softly "It's all right, son. I knew you didn't mean it. ..." And then Peter cried. But it didn't matter because all three were crying together.

Study Questions

1. What did Peter and Granddad talk about when the story begins?
2. Who was giving the blanket as a gift to whom? Why was the blanket called a going-away gift?
3. Why was Peter's Dad sending Granddad away and where to?
4. Why did Peter's Dad get angry with the girl he was going to marry?
5. Why did Peter ask his father to cut the blanket in two?
6. Why were all three — Peter, Dad and Granddad — crying at the end of the story?
7. What sort of child is Peter? What attitude does he display toward his Granddad and his father?
8. What lesson about human relationship do you learn from this short story?

Grammar UNIT-IV

ADJECTIVES-I

FORM

1. Adjectives are **invariable**: They do not change their form depending on the gender or number of the noun.

*A **hot** potato*	*Some **hot** potatoes*

2. To **emphasise** or strengthen the meaning of an adjective use '**very**' or **really**:

*A **very hot** potato*	*Some **really hot** potatoes*

(**BUT** see also **Modifiers/Adverbs**)

3. **Position** of adjectives:

a) Usually **in front of** a noun: *A **beautiful** girl.*

b) **After** verbs like "to be", "to seem", "to look", "to taste":

- *The girl is beautiful*
- *You look tired*
- *This meat tastes* delicious

c) **After** the noun: in some fixed expressions:

- *The Princess Royal*
- *The President elect*
- *A court martial*

The adjectives ***involved, present, concerned***:

- I want to see the people ***involved/concerned*** (= the people who have something to do with the matter)
- Here is a list of the people ***present*** (= the people who were in the building or at the meeting)

Be careful! When these adjectives are used before the noun they have a different meaning:

- An ***involved*** discussion = detailed, complex
- A ***concerned*** father = worried, anxious
- The ***present*** situation = current, happening now

FUNCTION

Adjectives tell us more about a noun. They can:

Describe **feelings or qualities**:

He is a ***lonely*** man
They are ***honest*** people

Give **nationality or origin**:

Pierre is ***French***
This clock is ***German***
Our house is ***Victorian***

Tell more about a thing's **characteristics**:

A ***wooden*** table.
The knife is ***sharp***.

Tell us about **age**:

He's a ***young*** man
My coat is very ***old***

Tell us about **size and measurement**:

Arshad is a ***tall*** man.
This is a very ***long*** film.

Tell us about **colour**:

Kamal wore a ***red*** shirt.
The sunset was ***crimson*** and *gold*.

Tell us about **material/what something is made of**:

It was a ***wooden*** table
She wore a ***cotton*** dress

Tell us about **shape**:

A ***rectangular*** box
A ***square*** envelope

Express a **judgement or a value**:

A ***fantastic*** film
Grammar is ***boring.***

ORDER

Where a number of adjectives are used together, the order depends on the function of the adjective. The usual order is:

Value/opinion, Size, Age/Temperature, Shape, Colour, Origin, Material

Value/opinion	delicious, lovely, charming
Size	small, huge, tiny
Age/Temperature	old, hot, young
Shape	round, square, rectangular
Colour	red, blonde, black
Origin	Swedish, Victorian, Chinese
Material	plastic, wooden, silver

Examples:

- A ***lovely old red*** post-box
- Some ***small round plastic*** tables
- Some ***charming small silver*** ornaments

Jerome K. Jerome

The Stuffed Trout

If ever you have an evening to spare, up the river, I should advise you to drop into one of the little village inns, and take a seat in the tap-room. You will be nearly sure to meet one or two old rod-men, and' they will tell you enough fishy stories in half an hour to give you indigestion for a month.

George and I — I don't know what had become of Harris; he had gone out and had a shave, early in the afternoon, and had then come back and Spent full forty minutes in pipe-claying his shoes, we had not seen him since—George and I, therefore, and the dog left to ourselves, went for a walk to Wallingford on the second evening, and, coming home, we called in at a little riverside inn, for a rest, and other things.

We went into the parlour and sat down. There was an old fellow there, smoking a long clay pipe, and we naturally began chatting.

He told us that it had been a fine day today, and we told him that it had been a fine day yesterday, and then we all told each other that we thought it would be a fine day tomorrow; and George said the crops seemed to be coming up nicely.

After that, it came out, somehow, or other, that we were, strangers in the neighbourhood, and that we were going away the next morning.

Then a pause ensued in the conversation, during which, our eyes wandered round the room. They finally rested upon a dusty old glass-case, fixed very high up above the chimney-piece, and containing a trout. It rather fascinated me, that trout; it was such a monstrous fish. In fact, at first glance, I thought it was a cod.

'Ah!' said the old gentleman, following the direction of my gaze, fine fellow, that, ain't he?

"Quite uncommon" I murmured; and George asked the old man how much he thought it weighed.

"Eighteen pounds six ounces," said our friend, rising and taking down his coat, "Yes", he continued, 'it was over sixteen years ago; I caught him just below the bridge with a minnow. They told me he was over in the river, and I said I'd have him, and so I did. You don't see many fish that size about here now, I'm thinking. Goodnight; gentlemen, goodnight.'

And out he went, and left us alone.

We could not take our eyes off the fish after that. It really was a remarkably fine fish. We were still looking at it, when the local carrier, who had just stopped at the inn,' came to the door of the room and he also looked at the fish.

"Good-sized trout, that," said George, turning round to him.

"Ah! you may well say that, sir," replied the man; and then he added, "May be you weren't here, sir, when that fish was caught?"

"No," we told him. "We are strangers in the neighbourhood."

"Ah!" said the carrier, "then of course, how should you? It was nearly five years ago that I caught that trout."

"Oh!" was it you who caught it, then?" said I.

"Yes, sir," replied the genial old fellow. "I caught him just below the lock-leastways, what was the lock then, one Friday afternoon; and the remarkable thing about it is that I caught him with a fly. I'd gone out pike-fishing, bless you, never thinking of a trout, and when I saw that whopper on the end of my line, blest if it didn't quite take me back. Well, you see, he weighed twenty-six pounds. Goodnight, gentlemen, goodnight".

Five minutes afterwards, a third man came in, and described how he had caught it early one morning with bleak; and then he left, and a stolid, solemn-looking, middle-aged individual came in, and sat down over by the window.

None of us spoke for a while; but, at length, George turned to the newcomer, and said:

"I beg your pardon, I hope you will forgive the liberty that we perfect strangers in the neighbourhood are taking, but my friend here and myself would be so much obliged if you would tell us how you caught that trout up there."

"Why, who told you I caught that trout?" was the surprised query.

We said that nobody had told us so, but somehow or other we felt instinctively that it was he who had done it.

"Well, it's a most remarkable thing—most remarkable," answered the stolid stranger, laughing; "because, as a matter of fact, you are quite right, I did catch it. But fancy your guessing it like that. Dear me, it's really a most remarkable thing".

And then he went on, and told us how it had taken him half an hour to land it, and how it had broken his rod. He said he had weighed it carefully when he reached home, and it had turned the scale at thirty-four pounds.

He went in his turn, and when he was gone, the landlord came in to us. We told him the various histories we had heard about his trout, and he was immensely amused, and we all laughed very heartily.

"Fancy Jim Bates and Joe Muggles and Mr. Jones and old Billy Maunders all telling you that they had caught it. Ha! ha! ha! Well, that is good," said the honest old fellow, laughing heartily. "Yes, they are the sort to give it me, to put up in my parlour; if they had caught it, they are Ha! ha! ha!"

And then he told us the real history of the fish. It seemed that he had caught it himself, years ago, when he was quite a lad; not by any art or skill but by that unaccountable luck that appears to always wait upon a boy when he plays the wag from school, and goes out fishing on a sunny afternoon, with a bit of string tied on to the end of a tree.

He said that bringing home that trout had saved him from a whacking, and that even his school master had said it was worth the rule of three and practice put together.

He was called out of the room at this point, and George and I again turned our gaze upon the fish.

It really was a most astonishing trout. The more we looked at it, the more we marvelled at it.

It excited George so much that he climbed up on the back of a chair to get a better view of it.

And then the chair slipped, and George clutched wildly at the trout-case to save himself, and down it came with a crash, George and the chair on top of it.

"You haven't injured the fish, have you?" I cried in alarm, rushing up.

"I hope not," said George, rising cautiously and looking about.

But he had. The trout lay shattered into a thousand fragments—I say a thousand, but they may have been only nine hundred. I did not count them.

We thought it strange and unaccountable that a stuffed trout should break up into little pieces like that.

And, so it would have been strange and unaccountable, if it had been a stuffed trout, but it was not.

That trout was plaster of Paris.

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. Bring out the humour in "The Stuffed Trout".
2. Describe the story in your own words as interestingly as the writer has done.
3. What is your opinion of various characters in the story?
4. How does Jerome K. Jerome combine sentiment with humour in this story?

- Rashid is 24 years old. Kamal is 24 years old. Rashid is ***as old as*** Kamal.

More examples:

- Moscow is ***as cold as*** St. Petersburg in the winter.
- Naila is ***as happy as*** Farzana.
- Einstein is ***as famous as*** Darwin.
- A tiger is ***as dangerous as*** a lion.

NOT AS + ADJECTIVE + AS

Difference can also be shown by using **not so/as ...as**:

- Mont Blanc is ***not as high as*** Mount Everest
- Norway is ***not as sunny as*** Thailand
- A bicycle is ***not as expensive as*** a car
- Asghar is ***not as intelligent as*** Akbar

COMPARISONS OF QUANTITY

To show difference: ***more, less, fewer + than***
To show no difference: ***as much as , as many as, as few as, as little as***

To show **difference: *more, less, fewer + than***

Examples:

With **countable** nouns: ***more / fewer***

- Shahida has ***more*** children ***than*** Khanum.
- Khanum has ***fewer*** children ***than*** Shahida.
- There are ***more*** dogs in Bristol ***than*** in Cardiff.
- I have visited ***fewer*** countries ***than*** my friend has.
- He has read ***more*** books ***than*** she has.

With **uncountable** nouns: ***more / less***

- Noreen has ***more*** money ***than*** Saba
- Saba has ***less*** money ***than*** Noreen.
- I spend ***less*** time on homework ***than*** you do.

James Thurber

A Snapshot of a Dog

I ran across a dim photograph of him the other day, going through some old things. He's been dead twenty-five years. His name was Rex, (my two brothers and I named him when we were in our early teens) and he was a bull terrier. "An American bull terrier," we used to say, proudly: none of your English bulls. He had one brindle eye that sometimes made him look like a clown and sometimes reminded you of a politician with Derby hat and cigar. The rest of him was white except for a brindle saddle that always seemed to be slipping off and a brindle stocking on a hind leg. Nevertheless, there was nobility about him, He was big and muscular and beautifully made. He never lost his dignity even when trying to accomplish the extravagant tasks my brothers and I used to set for him.

One of these was the bringing of a ten-foot wooden rail into the yard through the gate. We would throw it out into the alley and tell him to go get it. Rex was as powerful as a wrestler, and there were not many things that he couldn't manage somehow to get hold of it with his great jaws and lift or drag to wherever he wanted to put them, or wherever we wanted them put. He could catch the rail at the balance and lift it clear of the ground and trot with great confidence towards the gate. Of course, since the gate was only four feet wide or so, he couldn't bring the rail in broadside. He found that out when he got a few terrific jolts, but he wouldn't give up. He finally figured out how to do it, by dragging the rail holding on to one end, growling: He got a great, wagging satisfaction out of his work. We used to bet kids who had never seen Rex in action that he could catch a baseball thrown as high as they could throw it. He almost never let us down. Rex could hold a baseball with ease in his mouth,in one cheek, as if it were a chew of tobacco.

He was a tremendous fighter, but he never started fights. I don't believe he liked to get into them, despite the fact that he came from a line of fighters. He never went for another dog's throat but for one of its ea (that teaches a dog a lesson), and he would get his grip, close his eyes, and hold on. He could hold on for hours. His longest fight lasted from dusk until almost pitch-dark one Sunday. It was fought in East Main Street in Columbus with a large, snarly nondescript that belonged to a big coloured man. When Rex finally got his ear grip, the brief whirlwind of snarling turned .to screeching. It was frightening to listen to and to watch. The Negro boldly picked the dogs up somehow and began swinging them around his head, and finally let them fly like a hammer in a hammer throw, but although they landed ten feet away with a great plump, Rex still held on.

The two dogs eventually worked their way to the middle of the car tracks, and after a while two or three streetcars were held up by the fight. A motorman tried to pry Rex's jaws open with a switch rod; somebody lighted a fire and made a torch of a stick and held that to Rex's tail, but he paid no attention. In the end, all the residents and storekeepers in the neighbourhood were on hand, shouting this, suggesting that. Rex's joy of battle, when battle was joined, was almost tranquil. He had a kind of pleasant expression during fights, not a vicious one, his eyes closed in what would have seemed to be sleep had it not been for the turmoil of the struggle. The Oak Street Fire Department finally had to be sent for—I don't know why nobody thought of it sooner. Five or six pieces of apparatus arrived, followed by a battalion chief. A hose was attached and a powerful stream of water was turned on the dogs. Rex held on for several moments more while the torrent buffeted him about like a log in a freshet. He was a hundred yards away from where the fight started when he finally let go.

The story of that Homeric fight got all around town, and some of our relatives looked upon the incident as a blot on the family name. They insisted that we get rid of Rex, but we were very happy with him, and nobody could have made us give him up. We would have left town with him first, along any road there was to go. It would have been different, perhaps, if he'd ever started off fights, or looked for trouble. But he had a gentle disposition. He never bit a person in the ten strenuous years that he lived, nor ever growled at anyone except prowlers. He killed cats—that is true—but quickly and neatly and without special malice, the way men kill certain animals. It was the only thing he did that we could never cure him of doing. He never killed, or even chased, a squirrel. I don't know why. He had his own philosophy about such things. He never ran barking after wagons or automobiles. He didn't seem to see the idea in pursuing something you couldn't catch, or something you couldn't do anything with, even if you did catch it. A wagon was one of the things he couldn't tug along with his mighty jaws, and he knew it. Wagons, therefore, were not a part of his world.

Swimming was his favourite recreation. The first time he ever saw a body of water (Alum Creek), he trotted nervously along the steep bank for a while, fell to barking wildly, and finally plunged in from a height of eight feet or more. I shall always remember that shining, virgin dive. Then he swam upstream and back just for the pleasure of it, like a man. It was fun to see him battle upstream against a stiff current, struggling and growling every foot of the way. He had as much fun in the water as any person I have known. You didn't have to throw a stick in the water to get him to go in. Of course, he would bring back a stick to you if you did throw one in. He would even have brought back a piano if you had thrown one in.

That reminds me of the night, way after midnight, when he went a-roving in the light of the moon and brought back a small chest of drawers that he found somewhere—how far from the house nobody ever knew; since it was Rex, it could easily have been half a mile. There were no drawers in the chest when he got it home, and it wasn't a good one—he hadn't taken it out of anybody's house; it was just an old cheap piece that somebody had abandoned on a trash heap. Still, it was something he wanted, probably because it presented a nice problem in transportation. It tested his mettle. We first knew about his achievement when, deep in the night, we heard him trying to get the chest up on to the porch. It sounded as if two or three people were trying to tear the house down. We came downstairs and turned on the porch light. Rex was on the top step trying to pull the thing up, but it had caught somehow and he was just holding his own. I suppose he would have held his own till dawn if we hadn't helped him. The next day we carried the chest miles away and threw it out. If we had thrown it out in a nearby alley, he would have brought it home again, as a small token of his integrity in such matters. After all, he had been taught to carry heavy, wooden objects about, and he was proud of his prowess.

I am glad Rex never saw a trained police dog jump. He was just an amateur jumper himself, but the most daring and tenacious I have ever seen. He would take on any fence we pointed out to him. Six feet was easy for him and he could do eight by making a tremendous leap and hauling himself over finally by his paws, grunting and straining; but he lived and died without knowing that twelve and sixteen-foot walls were too much for him. Frequently, after letting him try to go over one for a while, we would have to carry him home. He would never have given up trying.

There was in his world no such thing as the impossible. Even death couldn't beat him down. He died, it is true, but only, as one of his admirers said, after straight-arming the death angel for more than an hour. Late one afternoon, he wandered home, too slowly and too uncertainly to be the Rex that had trotted briskly homeward up our avenue for ten years. I think we all knew when he came through the gate that he was dying. He had apparently taken a terrible beating, probably from the owner of some dog that he had got into a fight with. His head and body were scarred. His heavy collar with the teeth marks of many a battle on it was awry; some of the big brass studs in it were sprung loose from the leather. He licked at our hands and, staggering, fell, but got up again. We could see that he was looking for someone. One of his three masters was not home. He did not get home for an hour. During that hour, the bull terrier fought against death as he had fought against the cold strong current of Alum Creek, as he had fought to climb twelve foot walls. When the person he was waiting for did come through the gate, whistling, ceasing to whistle, Rex walked a few wobbly paces towards him, touched his hand with his muzzle, and fell down again. This time he didn't get up.

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. Write a note on Rex bringing out his major qualities.
2. Narrate the adventures of Rex in your own words.
3. Does this story give you any insight into the psychology of dogs?
4. Write an essay on the dog as a domestic animal.

Grammar UNIT-VI

Verbs

Verbs have traditionally been defined as "action" words or "doing" words. The verb in the following sentence is *rides*:

- Jameel *rides* a bicycle

Here, the verb *rides* certainly denotes an action which Jameel performs — the action of riding a bicycle. However, there are many verbs which do not denote an action at all. For example, in *Jameel seems unhappy*, we cannot say that the verb *seems* denotes an action.

Past and Present Forms

When we refer to a verb in general terms, we usually cite its base form, as in "the verb *travel*", "the verb *sing*". We then add inflections to the base form as required.

	Base Form	+	Inflection	
[1] She	***travel***	+	- s	to work by train
[2] David	***sing***	+	- s	in the choir
[3] We	***walk***	+	- ed	five miles to a garage
[4] I	***cook***	+	- ed	a meal for the whole family

Verb endings also indicate PERSON. Recall that when we looked at nouns and pronouns, we saw that there are three persons, each with a singular and a plural form. These are shown in the table below.

Person	Singular	Plural
1st Person	*I*	*we*
2nd person	*You*	*you*
3rd Person	*he/she/Ali* it	*they*

In sentence [1], *She travels to work by train*, we have a third person singular pronoun *she*, and the present tense ending *-s*. However, if we replace *she* with a plural pronoun, then the verb will change:

- [1] She *travels* to work by train
- [1a] They *travel* to work by train

The verb *travel* in [1a] is still in the present tense, but it has changed because the pronoun in front of it has changed. This correspondence between the pronoun (or noun) and the verb is called AGREEMENT or CONCORD. Agreement applies only to verbs in the present tense. In the past tense, there is no distinction between verb forms: *she travelled/they travelled*.

Exercise

Identify all the verbs in the following extract.

> Swimming was his favourite recreation. The first time he ever saw a body of water (Alum Creek), he trotted nervously along the steep bank for a while, fell to barking wildly, and finally plunged in from a height of eight feet or more. I shall always remember that shining, virgin dive. Then he swam upstream and back just for the pleasure of it, like a man. It was fun to see him battle upstream against a stiff current, struggling and growling every foot of the way. He had as much fun in the water as any person I have known. You didn't have to throw a stick in the water to get him to go in. Of course, he would bring back a stick to you if you did throw one in. He would even have brought back a piano if you had thrown one in.

Katherine Mansfield

The Doll's House

When dear old Mrs. Hay went back to town after staying with the urnells, she sent the children a doll's house. It was so big that Pat and the rrier had to carry it into the courtyard, and there it stayed, propped up on two wooden boxes beside the feed-room door. No harm could come to it; it was summer. And perhaps the smell of paint would have gone off by the time it had to be taken in. For, really, the smell of paint coming from that doll's house ("Sweet of old Mrs. Hay, of course; most sweet and generous!")—but the smell of paint was quite enough to make anyone seriously ill, in Aunt Beryl's opinion.

There stood the doll's house, a dark, oily, spinach green, picked out with bright yellow. Its two solid little chimneys, glued on to the roof, were painted red and white, and the door, gleaming with yellow varnish, was like a little slab of toffee. Four windows, real windows, were divided into panes by a broad streak of green. There was actually a tiny porch, top, painted yellow, with big lumps of congealed paint hanging along the edge.

But perfect, perfect little house! Who could possibly mind the smell? It was part of the joy, part of the newness.

"Open it quickly, someone!"

The hook at the side was stuck fast. Pat prized it open with his penknife, and the whole house front swung back, and there you were, gazing at one and the same moment into the drawing-room and dining-room, the kitchen and two, bedrooms. That is the way for a house to open! Why don't all houses open like that! How much more exciting than peering through the slit of a door into a mean little hall with a hatstand and two umbrellas! that is—isn't it?—what you long to know about a house when you put your hand on the knocker.

"O—oh!" the Burnell children sounded as though they were in despair. It was too marvellous; it was too much for them. They had never seen anything like it in their lives. All the rooms were papered. There were pictures on the walls, painted on the paper, with gold frames complete. Red carpet covered all the floors except the kitchen; red plush chairs in the drawing-room, green in the dining-room; tables, bed with real bedclothes, a cradle, a stove, a dresser with tiny plates and one big jug. But what Kezia liked more than anything, what she liked frightfully, was the lamp. It stood in the middle of the dining-room table, an exquisite little lamp with a white globe.

It was even filled all ready for lighting, though, of course, you couldn't light it. But there was something inside that looked like oil and moved when you shook it.

The father and mother dolls, who sprawled very stiff as though they had fainted in the drawing-room, and their two little children asleep upstairs, were really too big for the doll's house. But the lamp was perfect. It seemed to smile at Kezia, to say, "I live here." The lamp was real.

The Burnell children could hardly walk to school fast enough the next morning. They burned to tell everybody, to describe, to—well to boast about their doll's house before the school-bell rang.

"I'm to tell," said Isabel, "because I'm the eldest. And you two can join in after. But I'm to tell first."

There was nothing to answer. Isabel was bossy, but she was always right, and Lottie and Kezia knew too well the powers that went with being eldest. They brushed through the thick buttercups at the road edge and said nothing.

"And I'm to choose who's to come and see it first. Mother said I might."

For it had been arranged that while the doll's house stood in the courtyard they might ask the girls at school, two at a time, to come and look. Not to stay to tea, of course, or to come traipsing through the house. But just to stand quietly in the courtyard while Isabel pointed out the beauties, and Lottie and Kezia looked pleased....

But hurry as they might, by the time they had reached the barred palings of the boys' playground, the bell had begun to jangle. They only just had time to whip off their hats and fall into line before the roll was called. Never mind. Isabel tried to make up for it by looking very important and mysterious and by whispering behind her hand to the girls near her, "Got something to tell you at playtime."

Playtime came and Isabel was surrounded. The girls of her class nearly fought to put their arms round her, to walk away with her, to beam flatteringly, to be her special friend. She held quite a court under the huge pine trees at the side of the playground. Nudging, giggling together, the little girls pressed up close. And the only two who stayed outside the ring were the two who were always outside, the little Kelveys. They knew better than to come anywhere near the Burnells.

For the fact was, the school the Burnell children went to was not at all the kind of place their parents would have chosen if there had been any choice. But there was none. It was the only school for miles. And the consequence was, all the children of the neighbourhood; the Judge's little girls, the doctor's daughters; the storekeeper's children, the milkman's, were forced to mix together. Not to speak of there being an equal number of rude, rough little boys as well. But the line had to be drawn somewhere. It was drawn at the Kelveys. Many of the children, including the Burnells, were not allowed even to speak to them. They walked past the Kelveys with their heads in the air, and as they set the fashion in all matters of behaviour, the Kelveys were shunned by everybody. Even the teacher had a special voice for them, and a special smile for the other children when Lil Kelvey came up to her desk with a bunch of dreadfully common-looking flowers.

They were the daughters of a spry, hardworking little washerwoman, who went about from house to house by the day. This was awful enough. But where was Mr. Kelvey? Nobody knew for certain. But everybody said he was in prison. So they were the daughters of a washerman and a gaolbird. Very nice company for other people's children! And they looked it. Why Mrs. Kelvey made them so conspicuous was hard to understand. The truth was they were dressed in 'bits' given to her by the people for whom she worked. Lil was a stout, plain child, with big freckles. And her little sister our Else, was a tiny wishbone of a child—a little white owl. Nobody had ever seen her smile; she scarcely ever spoke. She went through life holding on to Lil, with a piece of Lil's skirt screwed up in her hand. Where Lil went, our Else followed: In the playground, on the road going to and from school, there was Lil marching in front and our Else holding on behind. Only when she wanted anything, or when she was out of breath, our Else gave Lil a tug, and Lil stopped and turned round. The Kelveys never failed to understand each other.

Now they hovered at the edge; you couldn't stop them listening. When the little girls turned, round and sneered, Lil, as usual, gave her silly, shamefaced smile, but our Else only looked.

And Isabel's voice, so very proud, went on telling. The carpet made a great sensation, but so did the beds with real bedclothes; and the stove with an oven door.

When she finished Kezia broke in. "You've forgotten the lamp, Isabel."

"Oh! Yes," said Isabel," and there's a teeny little lamp all made of yellow glass, with a white globe that stands on the dining-room table. You couldn't tell it from a real one."

"The lamp's best of all," cried Kezia. She thought Isabel wasn't making half enough of the little lamp. But nobody paid any attention. Isabel was choosing the two who were to come back with them that afternoon and see it. She chose Emmie Cole and Lena Logan. But when the others knew they were all to have a chance, 'they couldn't be nice enough to Isabel. One by one they put their arms round Isabel's waist and walked her off. They had something to whisper to her, a secret. "Isabel's my friend."

Only the little Kelveys moved away forgotten; there was nothing more for them to hear.

Days passed, and as more children saw the doll's house, the fame of it spread. It became the one subject, the rage. The one question was, "Have you seen Burnell's doll's house? Oh, ain't it lovely!" "Haven't you seen it? 'Oh, I say!"

Even the dinner hour was given up to talking about it. The little girls sat under the pines eating their thick mutton sandwiches and big slabs of Johnny cake spread with butter. While always, as near as they could get, sat the Kelveys, our Else holding on to Lil, listening too, while they chewed their jam sandwiches out of a newspaper.

"Mother," said Kezia, "can't I ask the Kelveys just once?"

"Certainly not, Kezia."

"But why not?"

"Run away, Kezia, you know quite well why not."

At last everybody had seen it except them. On that day the subject rather flagged. It was the dinner hour. The children stood together under the pine trees, and suddenly, as they looked at the Kelveys eating out of their papers, always by themselves, always listening, they wanted to be horrid to them. Emmie Cole started the whisper.

"Lil Kelvey's going to be a servant when she grows up."

"O—oh, how awful!" said Isabel Burnell, and she made eyes at Emmie."

Emmie swallowed in a very meaning way and nodded to Isabel as she'd seen her mother do on those occasions.

"It's true—it's true—it's true," she said.

Then Lena Logan's little eye snapped. "Shall I ask her?" she whispered.

"Bet you don't," said Jessie May.

"Pooh, I'm not frightened," said Lena.

Suddenly, she gave a little squeal and danced in front of other girls. "Watch! Watch me! Watch me now!" said Lena. And sliding; gliding, dragging one foot, giggling behind her hand, Lena went over to the Kelveys.

Lil looked up from her dinner. She wrapped the rest quickly away. Our Else stopped chewing. What was coming now?

"Is it true you're going to be a servant when you grow up, Lil Kelvey?" shrilled Lena.

Dead silence. But instead of answering Lil only gave her silly shamefaced smile. She didn't seem to mind the question at all. What a sell for Lena! The girls began to titter.

Lena couldn't stand that. She put her hands on her hips; she shot forward. "Yah, your father's in prison!" she hissed, spitefully.

This was such a marvellous thing to have said that the little girls rushed away in a body, deeply; deeply excited, wild with joy. Some one found a long rope, and they began skipping. And never did they skip so high, run in and out so fast, or do such daring things as on that morning.

In the afternoon Pat called for the Burnell children with the buggy and they drove home. There were visitors. Isabel and Lottie, who liked visitors, went upstairs to change their pinafores.

But Kezia thieved out at the back. Nobody was about; she began to swing on the big white gates of the courtyard. Presently, looking along the road, she saw two little dots. They grew bigger, they were coming towards her. Now she could see that one was in front and one close behind. Now she could see that they were the Kelveys. Kezia stopped swinging. She slipped off the gate as if she was going to run away. Then she hesitated. The Kelveys came nearer, and beside them walked their shadows, very long, stretching right across the road with their heads in the buttercups. Kezia clambered back on the gate; she had made up her mind; she swung out.

"Hullow," she said to the passing Kelveys.

They were so astounded that they stopped.

Lil gave her silly smile. Our Else stared.

"You can come and see our doll's house if you want to," said Kezia, and she dragged one toe on the ground. But at that Lil turned red and shook her head quickly.

"Why not?" asked Kezia.

Lil gasped, then she said, "Your ma told our ma you wasn't to speak to us."

"Ah, well," said Kezia, she didn't know what to reply. "It doesn't matter. You can come and see our doll's house all the same. Come on. Nobody's looking."

But Lil shook her head still harder.

"Don't you want to?" asked Kezia.

Suddenly there was a twitch, a tug at Lil's skirt. She turned round. Our Else was looking at her with big imploring eyes; she was frowning: she wanted to go. For a moment Lil looked at our Else very doubtfully. But then our Else twitched her skirt again. She started forward. Kezia led the way. Like two little stray cats, they followed across the courtyard to where the doll's house stood.

"There it is," said Kezia.

There was a pause, Lil breathed loudly, almost snorted; our Else was still as stone.

"I'll open it for you," said Kezia kindly. She undid the hook and they looked inside. "There's the drawing-room and the dining-room, and that's, the..."

"Kezia!

Oh, what a start. They gave!

"Kezia"!

It was Aunt Beryl's voice. They turned round. At the back door stood Aunt Beryl, staring as if she couldn't believe what she saw.

"How dare you ask the little Kelveys into the courtyard?" said her cold, furious voice. "You know as well as I do, you're not allowed to talk to them. Run away, children, run away at once. And don't come back again," said Aunt Beryl. And she stepped into the yard and shooed them out as if they were chickens.

"Off you go immediately!" she called, cold and proud.

They did not need telling twice. Burning with shame, shrinking together, somehow they crossed the big courtyard and squeezed through the white gate.

"Wicked, disobedient little girl!" said Aunt Beryl bitterly to Kezia.

When the Kelveys were well out of sight of Burnells, they sat down to rest on a big red drainpipe by the side of the road. Lil's cheeks were still burning. Dreamily they looked over the paddocks past the creek, to the group of wattles where Logan's cows stood waiting to be milked. What were their thoughts?

Presently our Else nudged up close to her sister. But now she had forgotten the cross lady. She put out a finger and stroked her sister's hat; she smiled her rare smile.

"I seen the little lamp," she said softly.

Then both were silent once more.

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. Discuss how Katherine Mansfield describes the feelings and emotional relationships of the small girls in this story.
2. Give a brief description of the doll's house.
3. Explain how the writer makes this story really lifelike?
4. Do you learn anything about young girls from "The Doll's House"?

Translate the following paragraphs into Urdu.

1. The Burnell children could hardly walk to school fast enough the next morning. They burned to tell everybody, to describe, to—well to boast about their doll's house before the school-bell rang.
2. Playtime came and Isabel was surrounded. The girls of her class nearly fought to put their arms round her, to walk away with her, to beam flatteringly, to be her special friend. She held quite a court under the huge pine trees at the side of the playground. Nudging, giggling together, the little girls pressed up close. And the only two who stayed outside the ring were the two who were always outside, the little Kelveys. They knew better than to come anywhere near the Burnells.

Grammar UNIT-VII

Auxiliary Verbs

In the examples of *-ing* and *-ed* forms which we looked at, you may have noticed that in each case two verbs appeared:

- [1] The old lady *is writing* a play.
- [2] The film *was produced* in Hollywood.

Writing and *produced* each has another verb before it. These other verbs (*is* and *was*) are known as AUXILIARY VERBS, while *writing* and *produced* are known as MAIN VERBS or LEXICAL VERBS. In fact, all the verbs we have looked at on the previous pages have been main verbs.

Auxiliary verbs are sometimes called HELPING VERBS. This is because they may be said to "help" the main verb which comes after them. For example, in *The old lady is writing a play*, the auxiliary *is* helps the main verb *writing* by specifying that the action it denotes is still in progress.

Auxiliary Verb Types

In this section we will give a brief account of of each type of auxiliary verb in English. There are five types in total:

Passive *be*	This is used to form passive constructions, eg. *The film* *was* *produced in Hollywood* It has a corresponding present form: *The film* *is* *produced in Hollywood* We will return to passives later, when we look at *voice*.
Progressive *be*	As the name suggests, the progressive expresses action in progress: The old lady *is* writing a play It also has a past form: The old lady *was* writing a play

Perfective *have*	The perfective auxiliary expresses an action accomplished in the past but retaining current relevance: She *has* broken her leg (Compare: *She broke her leg*) Together with the progressive auxiliary, the perfective auxiliary encodes *aspect*, which we will look at later.
Modal *can/could* *may/might* *shall/should* *will/would* *must*	Modals express permission, ability, obligation, or prediction: You *can* have a sweet if you like He *may* arrive early Paul *will* be a footballer some day I really *should* leave now
Dummy *Do*	This subclass contains only the verb *do*. It is used to form questions: *Do you like cheese?* to form negative statements: *I do not like cheese* and in giving orders: *Do not eat the cheese* Finally, dummy *do* can be used for emphasis: *I do like cheese*

An important difference between auxiliary verbs and main verbs is that auxiliaries never occur alone in a sentence. For instance, we cannot remove the main verb from a sentence, leaving only the auxiliary:

I *would like* a new job	~*I *would* a new job
You *should buy* a new car	~*You *should* a new car
She *must be* crazy	~*She *must* crazy

Auxiliaries always occur with a main verb. On the other hand, main verbs can occur without an auxiliary.

- I *like* my new job
- I *bought* a new car
- She *sings* like a bird

In some sentences, it may appear that an auxiliary does occur alone. This is especially true in responses to questions:

- *Q.* Can you sing?
- Yes, I *can*

Here the auxiliary *can* does not really occur without a main verb, since the main verb — *sing* — is in the question. The response is understood to mean:

- Yes, I *can sing*

This is known as *ellipsis* -- the main verb has been *ellipted* from the response.

Auxiliaries often appear in a shortened or contracted form, especially in informal contexts. For instance, auxiliary *have* is often shortened to *'ve*:

- I *have* won the lottery ~I*'ve* won the lottery

These shortened forms are called *enclitic* forms. Sometimes different auxiliaries have the same enclitic forms, so you should distinguish carefully between them:

- I*'d* like a new job (= modal auxiliary *would*)
- We*'d* already spent the money by then (= perfective auxiliary *had*)
- He*'s* been in there for ages (= perfective auxiliary *has*)
- She*'s* eating her lunch (= progressive auxiliary *is*)

The following exercise concentrates on three of the most important auxiliaries -- *be*, *have*, and *do*.

Exercise

Is the highlighted verb a main verb or an auxiliary verb?

1. I will **have** the soup.
   (A) Main Verb (B) Auxiliary Verb
2. Police **are** investigating the incident.
   (A) Main Verb (B) Auxiliary Verb
3. It **is** very peaceful here.
   (A) Main Verb (B) Auxiliary Verb

4. Where **does** your brother work?

(A) Main Verb (B) Auxiliary Verb

5. They **have** decided to advertise your job.

(A) Main Verb (B) Auxiliary Verb

6. He **does** his homework on the way to school.

(A) Main Verb (B) Auxiliary Verb

Anton Chekov

The Beggar

"Excuse me Sir, would you be so kind as to notice a poor, hungry man. I have not tasted food for three days. I have not a five-kopeck piece for a night's lodging. I swear by God! For five years I was a village schoolmaster and lost my post through the intrigues of the Zemstvo. I was the victim of false witness. I have been out of a place for a year now."

Skvortsov, a Petersburg lawyer, looked at the speaker's tattered dark blue overcoat, at his muddy, drunken eyes, at the red patches on his cheeks, and it seemed to him that he had seen the man before.

"And now I am offered a post in the Kaluga province," the beggar continued, "but I have not the means for the journey there. Graciously help me! I am ashamed to ask, but . . . I am compelled by circumstances."

Skvortsov looked at his goloshes, of which one was shallow like a shoe, while the other came high up the leg like a boot, and suddenly remembered.

"Listen, the day before yesterday I met you in Sadovoy Street," he said, "and then you told me, not that you were a village schoolmaster, but that you were a student who had been expelled. Do you remember?"

"N-o. No, that cannot be so!" the beggar muttered in confusion. "I am a village schoolmaster, and if you wish it I can show you documents to prove it."

"That's enough lies! You called yourself a student, and even told me what you were expelled for. Do you remember?"

Skvortsov flushed, and with a look of disgust on his face turned away from the ragged figure.

"It's contemptible, sir!" he cried angrily. "It's a swindle! I'll hand you over to the police, damn you! You are poor and hungry, but that does not give you the right to lie so shamelessly!"

The ragged figure took hold of the door-handle and, like a bird in a snare, looked round the hall desperately.

"I . . . I am not lying," he muttered. "I can show documents."

"Who can believe you?" Skvortsov went on, still indignant. "To exploit the sympathy of the public for village schoolmasters and students—it's so low, so mean, so dirty! It's revolting!"

Skvortsov flew into a rage and gave the beggar a merciless scolding. The ragged fellow's insolent lying aroused his disgust and aversion, was an offence against what he, Skvortsov, loved and prized in himself: kindliness, a feeling heart, sympathy for the unhappy. By his lying, by his treacherous assault upon compassion, the individual had, as it were, defiled the charity which he liked to give to the poor with no misgivings in his heart. The beggar at first defended himself, protested with oaths, then he sank into silence and hung his head, overcome with shame.

"Sir!" he said, laying his hand on his heart, "I really was . . . lying! I am not a student and not a village schoolmaster. All that's mere invention! I used to be in the Russian choir, and I was turned out of it for drunkenness. But what can I do? Believe me, in God's name, I can't get on without lying—when I tell the truth no one will give me anything. With the truth one may die of hunger and freeze without a night's lodging! What you say is true, I understand that, but . . . what am I to do?"

"What are you to do? You ask what are you to do?" cried Skvortsov, going close up to him. "Work—that's what you must do! You must work!"

"Work. . . . I know that myself, but where can I get work?"

"Nonsense. You are young, strong, and healthy, and could always find work if you wanted to. But you know you are lazy, pampered, drunken! You reek of vodka like a pothouse! You have become false and corrupt to the marrow of your bones and fit for nothing but begging and lying! If you do graciously condescend to take work, you must have a job in an office, in the Russian choir, or as a billiard-marker, where you will have a salary and have nothing to do! But how would you like to undertake manual labour? I'll be bound, you wouldn't be a house porter or a factory hand! You are too genteel for that!"

"What things you say, really . . ." said the beggar, and he gave a bitter smile. "How can I get manual work? It's rather late for me to be a shopman, for in trade one has to begin from a boy; no one would take me as a house porter, because I am not of that class. . . . And I could not get work in a factory; one must know a trade, and I know nothing."

"Nonsense! You always find some justification! Wouldn't you like to chop wood?"

"I would not refuse to, but the regular woodchoppers are out of work now."

"Oh, all idlers argue like that! As soon as you are offered anything you refuse it. Would you care to chop wood for me?"

"Certainly I will. . ."

"Very good, we shall see. . . . Excellent. We'll see!" Skvortsov, in nervous haste; and not without malignant pleasure, rubbing his hands, summoned his cook from the kitchen.

"Here, Olga," he said to her, "take this gentleman to the shed and let him chop some wood."

The beggar shrugged his shoulders as though puzzled, and irresolutely followed the cook. It was evident from his demeanour that he had consented to go and chop wood, not because he was hungry and wanted to earn money, but simply from shame and *amour propre*, because he had been taken at his word. It was clear, too, that he was suffering from the effects of vodka, that he was unwell, and felt not the faintest inclination to work.

Skvortsov hurried into the dining-room. There from the window which looked out into the yard he could see the woodshed and everything that happened in the yard. Standing at the window, Skvortsov saw the cook and the beggar come by the back way into the yard and go through the muddy snow to the woodshed. Olga scrutinized her companion angrily, and jerking her elbow unlocked the woodshed and angrily banged the door open.

"Most likely we interrupted the woman drinking her coffee," thought Skvortsov. "What a cross creature she is! "

Then he saw the pseudo-schoolmaster and pseudo-student seat himself on a block of wood, and, leaning his red cheeks upon his fists, sink into thought. The cook flung an axe at his feet, spat angrily on the ground, and, judging by the expression of her lips, began abusing him. The beggar drew a log of wood towards him irresolutely, set it up between his feet, and diffidently drew the axe across it. The log toppled and fell over. The beggar drew it towards him, breathed on his frozen hands, and again drew the axe along it as cautiously as though he were afraid of its hitting his golosh or chopping off his fingers. The log fell over again.

Skvortsov's wrath had passed off by now, he felt sore and ashamed at the thought that he had forced a pampered, drunken, and perhaps sick man to do hard, rough work in the cold.

"Never mind, let him go on . . ." he thought, going from the dining-room into his study. "I am doing it for his good!"

An hour later Olga appeared and announced that the wood had been chopped up.

"Here, give him half a rouble," said Skvortsov. "If he likes, let him come and chop wood on the first of every month. . . . There will always be work for him."

On the first of the month the beggar turned up and again earned half a rouble, though he could hardly stand. From that time forward he took to turning up frequently, and work was always found for him: sometimes he would sweep the snow into heaps, or clear up the shed, at another he used to beat the rugs and the mattresses. He always received thirty to forty kopecks for his work, and on one occasion an old pair of trousers was sent out to him.

When he moved, Skvortsov engaged him to assist in packing and moving the furniture. On this occasion the beggar was sober, gloomy, and silent; he scarcely touched the furniture, walked with hanging head behind the furniture vans, and did not even try to appear busy; he merely shivered with the cold, and was overcome with confusion when the men with the vans laughed at his idleness, feebleness, and ragged coat that had once been a gentleman's. After the removal Skvortsov sent for him.

"Well, I see my words have had an effect upon you," he said, giving him a rouble. "This is for your work. I see that you are sober and not disinclined to work. What is your name?"

"Lushkov."

"I can offer you better work, not so rough, Lushkov. Can you write?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then go with this note to-morrow to my colleague and he will give you some copying to do. Work, don't drink, and don't forget what I said to you. Good-bye."

Skvortsov, pleased that he had put a man in the path of rectitude, patted Lushkov genially on the shoulder, and even shook hands with him at parting.

Lushkov took the letter, departed, and from that time forward did not come to the back-yard for work.

Two years passed. One day as Skvortsov was standing at the ticket-office of a theatre, paying for his ticket, he saw beside him a little man with a lambskin collar and a shabby cat's-skin cap. The man timidly asked the clerk for a gallery ticket and paid for it with kopecks.

"Lushkov, is it you?" asked Skvortsov, recognizing in the little man his former woodchopper. "Well, what are you doing? Are you getting on all right?"

"Pretty well. . . . I am in a notary's office now. I earn thirty-five roubles."

"Well, thank God, that's capital. I rejoice for you. I am very, very glad, Lushkov. You know, in a way, you are my godson. It was I who shoved you into the right way. Do you remember what a scolding I gave you, eh? You almost sank through the floor that time. Well, thank you, my dear fellow, for remembering my words."

"Thank you too," said Lushkov. "If I had not come to you that day, maybe I should be calling myself a schoolmaster or a student still. Yes, in your house I was saved, and climbed out of the pit."

"I am very, very glad."

"Thank you for your kind words and deeds. What you said that day was excellent. I am grateful to you and to your cook, God bless that kind, noble-hearted woman. What you said that day was excellent; I am indebted to you as long as I live, of course, but it was your cook, Olga, who really saved me."

"How was that?"

"Why, it was like this. I used to come to you to chop wood and she would begin: 'Ah, you drunkard! You God-forsaken man! And yet death does not take you!' and then she would sit opposite me, lamenting, looking into my face and wailing: 'You unlucky fellow! You have no gladness in this world, and in the next you will burn in hell, poor drunkard! You poor sorrowful creature!' and she always went on in that style, you know. How often she upset herself, and how many tears she shed over me I can't tell you. But what affected me most—she chopped the wood for me! Do you know, sir, I never chopped a single log for you—she did it all! How it was she saved me, how it was I changed, looking at her, and gave up drinking, I can't explain. I only know that what she said and the noble way she behaved brought about a change in my soul, and I shall never forget it. It's time to go up, though; they are just going to ring the bell."

Lushkov bowed and went off to the gallery.

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. What does Lushkov, the beggar, do at the start of the play, that angers Skvortsov?
2. What qualities does Skvortsov most prize in himself?
3. When Lushkov says he has no job, what work does Skvortsov offer him?
4. What feeling does Skvortsov have as he calls for his cook to put Lushkov to work?
5. How does Skvortsov feel when he sees Lushkov trying to chop wood?
6. What job does Lushkov have two years later?
7. What do you think is the best way to motivate people to change for the better?

Tense and Aspect

TENSE refers to the absolute location of an event or action in time, either the present or the past. It is marked by an inflection of the verb:

- Farid *walks* to school (present tense).
- Farid *walked* to school (past tense).

Reference to other times -- the future, for instance -- can be made in a number of ways, by using the modal auxiliary *will*, or the semi-auxiliary *be going to*:

- Farid *will walk* to school tomorrow.
- Farid *is going to walk* to school tomorrow.

Since the expression of future time does not involve any inflection of the verb, we do not refer to a "future tense". Strictly speaking, there are only two tenses in English: present and past.

ASPECT refers to how an event or action is to be viewed with respect to time, rather than to its actual location in time. We can illustrate this using the following examples:

- [1] Farid *got* a bike as gift on his eighteenth birthday.
- [2] Farid *has got* a bike.
- [3] Farid *is getting* a bike.

In [1], the verb *got* tells us that Farid got a bike in the past, and specifically on his eighteenth birthday. This is a simple past tense verb.

In [2] also, the action took place in the past, but it is implied that it took place quite recently. Furthermore, it is implied that is still relevant at the time of speaking — Farid has got a bike, and that's why he's behaving ecstatically. It is worth noting that we cannot say **Farid has got a bike as gift on his eighteenth birthday*. The auxiliary *has* here encodes what is known as PERFECTIVE ASPECT, and the auxiliary itself is known as the PERFECTIVE AUXILIARY.

In [3], the action of getting a bike still in progress — Farid is getting a bike at the time of speaking. For this reason, we call it PROGRESSIVE ASPECT, and the auxiliary is called the PROGRESSIVE AUXILIARY.

Aspect always includes tense. In [2] and [3] above, the aspectual auxiliaries are in the present tense, but they could also be in the past tense:

- Farid *had got* a bike — Perfective Aspect, Past Tense.
- Farid *was getting* a bike — Progressive Aspect, Past Tense.

The perfective auxiliary is always followed by a main verb in the *-ed* form, while the progressive auxiliary is followed by a main verb in the *-ing* form. We exemplify these points in the table below:

	Perfective Aspect	**Progressive Aspect**
Present Tense	*has fallen*	*is falling*
Past Tense	*had fallen*	*was falling*

While aspect always includes tense, tense can occur without aspect (Farid *gets a bike*, Farid *got* a bike).

Exercise

Each of the following sentences exhibits aspect. Is it perfective aspect or progressive aspect?

1. Farid has bought a new house.
   (A) Perfective (B) Progressive
2. I think we have seen this film already.
   (A) Perfective (B) Progressive
3. The whole class is going to the theatre tonight.
   (A) Perfective (B) Progressive
4. Ali's left his coat in the car.
   (A) Perfective (B) Progressive
5. Saira's leaving today.
   (A) Perfective (B) Progressive

VOICE

There are two voices in English, the active voice and the passive voice:

Active Voice	**Passive Voice**
[1] Jamal congratulated Farid	[2] Farid was congratulated by Jamal

Passive constructions are formed using the PASSIVE AUXILIARY *be*, and the main verb has an *-ed* inflection. In active constructions, there is no passive auxiliary, though other auxiliaries may occur:

- Jamal *is* congratulating Farid.
- Jamal *will* congratulate Farid.
- Jamal *has* congratulated Farid.

All of these examples are active constructions, since they contain no passive auxiliary. Notice that in the first example (*Jamal is congratulating Farid*), the auxiliary is the progressive auxiliary, not the passive auxiliary. We know this because the main verb *congratulate* has an *-ing* inflection, not an *-ed* inflection.

In the passive construction in [2], we refer to *Jamal* as the AGENT. This is the one who performs the action of congratulating Farid Sometimes no agent is specified:

- Farid was congratulated.

We refer to this as an AGENTLESS PASSIVE

Exercise

Are the following constructions active or passive?

1. Irum decided to cancel the party.
   (A) Active (B) Passive
2. The lecturer was impressed by your essay.
   (A) Active (B) Passive
3. Your horse is walking on our lawn.
   (A) Active (B) Passive
4. The top floor was destroyed.
   (A) Active (B) Passive
5. The pills should be taken twice a day.
   (A) Active (B) Passive

A Pakistani Folk Tale

The Foolish Quack

(Translated by Rev. Charles Swynnerton)

One evening, as the sun was setting, some travellers stayed to rest under a clump of trees, and, loosing their camels, set them to graze. It happened that one of the animals entered a melon-field, and that a melon got stuck in its throat. The owner, seeing this and fearing to lose the animal tied a blanket round its throat, and then struck the place with the greatest violence. Instantly, the melon broke in the throat of the camel, and it was then easily swallowed.

A certain man who had just come up, looking on and observing this proceeding, shouldered his bundle, and, going to the next village, pretended that he was a doctor.

“But what can you Cure asked the villagers. “I can cure the goitre,” answered the quack.

An old woman, whose throat was swollen to a frightful size, exclaimed: “O my son, if you would only cure my goitre, I would bless you for evermore!”

“Certainly,” answered the man;“Here bring me a blanket and a good-sized mallet.”

As soon as they were brought, he tied up the woman's throat, and struck the swollen part with so much force that the poor old creature instantly expired.

“Ah,” cried the people, “this fellow is villain!” So they seized him, being minded to carry him before the king. One of them, however, said: “She was a very old woman, who must have died shortly in any case. Let us therefore compel the wretch to dig her grave, and then we can beat him and let him go.”

So they took him and set him to work, but the ground was so stiff and hard that he made but slow progress. “If you do not dig it,” said they, “before the king you shall go, and then you will be hanged.”

Thus exhorted, the unfortunate man, in the greatest fear, laboured away with all his might; and at last, when the villagers saw that he had finished his task and buried the victim of his mistaken treatment, they beat him well and let him go.

Uninfluenced by the severity of his punishment, the man mounted his camel and went on to the next village, and again gave himself out as a great doctor. “And what can you cure?” said some. “I can cure goitre,” answered he.

This time it was an old man who offered himself for treatment. But the pretended doctor said: “Look here, good people. I shall do my best to cure this case; but remember, if I am so unfortunate as to kill him, I am not to be compelled to dig the man's grave."

"A pretty sort of doctor you must be!" cried they, "Before you begin your treatment, you are talking of digging the patient's grave! Away with you — we shall have nothing to do with you."

Hearing this, the pretended doctor began to say to himself: "What extraordinary thing this is! My best plan surely is to return to the camel-men and tell them they have not shown me the right way to cure this disease. Perhaps they will advise me."

When he had overtaken them, he cried: "What foolish men you must be! I met an old woman who suffered from goitre just like your camel; and I tied a blanket round her neck and struck her with a mallet, but, instead of recovering like your camel she died, and instead of getting a fee I was compelled to dig her grave!"

"It is not we who are stupid," answered the camel-men, "but you. We are not stupid at all. These animals are camels of prodigious size and strength. How was a feeble old woman to stand the blow of a mallet? No; it is you, and you only, who are stupid." One of the men now stepped forward, saying to his friends: "You remain quiet, and leave this fellow to me." Then, addressing himself to the newcomer, he cried: "hear you, sir, these men do not understand the matter at all. I can set it all right for you in a minute." Saying this, he lifted a heavy stick, bound with iron rings, and struck a camel which was feeding off the leaves of a wild plum-tree. The stolid creature, scarcely feeling the blow, merely moved a step or two forward. "You observe," said the man, "the effect of this treatment on the camel. Now observe its effect on a human being!" He then struck the man himself a similar blow, which felled him to the earth like a log. When consciousness returned, his bewildered victim inquired: "Why, sir, this cruel usage?"

"Do you not perceive?" answered the camel-man. "I wished to show you that what is good for camels is not therefore good for poor old men and women."

"Ah," said the wretched man, "I now begin to see my error. Never, never again shall I set myself up for a doctor!"

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. What did the quack pretend to cure?
2. What did the quack do with the old woman?
3. What was the result of the cure?
4. What was the punishment inflicted upon the quack by the villagers?
5. For whom did the quack dig the grave?
6. What did the quack do in the next village ?
7. Why didn't the villagers let the old man cure '?
8. Why did the quack come back to the camel-men?
9. What do you learn from this story?

Translate the following paragraphs into Urdu.

1. One evening, as the sun was setting, some travellers stayed to rest under a clump of trees, and, loosing their camels, set them to graze. It happened that one of the animals entered a melon-field, and that a melon got stuck in its throat. The owner, seeing this and fearing to lose the animal tied a blanket round its throat, and then struck the place with the greatest violence. Instantly the melon broke in the throat of the camel, and it was then easily swallowed.

2. Uninfluenced by the severity of his punishment, the man mounted his camel and went on to the next village, and again gave himself out as a great doctor. "And what can you cure?" said some. "I can cure goitre," answered he.

ADVERBS

Adverbs are used to modify a verb, an adjective, or another adverb:

- [1] Faiza sings *beautifully*
- [2] Fahad is *extremely* clever
- [3] This car goes *incredibly* fast

In [1], the adverb *beautifully* tells us how Faiza sings. In [2], *extremely* tells us the degree to which Fahad is clever. Finally, in [3], the adverb *incredibly* tells us how fast the car goes.

Before discussing the meaning of adverbs, however, we will identify some of their formal characteristics.

FORM

1. In most cases, an **adverb** is formed by adding *'-ly'* to an **adjective:**

Adjective	Adverb
cheap	cheaply
quick	quickly
slow	slowly

Examples:

- Time goes ***quickly***.
- He walked ***slowly*** to the door.
- She ***certainly*** had an interesting life.
- He ***carefully*** picked up the sleeping child.

If the adjective ends in *'-y'*, replace the *'y'* with *'i'* and add *'-ly'*:

Adjective	Adverb
easy	easily
angry	angrily
happy	happily
lucky	luckily

If the adjective ends in -*'able'*, *'-ible'*, or *'-le'*, replace the *'-e'* with *'-y'*:

Adjective	Adverb
probable	probably
terrible	terribly
gentle	gently

If the adjective ends in *'-ic'*, add *'-ally'*:

Adjective	Adverb
basic	basically
economic	economically
tragic	tragically

Note: Exception: ***public - publicly***

2. Some adverbs have the **same form** as the adjective:

Adjective / Adverb	
early	late
fast	near
hard	straight
high	wrong

Compare:

- It is a ***fast*** car.
- He drives very ***fast***.
- This is a ***hard*** exercise.
- He works ***hard***.
- We saw many ***high*** buildings.
- The bird flew ***high*** in the sky.

3. ***'Well'*** and ***'good'***

'Well' is the adverb that corresponds to the adjective *'good'*.

Examples:

- He is a ***good*** student.
- He studies ***well***.
- She is a ***good*** pianist.
- She plays the piano ***well***.
- They are ***good*** swimmers.
- They swim ***well***.

FUNCTION

Adverbs modify, or tell us more about other words, usually **verbs**:

- The bus moved ***slowly***.
- The bears ate ***greedily***.

Sometimes they tell us more about **adjectives:**

- You look ***absolutely*** fabulous!

They can also modify other **adverbs:**

- She played the violin ***extremely*** well.
- You're speaking ***too*** quietly.

COMPARATIVE FORMS OF ADVERBS

In general, comparative and superlative forms of adverbs are the same as for adjectives:

- Add ***-er*** or ***-est*** to short adverbs:

Adverb	Comparative	Superlative
hard	hard***er***	the hard***est***
late	lat***er***	the lat***est***
fast	fast***er***	the fast***est***

Example:

- Asad works ***harder*** than his brother.
- Everyone in the race ran ***fast***, but John ran ***the fastest*** of all.

With adverbs ending in ***-ly***, use ***more*** for the comparative and ***most*** for the superlative:

Adverb	Comparative	Superlative
quietly	***more*** quiet***ly***	***most*** quiet***ly***
slowly	***more*** slow***ly***	***most*** slow***ly***
seriously	***more*** serious***ly***	***most*** serious***ly***

Example:

- The teacher spoke ***more slowly*** to help us to understand.
- Could you sing ***more quietly*** please?

Some adverbs have irregular comparative forms:

Adverb	Comparative	Superlative
badly	*worse*	*worst*
far	*farther/further*	*farthest/furthest*
little	*less*	*least*
well	*better*	*best*

Example:

- The little boy ran ***further*** than his friends.
- You're driving ***worse*** today than yesterday !

BE CAREFUL! Sometimes *'**most**'* can mean *'**very**'*:

- We were ***most*** grateful for your help
- I am ***most*** impressed by this application.

Grazia Deledda

The Shoes

Translated from Italian by Alethia Graham

It often happened now that Elia Carai had nothing to do; for times were bad, folk hesitated about going to law, and even people like famous barristers and emeritus professors and retired government officials had to work as simple attorneys. But even when he had no cases, Elia used to go to the Law Courts all the same, settle down in the waiting-room, and there, leaning his note-book on his knee or on the wall, he would write poems in dialect to his wife. The storm raged around him. The crowd surged hither and thither; poor women, who had come about a matter of a few cents, shouted abuse at each other, as solemn and tragic as if they had the whole world to divide; swindlers, perfectly ready to swear they owed nothing to their own creditors, went by with their heads in the air and their chests thrust forward proudly; the solicitors, poorer than their own clients, went round from one to the other wondering how he could manage to get hold of a sheet of stamped paper. Elia took it all very calmly. He wrote, in his old-fashioned verse, which he dedicated to his wife:

Su mundu lu connosco e donzi cosa

Chi succedit succedera deviat

"I know what the world is like, and I know that everything that happens was destined to happen. I am a poet and a philosopher; nothing ever surprises me in this world. Life is a see-saw, one day up and the next day down, and the next day up again. Do not despair, my golden lily. Perhaps Uncle Agostino, who has driven his wife out of the house and disinherited her, will remember us one day. Then we will go to the seaside together, we will watch the boats in the distance, and hold hands like a honeymoon couple. And, after all, we too are happy now; peace and love reign in our dwellings, and thou, Cedar of Lebanon, *Venus Hermosa,* art my riches and my queen. . . ."

One winter morning, a carter slapped Elia heavily on the shoulder with a hand that felt like stone.

"Run, man! I've just been to Terranova with a load of rubbish, and I saw the carrier your Uncle Agostino. He said that your uncle is dangerously ill.

Elia stood up calmly and smoothed his gray hair with his hand as a sign of grief.

"I will go and tell my wife the sad news at once."

His wife did not seem much disturbed by the sad news; she did not even get up from the doorstep where she was sitting, trying to get warm in the sun. She was respectably dressed, wore shoes, and had her hair done in the latest fashion; but her worn, frayed frock, her old shoes, and thin hair framing her dead-white, anaemic face like a halo, only served to show off her poverty more clearly. Her great eyes, which had once seemed so dark, were now a kind of golden hazel-colour, and indifferent and staring, like the eyes of a hare.

From inside the house, where the two occupied one little ground-floor room giving on to the yard, came a noise like the noise of the Law Courts. It was the owners of the house quarrelling, while in the tavern that belonged to them, men were playing morra and laughing.

Elia's wife behaved like her husband in the Law Courts—inert, and indifferent to what went on around her. He loved her and wanted her just like that.

"Do you know what I'm going to do?" he asked, stroking her hair and looking up at the sky. "I'm going."

"Where?"

"Where? But haven't you been listening? To Uncle Agostino's, of course. It's fine today," he added, without saying all that he was thinking; but his wife must have guessed because she looked down at his shoes, which were worn and full of holes, and asked:

"What about money for the journey?"

"I've got enough. Never you mind about me, don't worry. In this world everything is bound to go all right in the end, if only you take things calmly and sensibly; the only thing that really matters is being fond of people and treating them kindly. I was just thinking about that sort of thing this morning; here ... would you like to read it?"

He tore the sheet off his pad, and blushed as he shyly let it drop into her lap. It was all he left her in the way of provisions while he was away.

He set off on foot. He had only three lire in the world, and he was much too wise to lose time by trying to borrow money for the journey.

He was, however, used to this sort of thing; he never expected anything to help him apart from his philosophic calm and his Uncle Agostino's will. He was an excellent walker, and thought far more about his shoes than about his feet; if matters went as well as he expected, then everything would be mended in due course.

Matters went well as far as Orosei. The road was downhill all the way, smooth and straight, accompanied, preceded, and followed by the most beautiful scenery; the very sight of it made one forget all earthly cares and troubles. It was like travelling in an enchanted land; the sun, like a great diamond, shed its cold, pure lustre around; the rocks and the grass were glistening. Then, as he went farther down, Elia felt the sun grow warmer and more golden, and at last, on the marble background of hills towards the sea, he saw, as in spring, pink almond-blossom in flower.

But the sun went down with cruel suddenness after a short spell of twilight, the cold night fell, and Elia felt his feet were getting wet. His shoes had given way. This was obviously one of the things that were destined to happen, but all the same he did not accept it with his usual philosophical calm. He could not possibly mend them or get someone to lend him a pair now. It was very uncomfortable walking with holes in one's shoes, and dreadfully lacking in dignity, moreover, to appear at one's uncle's house looking like a beggar. For the sake of the future, for his wife's health and well-being, he must get hold of a pair of shoes at all cost . The question was, how? Elia had not the slightest idea. And, meanwhile, be reached the village.

The streets were dark and swept by sea wind; not a soul was astir. Only, on the piazza, a tiny inn shed a hospitable light. Elia went in and asked for a night's lodging; he paid in advance and was given a bed in a dirty-looking room where two other wayfarers were asleep. One of them was snoring like Pluto. Elia lay down with his clothes on, but he could not get to sleep; he saw endless rows of shoes along all the streets in the world, among houses, and out in the fields; whenever there was a man, there was a pair of shoes. A great many pairs were hidden away in drawers and cupboards and all sorts of odd corners; others stood at the end of their master's bed, watching over his sleep; others were waiting outside doors, and there were still others, like his own, that shared the poverty and despair of their wearers....

The roaring of the wind outside, and the snoring of the man beside him, made an accompaniment to his obsession. The hours went by; a star rose in the heavens, delicately blue as if steeped in the waters of the sea, and stopped outside the rattling window-panes. Elia thought of his wife, and the poems he wrote for her, and the easy life they would both lead if only Uncle Agostino left them all his belongings....

He got up and bent over, trembling, to take the snoring man's shoes. They were heavy; their worn nails felt cold against his hot fingers. He put them down, and groped about on the floor to find the other man's shoes, but he found nothing.

Then he heard a vague noise in the corridor, like the steps of unshod feet. He stopped there motionless, crouching down with his hands on the floor, and trembling like a frightened animal. He realized to the full the extent of his degradation; an instinctive sadness, like the sorrow of a heart in danger, weighed heavily upon him. But as soon as the noise had stopped, he went out to the door to see there was no one there; and by the light of a tiny lamp at the end of the passage he saw a cat rubbing itself against the wall with its tail in the air, and a pair of elastic-sided shoes by the door beside it, throwing a shadow on the floor like two great hooks.

He took them, hid them under his cloak, and went downstairs. A man was sleeping on a mat in the yard so as to watch over people's horses; the big gates were just closed with a latch. Elia managed to get away quietly, and found himself on the sea front, by the grey sea under the twinkling stars that seemed to wish to fall down from the sky, lower and lower....

"It's odd, how everything in man and nature has a tendency to fall," mused Elia walking quickly with the wind across the dark, hollow land, the dark mountains, and the grey sea.

After walking half an hour or so, he decided it was the moment to put on the stolen shoes. He sat down on a milestone, put on the shoes, and felt them critically. He was delighted; they were soft and roomy; but as he bent down over them he felt the sense of degradation suddenly overwhelm him again....

"What if they follow me? A pretty figure I'll cut then. . . . Whatever will my wife say!

'While you're about it, Elia Carai, you might just as well steal a million lire as a pair of shoes!'"

Then: "A million lire! The question is where to find them, then I'd take them at once," he added, laughing at himself, stretching out his feet, and wriggling his toes about inside his shoes. It was an odd thing; but his feet burned and throbbed, and seemed to have a violent objection to being inside those shoes.

When he started walking back, with his own shoes under his arm so that he could put them on quickly and throw away the other pair if by any chance he was being followed, he found he could not walk anything like as quickly as before. His legs shook, and he stopped every now and then, seeming to hear steps coming up behind him.

Dawn rose from the pale sea behind a veil of mist, and terrified him, like a ghost. Now the people he had met on the road to Orosei could see him quite well, and when they reached the village and heard the story of the stolen shoes, they would be able to say: "Yes, I met a man who looked rather a suspicious character; he had a sort of parcel thing under his cloak."

As a matter of fact he did meet a peasant, walking quiet and dark through the dawn, with a knapsack and a stick; and Elia imagined he turned round to look at him and smiled.

Day was breaking, sad and grey; the clouds, like great, black, tangled skeins, ran from mountain to sea, from sea to mountain, clinging to cliffs and rocks that unravelled them a little. And the crows cawed as they passed over the windswept moorlands.

The quiet landscape of the day before seemed to have disappeared; now everything looked tortured and diabolical, and Elia thought he could hear voices in the distance, the voices of people following and mocking him.

At last he put on his old shoes again and left the others by the roadside; but still he found no peace. Fantastic happenings went on in his mind; one of the two poor travellers he had slept with was on the same road and picked up the shoes; then this man was followed and found out and pronounced guilty and let in for goodness knows how many awful punishments. . . . Or else the people he imagined were after him found the stolen shoes and went on tormenting him and tormenting him until finally in great shame he confessed what he had done. What would his wife say? The idea grew in his childish mind, excited by exhaustion, cold, and hunger, and spread like the great clouds in the stormy winter sky. He wished he had never set out at all, and had not forsaken his usual peace and quiet merely to run after a shadow. His uncle's legacy would probably involve endless worries and complications; and meanwhile, he had completely disgraced himself

He turned back, found the shoes where he had left them, and stood a long while looking at them sheepishly. He wondered what he had better do. If he hid them or buried them, it did not alter the fact that they had been stolen. He had stolen them; and the thought of that moment when he was on all-fours on the floor, trembling like a frightened animal, would cast its shadow over his whole existence.

He hid the stolen shoes under his cloak again and went back to the village, lingering on the way so as not to get there before evening. He had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, and felt so weak that the wind made him sway like a blade of grass. He arrived at the inn in a dream, ready to confess what he had done; but every thing was quiet; no one mentioned the theft or bothered about him or his cloak in the least. He had supper and asked for a bed; he was given the same one as on the previous night. He put back the shoes where he had found them and then went to sleep. His sleep was heavy as death; he had to be woken up and told it was twelve o'clock. He bought a loaf of bread with the penny he had left, and went on his way again.

The weather was fine again now, and the moors, shut in between the dark mountains and the blue sea, had all the sorrowful enchantment of a primitive landscape; everything was green and strong, but, just as you see in certain human lives, it seemed as if no flowers could ever bloom there.

Elia was walking well, in spite of his old shoes; and because of them, he enjoyed the privilege of being treated everywhere as a tramp, and given milk and bread to eat

When he arrived, he found his uncle had died a few hours previously. The maid looked at Elia rather suspiciously, and asked:

"Are you really his nephew? Then why didn't you come sooner?"

Elia didn't answer.

"The master was expecting you. He sent a wire to you three days ago. He always used to say you were his only relative, but that you'd forgotten all about him. So this morning, when he saw you hadn't come, he decided to leave everything to the sailors' orphans."

Elia went home and found his wife sitting in the sun, pale and indifferent to everything.

"Why on earth didn't you say I'd already gone, when the telegram came, my good woman?"

"But surely you'd have got there anyhow, wouldn't you? Why did you take such a long time?"

Elia did not answer.

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. According to the opening paragraph, why does Elia have so few cases?
2. What does he usually do when he visits the Law Courts?
3. What does he dream about doing with his uncle's money?
4. What news prompts Elia to visit his uncle? Why must he travel on foot?
5. What are his reasons for wanting a new pair of shoes?
6. What causes Elia's delay in reaching his uncle's home?
7. What does he discover when he gets there?
8. Is Elia an idealistic and impractical person? What problems may arise because of this kind of thinking?
9. What does the story's outcome suggest about the workings of fate?
10. What does the story suggest about the effects of poverty on human behaviour?

KINDS OF ADVERBS-I

There are several classes or 'kinds' of adverbs that we use for specific functions:

1. Adverbs of Manner.
2. Adverbs of Place.
3. Adverbs of Time.
4. Adverbs of Certainty.
5. Adverbs of Degree.
6. Interrogative Adverbs.
7. Relative Adverbs.
8. Adverbs of Attitude.

In this unit, we shall discuss the first three kinds.

ADVERBS OF MANNER

Adverbs of manner tell us **how** something happens. They are usually placed **after the main verb** or **after the object.**

Examples:

- He swims ***well***, (after the main verb)
- He ran... ***rapidly***, ***slowly***, ***quickly***.
- She spoke... ***softly***, ***loudly***, ***aggressively***.
- James coughed ***loudly*** to attract her attention.
- He plays the flute ***beautifully***. (after the object)
- He ate the chocolate cake ***greedily***.

BE CAREFUL! The adverb should **not** be put **between** the verb and the object:

- He ate *greedily* the chocolate cake **[incorrect]**.
- He ate the chocolate cake *greedily* **[correct]**.

If there is a **preposition** before the object, e.g. ***at***, ***towards***, we can place the adverb either before the preposition or after the object.

Example:

- The child ran *happily* ***towards*** his mother.
- The child ran ***towards*** his mother *happily*.

Sometimes an adverb of manner is placed before a verb + object to add emphasis:

- He ***gently*** woke the sleeping woman.

Some writers put an adverb of manner at the beginning of the sentence to catch our attention and make us curious:

- ***Slowly*** she picked up the knife.

(We want to know ***what*** happened *slowly*, ***who*** did it *slowly*, ***why*** *they did it slowly*)

However, adverbs should always come **AFTER intransitive verbs** (=verbs which have no object).

Example:

- The town grew ***quickly***.
- He waited ***patiently***.

Also, these common adverbs are almost always placed **AFTER the verb:**

- ***well***
- ***badly***
- ***hard***
- ***fast***

The position of the adverb is important when there is more than one verb in a sentence. If the adverb is placed after a ***clause***, then it modifies the whole action described by the clause.

Notice the difference in meaning between the following pairs of sentences:

- She ***quickly*** agreed to re-type the letter (= her agreement was quick).
- She agreed to re-type the letter ***quickly*** (= the re-typing was quick).
- He ***quietly*** asked me to leave the house (= his request was quiet).
- He asked me to leave the house ***quietly*** (= the leaving was quiet).

ADVERBS OF PLACE

Adverbs of place tell us ***where*** something happens. They are usually placed after the main verb or after the object:

Example:

after the main verb:

- I looked *everywhere*.
- John looked *away, up, down, around.*
- I'm going *home, out, back*.
- Come *in*.

after the object:

- They built a house *nearby.*
- She took the child *outside*.

'Here' and *'there'*

With verbs of movement, ***here*** means towards or with the speaker:

- Come *here* (= towards me).
- It's in *here* (= come with me to see it).

There means away from, or not with the speaker:

- Put it *there* (= away from me).
- It's in *there* (= go by yourself to see it).

Here and *there* are combined with prepositions to make many common adverbial phrases:

down here, down there
over here, over there;
under here, under there.
up here, up there.

Here and *there* are placed at the beginning of the sentence in exclamations or when emphasis is needed.

They are followed by the **verb** if the subject is a **noun:**

- *Here* comes the bus. (followed by the verb)

Or by a **pronoun** if this is the subject (it, she, he etc.):

- *Here* it is! (followed by the pronoun)
- *There* she goes! (followed by the pronoun)

NOTE: Most common adverbs of place also function as **prepositions.**

Examples:

about, across, along, around, behind, by, down, in, off, on, over, round, through, under, up.

Other adverbs of place: ending in '*-wards*', expressing movement in a particular direction:

backwards
forwards
downwards
upwards
inwards
outwards
northwards
southwards
eastwards
westwards
homewards
onwards

Example:

- Cats don't usually walk ***backwards.***
- The ship sailed ***westwards***.

BE CAREFUL! 'Towards' is a **preposition**, not an adverb, so it is always followed by a *noun* or a *pronoun*:

- He walked ***towards the car***.
- She ran ***towards me.***

expressing both movement and location:

ahead, abroad, overseas, uphill, downhill, sideways, indoors, outdoors

Example:

- The child went ***indoors.***
- He lived and worked ***abroad.***

ADVERBS OF TIME

Adverbs of time tell us ***when*** an action happened, but also ***for how long***, and ***how often.***

Examples:

- **When:** *today, yesterday, later, now, last year.*
- **For how long:** *all day, not long, for a while, since last year.*
- **How often:** *sometimes, frequently, never, often, yearly.*

"When" adverbs are usually placed at the end of the sentence:

- Goldilocks went to the Bears' house ***yesterday***.
- I'm going to tidy my room ***tomorrow***.

This is a "neutral" position, but some "***when***" adverbs can be put in other positions to give a different emphasis

Compare:

- ***Later*** Goldilocks ate some porridge. (the time is more important).
- Goldilocks ***later*** ate some porridge. (this is more formal, like a policeman's report).
- Goldilocks ate some porridge ***later***. (this is neutral, no particular emphasis).

"For how long" adverbs are usually placed at the end of the sentence:

- She stayed in the Bears' house ***all day***.
- My mother lived in France ***for a year***.

Notice: 'For' is always followed by an expression of ***duration***:

- ***for three days,***
- ***for a week,***
- ***for several years,***
- ***for two centuries.***

ince' is always followed by an expression of ***a point in time:***

- ***since Monday,***
- ***since 1997,***
- ***since the last war.***

"How often" adverbs expressing the ***frequency*** of an action are usually placed before the main verb but after auxiliary verbs (such as *be, have, may, must)*:

- I ***often*** eat vegetarian food. (before the main verb).
- He ***never*** drinks milk. (before the main verb).
- You must ***always*** fasten your seat belt. (after the auxiliary *must*).
- She is ***never*** sea-sick. (after the auxiliary *is*).
- I have ***never*** forgotten my first school. (after the auxiliary *have* and before the main verb *forgotten*).

Some other *"how often"* adverbs express the ***exact number of times*** an action happens and are usually placed at the end of the sentence:

- This magazine is published ***monthly***.
- He visits his mother ***once a week***.

When a ***frequency*** adverb is placed at the end of a sentence it is much stronger.

Compare:

- She ***regularly*** visits France.
- She visits France ***regularly***.

Adverbs that can be used in these two positions:

- ***frequently,***
- ***generally,***
- ***normally,***
- ***occasionally,***
- ***often,***
- ***regularly,***
- ***sometimes,***
- ***usually.***

'Yet' and *'still'*

Yet is used in questions and in negative sentences, and is placed **at the end of the sentence** or **after *not*.**

- Have you finished your work ***yet?*** (= a simple request for information) No, ***not yet***. (= simple negative answer)
- They haven't met him ***yet***. (= simple negative statement)
- Haven't you finished ***yet?*** (= expressing slight surprise)

Still expresses continuity; it is used in positive sentences and questions, and is placed **before the main verb** and **after auxiliary verbs** (such as *be, have, might, will*)

- I am ***still*** hungry.
- She is ***still*** waiting for you
- Are you ***still*** here?
- Do you ***still*** work for the BBC?

ORDER OF ADVERBS OF TIME

If you need to use more than one adverb of time at the end of a sentence, use them in this order:

1: *'how long'*
2: *'how often'*
3: *'when'* (think of 'low')

Example:

- 1 + 2 : I work (1) ***for five hours*** (2) ***every day.***
- 2 + 3 : The magazine was published (2) ***weekly*** (3) ***last year.***
- 1 + 3 : I was abroad (1) ***for two months*** (3) ***last year.***
- 1 + 2 + 3 : She worked in a hospital (1) ***for two days*** (2) ***every week*** (3) *last year.*

Exercise

In each of the following sentences, indicate whether the highlighted word is an adverb of manner, time, or place.

1. The thief crept silently across the rooftops.

(A) Manner (B) Time (C) Place

2. I'm not feeling well today.

(A) Manner (B) Time (C) Place

3. The teacher smiled enigmatically.

(A) Manner (B) Time (C) Place

4. We'll meet here after the match.

(A) Manner (B) Time (C) Place

5. My aunt never comes to visit.

(A) Manner (B) Time (C) Place

Ambrose Bierce

Moxon's Master

'Are you serious? — do you really believe that a machine thinks?'

I got no immediate reply; Moxon was apparently intent upon the coals in the grate, touching them deftly here and there with the fire-poker till they signified a sense of his attention by a brighter glow. For several weeks I had been observing in him a growing habit of delay in answering even the most trivial of commonplace questions. His air, however, was that of preoccupation rather than deliberation: one might have said that he had 'something on his mind.'

Presently he said:

'What is a "machine"? The word has been variously defined. Here is one definition from a popular dictionary: "Any instrument or organization by which power is applied and made effective, or a desired effect produced." Well, then, is not a man a machine? And you will admit that he thinks—or thinks he thinks.'

'If you do not wish to answer my question,' I said, rather testily, 'why not say so? — all that you say is mere evasion. You know well enough that when I say "machine" I do not mean a man, but something that man has made and controls.'

'When it does not control him,' he said, rising abruptly and looking out of a window, whence nothing was visible in the blackness of a stormy night. A moment later he turned about and with a smile said: 'I beg your pardon; I had no thought of evasion. I considered the dictionary man's unconscious testimony, suggestive and worth something in the discussion. I can give your question a direct answer easily enough: I do believe that a machine thinks about the work that it is doing.'

That was direct enough, certainly. It was not altogether pleasing, for it tended to confirm a sad suspicion that Moxon's devotion to study and work in his machine-shop had not been good for him. I knew, for one thing, that he suffered from insomnia, and that is no light affliction. Had it affected his mind? His reply to my question seemed to me then evidence that it had; perhaps I should think differently about it now. I was younger then, and among the blessings that are not denied to youth is ignorance. Incited by that great stimulant to controversy, I said:

'And what, pray, does it think with—in the absence of a brain?'

The reply, coming with less than his customary delay, took his favourite form of counter-interrogation:

'With what does a plant think—in the absence of a brain?'

'Ah, plants also belong to the philosopher class! I should be pleased to know some of their conclusions; you may omit the premises.'

'Perhaps,' he replied, apparently unaffected by my foolish irony, 'you may be able to infer their convictions from their acts. I will spare you the familiar examples of the sensitive mimosa, the several insectivorous flowers and those whose stamens bend down and shake their pollen upon the entering bee in order that he may fertilize their distant mates. But observe this. In an open spot in my garden I planted a climbing vine. When it was barely above the surface I set a stake into the soil a yard away. The vine at once made for it, but as it was about to reach it after several days I removed it a few feet. The vine at once altered its course, making an acute angle, and again made for the stake. This manoeuvre was repeated several times, but finally, as if discouraged, the vine abandoned the pursuit and ignoring further attempts to divert it, travelled to a small tree, farther away, which it climbed.

'Roots of the eucalyptus will prolong themselves incredibly in search of moisture. A well-known horticulturist relates that one entered an old drain-pipe and followed it until it came to a break, where a section of the pipe had been removed to make way for a stone wall that had been built across its course. The root left the drain and followed the wall until it found an opening where a stone had fallen out. It crept through and following the other side of the wall back to the drain, entered the unexplored part and resumed its journey.'

'And all this?'

'Can you miss the significance of it? It shows the consciousness of plants. It proves that they think.'

'Even if it did—what then? We were speaking, not of plants, but of machines. They may be composed partly of wood—wood that has no longer vitality—or wholly of metal. Is thought an attribute also of the mineral kingdom?'

'How else do you explain the phenomena, for example, of crystallization?'

'I do not explain them.'

'Because you cannot without affirming what you wish to deny, namely, intelligent co-operation, among the constituent elements of the crystals. When soldiers form lines, or hollow squares, you call it reason. When wild geese in flight take the form of a letter V you say instinct. When the homogeneous atoms of a mineral, moving freely in solution, arrange themselves into shapes mathematically perfect, or particles of frozen moisture into the symmetrical and beautiful forms of snowflakes, you have nothing to say. You have not even invented a name to conceal your heroic unreason.'

Moxon was speaking with unusual animation and earnestness. As he paused I heard in an adjoining room known to me as his 'machine-shop,' which no one but himself was permitted to enter, a singular thumping sound, as of someone pounding upon a table with an open hand. Moxon heard it at the same moment and, visibly agitated, rose and hurriedly passed into the room whence it came. I thought it odd that anyone else should be in there, and my interest in my friend—with doubtless a touch of unwarrantable curiosity—led me to listen intently, though, I am happy to say, not at the keyhole. There were confused sounds, as of a struggle or scuffle; the floor shook. I distinctly heard hard breathing and a hoarse whisper which said 'Damn you!' Then all was silent, and presently Moxon reappeared and said, with a rather sorry smile:

'Pardon me for leaving you so abruptly. I have a machine in there that lost its temper and cut up rough.'

Fixing my eyes steadily upon his left cheek, which was traversed by four parallel excoriations showing blood, I said:

'How would it do to trim its nails?' I could have spared myself the jest; he gave it no attention, but seated himself in the chair that he had left and resumed the interrupted monologue as if nothing had occurred:

'Doubtless you do not hold with those (I need not name them to a man of your reading) who have taught that all matter is sentient, that every atom is a living, feeling, conscious being. I do. There is no such thing as dead, inert matter: it is all alive; all instinct with force, actual and potential; all sensitive to the same forces in its environment and susceptible to the contagion of higher and subtler ones residing in such superior organisms as it may be brought into relation with, as those of man when he is fashioning it into an instrument of his will. It absorbs something of his intelligence and purpose—more of them in proportion to the complexity of the resulting machine and that of its work.

'Do you happen to recall Herbert Spencer's definition of "Life"? I read it thirty years ago. He may have altered it afterward, for anything I know, but in all that time I have been unable to think of a single word that could profitably be changed or added or removed. It seems to me not only the best definition, but the only possible one.

' "Life," he says, "is a definite combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive, in correspondence with external coexistences and sequences." '

'That defines the phenomenon,' I said, 'but gives no hint of its cause.'

'That,' he replied, 'is all that any definition can do. As Mill points out, we know nothing of cause except as an antecedent—nothing of effect except as a consequent. Of certain phenomena, one never occurs without another, which is dissimilar: the first in point of time we call cause, the second, effect. One who had many times seen a rabbit pursued by a dog, and had never seen rabbits and dogs otherwise, would think the rabbit the cause of the dog.

'But I fear,' he added, laughing naturally enough, 'that my rabbit is leading me a long way from the track of my legitimate quarry: I'm indulging in the pleasure of the chase for its own sake. What I want you to observe is that in Herbert Spencer's definition of "life" the activity of a machine is included—there is nothing in the definition that is not applicable to it. According to this sharpest of observers and deepest of thinkers, if a man during his period of activity is alive, so is a machine when in operation. As an inventor and constructor of machines I know that to be true.'

Moxon was silent for a long time, gazing absently into the fire. It was growing late and I thought it time to be going, but somehow I did not like the notion of leaving him in that isolated house, all alone except for the presence of some person of whose nature my conjectures could go no further than that it was unfriendly, perhaps malign. Leaning toward him and looking earnestly into his eyes while making a motion with my hand through the door of his workshop, I said:

'Moxon, who do you have in there?'

Somewhat to my surprise he laughed lightly and answered without hesitation:

'Nobody; the incident that you have in mind was caused by my folly in leaving a machine in action with nothing to act upon, while I undertook the interminable task of enlightening your understanding. Do you happen to know that Consciousness is the creature of Rhythm?'

'O bother them both!' I replied, rising and laying hold of my overcoat. 'I'm going to wish you good night; and I'll add the hope that the machine which you inadvertently left in action will have her gloves on the next time you think it needful to stop her.'

Without waiting to observe the effect of my shot I left the house.

Rain was falling, and the darkness was intense. In the sky beyond the crest of a hill toward which I groped my way along precarious plank sidewalks and across miry, unpaved streets I could see the faint glow of the city's lights, but behind me nothing was visible but a single window of Moxon's house. It glowed with what seemed to me a mysterious and fateful meaning. I knew it was an uncurtained aperture in my friend's 'machine-shop,' and I had little doubt that he had resumed the studies interrupted by his duties as my instructor in mechanical consciousness and the fatherhood of Rhythm. Odd, and in some degree humorous, as his convictions seemed to me at that time, I could not wholly divest myself of the feeling that they had some tragic relation to his life and character—perhaps to his destiny—although I no longer entertained the notion that they were the vagaries of a disordered mind. Whatever might be thought of his views, his exposition of them was too logical for that. Over and over, his last words came back to me: 'Consciousness is the creature of Rhythm.' Bald and terse as the statement was, I now found it infinitely alluring. At each recurrence it broadened in meaning and deepened in suggestion. Why, here (I thought) is something upon which to found a philosophy. If Consciousness is the product of Rhythm all things are conscious, for all have motion, and all motion is rhythmic. I wondered if Moxon knew the significance and breadth of his thought—the scope of this momentous generalization; or had he arrived at his philosophic faith by the tortuous and uncertain road of observation? That faith was then new to me, and all Moxon's expounding had failed to make me a convert; but now it seemed as if a great light shone about me, like that which fell upon Saul of Tarsus; and out there in the storm and darkness and solitude I experienced what Lewes calls 'The endless variety and excitement of philosophic thought.' I exulted in a new sense of knowledge, a new pride of reason. My feet seemed hardly to touch the earth; it was as if I were uplifted and borne through the air by invisible wings.

Yielding to an impulse to seek further light from him whom I now recognized as my master and guide, I had unconsciously turned about, and almost before I was aware of having done so found myself again at Moxon's door. I was drenched with rain, but felt no discomfort. Unable in my excitement to find the doorbell I instinctively tried the knob. It turned and, entering, I mounted the stairs to the room that I had so recently left. All was dark and silent; Moxon, as I had supposed, was in the adjoining room—the 'machine-shop.' Groping along the wall until found the communicating door I knocked loudly several times, but got no response, which I attributed to the uproar outside, for the wind was blowing a gale and dashing the rain against the thin walls in sheets. The drumming upon the shingle roof spanning the unceiled room was loud and incessant. I had never been invited into the machine-shop—had, indeed, been denied admittance, as had all others, with one exception, a skilled metal worker, of whom no one knew anything except that his name was Haley and his habit silence. But in my spiritual exaltation, discretion and civility were alike forgotten, and I opened the door. What I saw took all philosophical speculation out of me in short order.

Moxon sat facing me at the farther side of a small table upon which a single candle made all the light that was in the room. Opposite him, his back toward me, sat another person. On the table between the two was a chess-board; the men were playing. I knew little of chess, but as only a few pieces were on the board it was obvious that the game was near its close. Moxon was intensely interested—not so much, it seemed to me, in the game as in his antagonist, upon whom he had fixed so intent a look that, standing though I did directly in the line of his vision, I was altogether unobserved. His face was ghastly white, and his eyes glittered like diamonds. Of his antagonist I had only a back view, but that was sufficient; I should not have cared to see his face.

He was apparently not more than five feet in height, with proportions suggesting those of a gorilla—a tremendous breadth of shoulders, thick, short neck and broad, squat head, which had a tangled growth of black hair and was topped with a crimson fez. A tunic of the same colour, belted tightly to the waist, reached the seat—apparently a box—upon which he sat; his legs and feet were not seen. His left forearm appeared to rest in his lap; he moved his pieces with his right hand, which seemed disproportionately long.

I had shrunk back and now stood a little to one side of the doorway and in shadow. If Moxon had looked farther than the face of his opponent he could have observed nothing now, except that the door was open. Something forbade me either to enter or to retire, a feeling—I know not how it came—that I was in the presence of an imminent tragedy and might serve my friend by remaining. With a scarcely conscious rebellion against the indelicacy of the act I remained.

The play was rapid. Moxon hardly glanced at the board before making his moves, and to my unskilled eye seemed to move the piece most convenient to his hand, his motions in doing so being quick, nervous and lacking in precision. The response of his antagonist, while equally prompt in the inception, was made with a slow, uniform, mechanical and, I thought, somewhat theatrical movement of the arm, that was a sore trial to my patience. There was something unearthly about it all, and I caught myself shuddering. But I was wet and cold. Two or three times after moving a piece the stranger slightly inclined his head, and each time I observed that Moxon shifted his king. All at once the thought came to me that the man was dumb. And then that he was a machine—an automaton chess-player! Then I remembered that Moxon had once spoken to me of having invented such a piece of mechanism, though I did not understand that it had actually been constructed. Was all his talk about the consciousness and intelligence of machines merely a prelude to eventual exhibition of this device—only a trick to intensify the effect of its mechanical action upon me in my ignorance of its secret?

A fine end, this, of all my intellectual transports—my 'endless variety and excitement of philosophic thought'! I was about to retire in disgust when something occurred to hold my curiosity. I observed a shrug of the thing's great shoulders, as if it were irritated: and so natural was this—so entirely human—that in my new view of the matter it startled me. Nor was that all, for a moment later it struck the table sharply with its clenched hand. At that gesture Moxon seemed even more startled than I: he pushed his chair a little backward, as in alarm.

Presently Moxon, whose play it was, raised his hand high above the board, pounced upon one of his pieces like a sparrow-hawk and with the exclamation 'check-mate!' rose quickly to his feet and stepped behind his chair. The automaton sat motionless.

The wind had now gone down, but I heard, at lessening intervals and progressively louder, the rumble and roll of thunder. In the pauses between I now became conscious of a low humming or buzzing which, like the thunder, grew momentarily louder and more distinct. It seemed to come from the body of the automaton, and was unmistakably a whirring of wheels. It gave me the impression of a disordered mechanism which had escaped the repressive and regulating action of some controlling part—an effect such as might be expected if a pawl should be jostled from the teeth of a ratchetwheel. But before I had time for much conjecture as to its nature my attention was taken by the strange motions of the automaton itself. A slight but continuous convulsion appeared to have possession of it. In body and head it shook like a man with palsy or an ague chill, and the motion augmented every moment until the entire figure was in violent agitation. Suddenly it sprang to its feet and with a movement almost too quick for the eye to follow shot forward across table and chair, with both arms thrust forth to their full length—the posture and lunge of a diver. Moxon tried to throw himself backward out of reach, but he was too late: I saw the horrible thing's hand close upon his throat; his own clutch its wrists. Then the table was overturned, and candle thrown to the floor and extinguished, and all was black dark. But the noise of the struggle was dreadfully distinct, and most terrible of all were the raucous, squawking sounds made by the strangled man's efforts to breathe. Guided by the infernal hubbub, I sprang to the rescue of my friend, but had hardly taken a stride in the darkness when the whole room blazed with a blinding white light that burned into my brain and heart and memory a vivid picture of the combatants on the floor, Moxon underneath, his throat still in the clutch of those iron hands, his head forced backward, his eyes protruding, his mouth wide open and his tongue thrust out; and—horrible contrast! — upon the painted face of his assassin an expression of tranquil and profound thought, as in the solution of a problem in chess! This I observed, then all was blackness and silence.

Three days later I recovered consciousness in a hospital. As the memory of that tragic night slowly evolved in my ailing brain I recognized in my attendant Moxon's confidential workman, Haley. Responding to a look he approached, smiling.

'Tell me about it,' I managed to say, faintly—'all about it.'

'Certainly,' he said; 'you were carried unconscious from a burning house—Moxon's. Nobody knows how you came to be there. You may have to do a little explaining. The origin of the fire is a bit mysterious, too. My own notion is that the house was struck by lightning.'

'And Moxon?'

'Buried yesterday—what was left of him.'

Apparently this reticent person could unfold himself on occasion. When imparting shocking intelligence to the sick he was affable enough. After some moments of the keenest mental suffering I ventured to ask another question:

'Who rescued me?'

'Well, if that interests you—I did.'

'Thank you, Mr. Haley, and may God bless you for it, Did you rescue, also, that charming product of your skill, the automaton chess-player that murdered its inventor?'

The man was silent a long time, looking away from me. Presently he turned and gravely said:

'Do you know that?'

'I do,' I replied; 'I saw it done.'

That was many years ago. If asked to-day I should answer less confidently.

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. What definition of a machine is given by Moxon? Do you agree with the definition?
2. What kind of machine is Moxon developing?
3. Do you think plants can think?
4. Why does Moxon leave the room abruptly?
5. What do you understand by the narrator's remark about 'gloves'?
6. Why does the narrator return to Moxon's residence?
7. What does the narrator find when he enters the room?
8. What was the reaction of the machine when Moxon exclaimed 'check-mate'?
9. What happened to Moxon?
10. What do you learn from this story?

KINDS OF ADVERBS-II

ADVERBS OF CERTAINTY

These adverbs express how certain or sure we feel about an action or event.

Common adverbs of certainty:

certainly, definitely, probably, undoubtedly, surely

Adverbs of certainty go before the main verb but after the verb 'to be':

- He ***definitely*** left the house this morning.
- He is ***probably*** in the park.

With other auxiliary verb, these adverbs go between the auxiliary and the main verb:

- He has ***certainly*** forgotten the meeting.
- He will ***probably*** remember tomorrow.

Sometimes these adverbs can be placed at the beginning of the sentence:

- ***Undoubtedly***, Winston Churchill was a great politician.

BE CAREFUL with ***surely***. When it is placed at the beginning of the sentence, it means the speaker thinks something is true, but is looking for confirmation:

Example:

- ***Surely*** you've got a bicycle?

See also ADVERBS OF ATTITUDE

ADVERBS OF DEGREE

Adverbs of degree tell us about the intensity or degree of an action, an adjective or another adverb.

Common adverbs of degree:

Almost, nearly, quite, just, too, enough, hardly, scarcely, completely, very, extremely.

Adverbs of degree are usually placed:

- Before the adjective or adverb they are modifying:
  e.g. The water was ***extremely cold***.
- Before the main verb:
  e.g. He was ***just*** leaving. She has ***almost*** finished.

Examples:

- She doesn't ***quite*** know what she'll do after university.
- They are ***completely*** exhausted from the trip.
- I am ***too*** tired to go out tonight.
- He ***hardly*** noticed what she was saying.

Enough, very, too

Enough as an adverb meaning 'to the necessary degree' goes *after* adjectives and adverbs.

Example:

- Is your coffee ***hot enough***? (adjective)
- He didn't work ***hard enough***. (adverb)

It also goes before nouns, and means 'as much as is necessary'. In this case it is not an adverb, but a 'determiner'.

Example:

- We have ***enough bread***.
- They don't have ***enough food***.

Too as an adverb meaning 'more than is necessary or useful' goes *before* adjectives and adverbs, e.g.

- This coffee is ***too*** hot. (adjective)
- He works ***too*** hard. (adverb)

Enough and **too** with adjectives can be followed by *'for someone/something'*.

Example:

- The dress was big ***enough*** for me.
- She's not experienced ***enough*** for this job.
- The coffee was ***too*** hot for me.
- The dress was ***too*** small for her.

We can also use *'to + infinitive'* after **enough** and **too** with adjectives/adverb.

Example:

- The coffee was ***too*** hot to drink.
- He didn't work hard ***enough*** to pass the exam.
- She's not old ***enough*** to get married.
- You're ***too*** young to have grandchildren!

Very goes before an adverb or adjective to make it stronger.

Example:

- The girl was ***very*** beautiful. (adjective)
- He worked ***very*** quickly. (adverb)

If we want to make a negative form of an adjective or adverb, we can use a word of opposite meaning, or ***not very***.

Example:

- The girl was ugly **OR** The girl was ***not very*** beautiful
- He worked slowly **OR** He did*n't* work ***very*** quickly.

BE CAREFUL there is a big difference between **too** and **very**.

- **Very** expresses a fact:
  He speaks ***very*** quickly.
- **Too** suggests there is a **problem:**
  He speaks ***too*** quickly *(for me to understand)*.

Other adverbs like *very*

These common adverbs are used like very and not very, and are listed in order of strength, from positive to negative:

> ***extremely, especially, particularly, pretty, rather, quite, fairly, rather, not especially, not particularly.***

Note: ***rather*** can be positive or negative, depending on the adjective or adverb that follows:

Positive: The teacher was ***rather*** nice.
Negative: The film was ***rather*** disappointing.

Note on inversion with negative adverbs:

Normally the subject goes before the verb:

SUBJECT	VERB
I	left
She	goes

However, some negative adverbs can cause an **inversion** - the order is reversed and the verb goes before the subject

Example:

I have ***never*** seen such courage. → ***Never*** have I seen such courage.
She ***rarely*** left the house. → ***Rarely*** did she leave the house.

Negative inversion is used in **writing**, not in speaking.

Other adverbs and adverbial expressions that can be used like this:

seldom, scarcely, hardly, not only .....
but also, no sooner .....
than, not until, under no circumstances.

Guy de Maupassant

The Necklace

She was one of those pretty, charming young women who are born, as if by an error of Fate, into a petty official's family. She had 'no dowry,' no hopes, not the slightest chance of being appreciated, understood, loved, and married by a rich and distinguished man; so she slipped into marriage with a minor civil servant at the Ministry of Education.

Unable to afford jewellery, she dressed simply; but she was as wretched as a *declassee,* for women have neither caste nor breeding—in them beauty, grace, and charm replace pride of birth. Innate refinement, instinctive elegance, and suppleness of wit give them their place on the only scale that counts, and these qualities make humble girls the peers of the grandest ladies.

She suffered constantly, feeling that all the attributes of a gracious life, every luxury, should rightly have been hers. The poverty of her rooms—the shabby walls, the worn furniture, the ugly upholstery—caused her pain. All these things that another woman of her class would not even have noticed tormented her and made her angry. The very sight of the little Breton girl who cleaned for her awoke rueful thoughts and the wildest dreams in her mind. She dreamt of thick carpeted reception rooms with Oriental hangings, lighted by tall, bronze torches, and with two huge footmen in knee breeches, made drowsy by the heat from the stove, asleep in the wide armchairs. She dreamt of great drawing rooms upholstered in old silks, with fragile little tables holding I priceless knickknacks, and of enchanting little sitting rooms redolent of perfume, designed for tea-time chats with intimate friends—famous, sought-after men whose attentions all women longed for.

When she sat down to dinner at her round table with its three-day-old cloth, and watched her husband opposite her lift the lid of the soup tureen and exclaim, delighted: "Ah, a good homemade beef stew! There's nothing better . . ." she would visualize elegant dinners with gleaming silver amid tapestried walls peopled by knights and ladies and exotic birds in a fairy forest; she would think of exquisite dishes served on gorgeous china, and of gallantries whispered and received with sphinx-like smiles while eating the pink flesh of trout or wings of grouse.

She had no proper wardrobe, no jewels, nothing. And those were the only things that she loved—she felt she was made for them. She would have so loved to charm, to be envied, to be admired and sought after.

She had a rich friend, a schoolmate from the convent she had attended, but she didn't like to visit her because it always made her so miserable when she got home again. She would weep for whole day at a time from sorrow, regret, despair, and distress.

Then one evening her husband arrived home looking triumphant and waving a large envelope.

"There," he said, "there's something for you."

She tore it open eagerly and took out a printed card which said:

"The Minister of Education and Madame Georges Ramponneau request the pleasure of the company of M. and Mme. Loisel at an evening reception at the Ministry on Monday, January the 18th."

Instead of being delighted, as her husband had hoped, she tossed the invitation on the table and muttered, annoyed:

"What do you expect me to do with that?"

"Why, I thought you'd be pleased, dear. You never go out and this would be an occasion for you, a great one! I had a lot of trouble getting it. Everyone wants an invitation; they're in great demand and there are only a few reserved for the employees. All the officials will be there."

She looked at him, irritated, and said impatiently:

"I haven't a thing to wear. How could I go?"

It had never even occurred to him. He stammered:

"But what about the dress you wear to the theatre? I think it's lovely . . ."

He fell silent, amazed and bewildered to see that his wife was crying. Two big tears escaped from the corners of her eyes and rolled slowly toward the corners of her mouth. He mumbled:

"What is it? What is it?"

But, with great effort; she had overcome her misery; and now she answered him calmly, wiping her tear-damp cheeks:

"It's nothing. It's just that I have no evening dress and so I can't go to the party. Give the invitation to one of your colleagues whose wife will be better dressed than I would be."

He was overcome. He said:

"Listen, Mathilde, how much would an evening dress cost—a suitable one that you could wear again on other occasions, something very simple?"

She thought for several seconds, making her calculations and at the same time estimating how much she could ask for without eliciting an immediate refusal and an exclamation of horror from this economical government clerk.

At last, not too sure of herself, she said: "It's hard to say exactly but I think I could manage with four hundred francs."

He went a little pale, for that was exactly the amount he had put aside to buy a rifle so that he could go hunting the following summer near Nanterre, with a few friends who ; went shooting larks around there on Sundays.

However, he said:

"Well, all right, then. I'll give you four hundred francs. But try to get something really nice."

As the day of the ball drew closer, Madame Loisel seemed depressed, disturbed, worried—despite the fact that her dress was ready. One evening her husband said:

"What's the matter? You've really been very strange these last few days."

And she answered:

"I hate not having a single jewel, not one stone, to wear. I shall look so dowdy.' I'd almost rather not go to the party."

He suggested:

"You can wear some fresh flowers. It's considered very chic at this time of year. For ten francs you can get two or three beautiful roses."

That didn't satisfy her at all.

"No ... there's nothing more humiliating than to look poverty-stricken among a lot of rich women."

Then her husband exclaimed: "Wait—you silly thing! Why don't you go and see Madame Forestier and ask her to lend you some jewellery. You certainly know her well enough for that, don't you think?"

She let out a joyful cry.

"You're right. It never occurred to me."

The next day she went to see her friend and related her tale of woe.

Madame Forestier went to her mirrored wardrobe, took out a big jewel case, brought it to Madame Loisel, opened it, and said, "Take your pick, my dear."

Her eyes wandered from some bracelets to a pearl necklace, then to a gold Venetian cross set with stones, of very fine workmanship. She tried on the jewellery before the mirror, hesitating, unable to bring herself to take them off, to give them back. And she kept asking:

"Do you have anything else, by chance?"

"Why yes. Here, look for yourself. I don't know which ones you'll like."

All at once, in a box lined with black satin, she came upon a superb diamond necklace, and her heart started beating with overwhelming desire. Her hands trembled as she picked it up. She fastened it around her neck over her high-necked dress and stood there gazing at herself ecstatically.

Hesitantly, filled with terrible anguish, she asked:

"Could you lend me this one—just this and nothing else?"

"Yes, of course."

She threw her arms around her friend's neck, kissed her ardently, and fled with her treasure.

The day of the party arrived. Madame Loisel was a great success. She was the prettiest woman there—resplendent, graceful, beaming, and deliriously happy. All the men looked at her, asked who she was, tried to get themselves introduced to her. All the minister's aides wanted to waltz with her. The minister himself noticed her.

She danced enraptured—carried away, intoxicated with pleasure, forgetting everything in this triumph of her beauty and the glory of her success, floating in a cloud of happiness formed by all this homage, all this admiration, all the desires she had stirred up—by this victory so complete and so sweet to the heart of a woman.

When she left the party, it was almost four in the morning. Her husband had been sleeping since midnight in a small, deserted sitting room, with three other gentlemen whose wives were having a wonderful time.

He brought her wraps so that they could leave and put them around her shoulders—the plain wraps from her everyday life whose shabbiness jarred with the elegance of her evening dress. She felt this and wanted to escape quickly so that the other women, who were enveloping themselves in their rich furs, wouldn't see her.

Loisel held her back.

"Wait a minute. You'll catch cold out there. I'm going to call a cab."

But she wouldn't listen to him and went hastily downstairs. Outside in the street, there was no cab to be found; they set out to look for one, calling to the drivers they saw passing in the distance.

They walked toward the Seine, shivering and miserable. Finally, on the embankment, they found one of those ancient nocturnal broughams which are only to be seen in Paris at night, as if they were ashamed to show their shabbiness in daylight.

It took them to their door in the Rue des Martyrs and they went sadly upstairs to their apartment. For her, it was all over. And he was thinking that he had to be at the Ministry by ten.

She took off her wraps before the mirror so that she could see herself in all her glory once more. Then she cried out. The necklace was gone; there was nothing around her neck.

Her husband, who was also changing, asked:

"What's the matter?"

She turned toward him in frenzy:

"The ... the ... necklace—it's gone."

He got up, thunderstruck.

"What did you say? ... What! ... Impossible!"

And they searched the folds of her dress, the folds of her wrap, the pockets, everywhere. They didn't find it.

He asked:

"Are you sure you still had it when we left the ball?"

"Yes. I remember touching it in the hallway of the Ministry."

"But if you had lost it in the street, we would have heard it fall. It must be in the cab."

"Yes, most likely. Do you remember the number?"

"No. What about you—did you notice it?"

"No."

They looked at each other in utter dejection. Finally, Loisel got dressed again.

"I'm going to retrace the whole distance we covered on foot," he said, "and see if I can find it."

And he left the house. She remained in her evening dress, too weak to go to bed, sitting crushed on a chair, lifeless and blank.

Her husband returned at about seven o'clock. He had found nothing.

He went to the police station, to the newspapers to offer a reward, to the offices of the cab companies—in a word, wherever there seemed to be the slightest hope of tracing it.

She spent the whole day waiting, in a state of utter hopelessness before such an appalling catastrophe.

Loisel returned in the evening, his face lined and pale; he had learned nothing.

"You must write to your friend," he said, "and tell her that you've broken the clasp of the necklace and that you're getting it mended. That'll give us time to decide what to do."

She wrote the letter at his dictation.

By the end of the week, they had lost all hope.

Loisel, who had aged five years, declared: "We'll have to replace the necklace."

The next day they took the case in which it had been kept and went to the jeweller whose name appeared inside it. He looked through his ledgers:

"I didn't sell this necklace, Madame. I only supplied the case."

Then they went from one jeweller to the next, trying to find a necklace like the other, racking their memories, both of them sick with worry and distress.

In a fashionable shop near the Palais Royal, they found a diamond necklace which they decided was exactly like the other. It was worth 40,000 francs. They could have it for 36,000 francs.

They asked the jeweller to hold it for them for three days, and they stipulated that he should take it back for 34,000 francs if the other necklace was found before the end of February.

Loisel possessed 18,000 francs left him by his father. He would borrow the rest.

He borrowed, asking a thousand francs from one man, five hundred from another, a hundred here, fifty there. He signed promissory notes, borrowed at exorbitant rates, dealt with usurers and the entire race of moneylenders. He compromised his whole career, gave his signature even when he wasn't sure he would be able to honour it, and horrified by the anxieties with which his future would be filled, by the black misery about to descend upon him, by the prospect of physical privation and moral suffering, went to get the new necklace, placing on the jeweller's counter 36,000 francs.

When Madame Loisel went to return the necklace, Madame Forestier said in a faintly waspish tone:

"You could have brought it back a little sooner! I might have needed it."

She didn't open the case as her friend had feared she might. If she had noticed the substitution, what would she have thought?

What would she have said? Mightn't she have taken Madame Loisel for a thief? Madame Loisel came to know the awful life of the poverty-stricken. However, she resigned herself to it with unexpected fortitude. The crushing debt had to be paid. She would pay it. They dismissed the maid; they moved into an attic under the roof.

She came to know all the heavy household chores, the loathsome work of the kitchen. She washed the dishes, wearing down her pink nails on greasy casseroles and the bottoms of saucepans. She did the laundry, washing shirts and dishcloths which she hung on a line to dry; she took the garbage down to the street every morning, and carried water upstairs, stopping at every floor to get her breath. Dressed like a working-class woman, she went to the fruit store, the grocer, and the butcher with her basket on her arm, bargaining, outraged, contesting each coin of her pitiful funds.

Every month some notes had to be honoured and more time requested on others.

Her husband worked in the evenings, putting a shopkeeper's ledgers in order, and often at night as well, doing copying at twenty-five centimes a page.

And it went on like that for ten years. After ten years, they had made good on everything, including the usurious rates and the compound interest.

Madame Loisel looked old now. She had become the sort of strong woman, hard and coarse, that one finds in poor families. Dishevelled, her skirts askew, with reddened hands, she spoke in a loud voice, slopping water over the floors as she washed them. But sometimes, when her husband was at the office, she would sit down by the window and muse over that party long ago when she had been so beautiful, the belle of the ball.

How would things have turned out if she hadn't lost that necklace? Who could tell? How strange and fickle life is! How little it takes to make or break you!

Then one Sunday when she was strolling along the Champs Elysees to forget the week's chores for a while, she suddenly caught sight of a woman taking a child for a walk. It was Madame Forestier, still young, still beautiful, still charming.

Madame Loisel started to tremble. Should she speak to her? Yes, certainly she should. And now that she had paid everything back, why shouldn't she tell her the whole story?

She went up to her. "Hello, Jeanne."

The other didn't recognize her and was surprised that this plainly dressed woman should speak to her so familiarly. She murmured:

"But ... Madame! ... I'm sure ... You must be mistaken."

"No, I'm not. I am Mathilde Loisel." Her friend gave a little cry.

"Oh! Oh, my poor Mathilde, how you've changed!"

"Yes, I've been through some pretty hard times since I last saw you and I've had plenty of trouble—and all because of you!"

"Because of me? What do you mean?" "You remember the diamond necklace you lent me to wear to the party at the Ministry?"

"Yes. What about it?" "Well, I lost it."

"What are you talking about? You returned it to me."

"What I gave back to you was another one just like it. And it took us ten years to pay for it. You can imagine it wasn't easy for us, since we were quite poor.... Anyway, I'm glad it's over and done with."

Madame Forestier stopped short.

"You say you bought a diamond necklace to replace that other one?"

"Yes. You didn't even notice then? They really were exactly alike." And she smiled, full of a proud, simple joy.

Madame Forestier, profoundly moved, took Mathilde's hands in her own.

"Oh, my poor, poor Mathilde! Mine was false. It was worth five hundred francs at the most!"

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. Why did Mathilde feel miserable?
2. What did her husband bring her when he came home?
3. Why wasn't Mathilde happy when she received invitation to the evening reception?
4. What did her husband suggest her to do?
5. What did she borrow from her friend, Madame Forestier?
6. How did Mathilde and her husband manage to raise money to buy a necklace?
7. How much did they spend to buy a necklace?
8. What turns out when Mathilde meets Madame Forestier towards the end of the story?
9. What do you learn from this story?

Grammar UNIT-XII

Kinds of Adverbs-III

INTERROGATIVE ADVERBS

These are:

why, where, how, when

They are usually placed at the ***beginning of a question***.

Examples:

- *Why* are you so late?
- *Where* is my passport?
- *How* are you?
- *How* much is that coat?
- *When* does the train arrive?

Notice that ***how*** can be used in four different ways:

1. Meaning ***'in what way?'***:
   How did you make this sauce?
   How do you start the car?

2. With ***adjectives***:
   How tall are you?
   How old is your house?

3. With ***much*** and ***many***:
   How much are these tomatoes?
   How many people are coming to the party?

4. With other ***adverbs***:
   How quickly can you read this?
   How often do you go to London?

RELATIVE ADVERBS

The following adverbs can be used to join sentences or clauses. They replace the more formal structure of *preposition + which* in a relative clause:

where, when, why

Examples:

- That's the restaurant ***where*** we met for the first time.
  (*where = at/in which*)
- I remember the day **when** we first met.
  (*when = on which*)
- There was a very hot summer the year ***when*** he was born.
  (*when = in which*)
- Tell me (the reason) ***why*** you were late home.
  (*why = for which*, but could replace the whole phrase *'the reason for which'*)

ADVERBS OF ATTITUDE

There are some adverbs and adverbial expressions which tell us about the speaker's viewpoint or opinion about an action, or make some comment on the action.

Viewpoint

Frankly, I think he is a liar. (= this is my frank, honest opinion)
Theoretically, you should pay a fine. (= from a theoretical point of view but there may be another way of looking at the situation)

These adverbs are placed at the **beginning** of the sentence and are separated from the rest of the sentence by a comma.

Some common Viewpoint adverbs:

honestly, seriously, confidentially, personally, surprisingly, ideally, economically, officially, obviously, clearly, surely, undoubtedly.

Examples:

- ***Personally***, I'd rather go by train.
- ***Surprisingly***, this car is cheaper than the smaller model.
- ***Geographically***, Britain is rather cut off from the rest of Europe.

Commenting

- She is ***certainly*** the best person for the job.
- You ***obviously*** enjoyed your meal.

These are very similar to viewpoint adverbs, and often the same words, but they go in a different position - after the verb *to be* and **before** the main verb.

Some common Commenting adverbs are:

definitely, certainly, obviously, simply.

Colonel Muhammad Khan

And I became a Lieutenant

Translated from Urdu by Tariq Rahman

I always will nurse this complaint against Hitler that he did not consult me before starting the Second World War. Not that I would have stopped him from the good work but I certainly would have asked him to postpone it for two months so that I could have completed my education. But I had hardly rejoined the college after having finished my holidays when he went and occupied Poland—and all behind my back! This affected my personal programme rather profoundly.

In January 1940, although Poland and Hitler's other neighbours were not spending a very peaceful life among all their tanks and aeroplanes, the rest of the world was, by God's grace, quite all right. And in India, there was such an awful peace due to the British that the lion and the sheep and, of course, Indians drank water from the same watering place. So that in this atmosphere of peace nobody could imagine that an important martial event was about to happen—that a young man was about to jump into the war in Lahore. This young man was me.

But by being recruited, I neither meant to hurt Hitler's feelings, nor please the British. All I wanted was to be a lieutenant and Nature and Hitler had created the chance to fulfil this desire. So I applied for a commission in the army.

In those days, there used to be three interviews, not just one. They were gentlemanly affairs. An elderly general and some semi-elderly brigadiers and colonels would ask the candidates rather innocuous questions:

'What is your name?'

'Up to what level have you been educated?'

'Do you have a relative in the army?'etc.,'., etc.

And clearly one had to bring out some family skeletons out of their cupboards. However, this did not impose too great a burden on the mind. In fact the interview was rather a light-hearted and delightful affair.

My two interviews were held in Jhelum and Pindi and I was successful. After the last interview came the order to report to Shimla. This simply delighted me. I thought one became a lieutenant if one was successful in the final interview, and could start throwing his weight about as one. I didn't know that between the last interview and the lieutenancy, there was the fatal interlude of training.

So in the state of semi-lieutenancy I reached Shimla. And when the interview was over, I felt that at any moment I would become a full-fledged lieutenant since the interview had gone well. The educational requirement was matriculation and I had obtained a lot of extra education as well. My family's contribution was not much but I took certain liberties with the ancestors and named enough *subedar* uncles and captain cousins to satisfy the general. In any case, this was a secret between myself and God.

From Shimla, I reached home and started waiting for the lieutenancy orders impatiently. In the meantime, same elderly gentlemen started giving me dinners in advance. And these I accepted with due officer-like grace. One day the postman did turn up with an open telegram and said, "Lieutenant Sahib, congratulations on the lieutenancy".

But when I read the telegram, all it said was, "You have been selected for training at O.T.S. Mahu. Report for duty on 08 August 1940."

This was a bit disappointing but then I consoled myself with the thought that a lieutenancy is a lieutenancy after all. It would not be just given away. Some protocol, some secret techniques and tactics would have to be taught. One would have to learn how to throw one's weight around as a lieutenant. So I happily said goodbye to my friends. Everyone addressed me as 'Lieutenant Sahib' and the title was most acceptable. In fact, my manners and conversation took the colour of the lieutenancy.

I received a First Class train ticket for the journey, which was a symbol of one's majesty. The ticket-checkers addressed me deferentially as 'sir' upon entering the compartment. God knows how they ever discovered that this was no ordinary human being but a lieutenant. In any case, I treated them in the cavalier manner in which an officer treats a middle-ranking official. Some of my fellow travellers were Englishmen. When these people wanted to address me, they would begin with 'I beg your pardon' and then say their say. This not only convinced me of my lieutenancy, but even made me conscious of its exalted position. After Delhi, when several other lieutenants like me joined me in the compartment, the conversation generally turned to the subject of the difference between a lieutenancy and a captaincy. The consensus of opinion was that the difference was slight. So that between Rotlam and Mahu one was hardly anywhere below the seventh heaven. And some of us even enquired, albeit politely, as to why these historians had exalted Napoleon to the high heavens!

At last, it was Mahu Railway Station. It was generally expected that the army band would be there to welcome us; there would be cars whose drivers would open their doors for us and take us most deferentially to our bungalows. But here the arrangements appeared somewhat different. There were some human beings, it may be conceded, to welcome us; but they appeared somewhat short of humanity. When the train stopped, a white man with three stripes on his shoulder entered the carriage. Immediately upon entering he said,

"If there is any cadet in this compartment, he should not get down just yet."

I did sit down but the rough words of the Englishman were most invidious. Moreover, the word 'cadet' was most worrisome. Could they be perpetuating some hoax on us? A lieutenant is a lieutenant but what intermediate variety is this cadet'? I had then rather strong suspicion that the Englishmen had some secret condition for the lieutenancy to which I was not party.

When the other passengers left the station, the Englishman came again and told us all peremptorily to get down. When I got down I saw thirty or forty creatures like me getting down from the other compartments. There were three or four other Englishmen too on the station. One of them, who was apparently the senior most, suddenly shouted,

"All cadets line up before me."

We looked at each other in amazement and lined up somewhat heartlessly. He again shouted:

"Shout numbers from the right; one, two, three ...

We did obey but felt that it was an offence of supreme nature. After all we were not recruits to keep getting lined up and shout numbers. However, we were divided in three teams. The same man said:

"There are three trucks outside. Every team will get into one truck. "

This made us certain that there was some misunderstanding. Whatever else it might be, taking us in trucks was definitely disrespectful. There should have been cars, of course. But then there was no point in arguing with them. So we called the coolies to put our luggage in the trucks. No sooner had we done it than the Englishman roared:

"What did you say? Coolies? You have come to an army school, not a hospital. Now lift your luggage and put it in the trucks. And sit down on top of it or keep standing, understand?"

Understand we did but all our wonderful expectations were further dampened. But we all summoned up enough indignation to start at that rude Englishman with rage and reach our first military decision—that upon becoming a lieutenant, we would court-martial this impertinent sergeant. This brave decision was hailed by everybody. At that time, I thought that this court-martial was a near-relative of martial law; and confining the future of the poor man to oblivion, we sat down in the trucks.

The destination was not in the least like anything I had expected. Its features resembled a jail rather than the bungalow of my dream. There was a dreary, in fact callous-looking, barrack, dark, narrow and long. And along the wall were rows of iron cots with our names on each. It was a big shock. The sergeant understood our apprehension and shouted:

"These boards are not to be hung around your necks. They are only to determine your beds. Now find out your own places and take your luggage there."

Along with this came the order that we were supposed to hurry up and not to make so much noise.

This last order was most infuriating. I had heard from former soldiers that lieutenants kept gossiping all the time. And now to tell us to hold our tongues was downright impudent. One gentleman said: "These ignorant sergeants don't seem to realise what a lieutenant can do if he so wishes ..." But upon reflection it seemed most appropriate to adopt a policy of dignified silence for the time being.

In the evening, we went to the mess for our dinner. This was the first place which showed any sign of lieutenancy. We all sat down with officer like grace on the sofa sets. Deferential and liveried waiters served us the drinks of our choice. In this congenial atmosphere we even forgot the unpleasant incidents of the station and the barracks. And in this euphoric atmosphere we started babbling away. Then two well-dressed Englishmen came in. They were wearing military uniforms with three brass stars on their shoulders. They were officers. There was courtesy and dignity in their conversation. A certain feeling of pride buoyed us up. In principle, after all we and these officers were part of the same chain of gems; the same peerage so to speak. One day similar shining stars were to appear on our shoulders, too.

After some time, we went into the adjoining room for dinner. English food and indigenous food are as different in style from each other as speaking English is from speaking Urdu. Just as a learner finds English words and proverbs slip away on the tongue so do the English kind of peas and meat escaped our knives and forks. Although eating with hands was incompatible with our officer-like demeanour, eating was proving impossible. So we often filched a peace of meat on the sly just as one makes a go at Urdu on the sly when English proves too elusive. Thus, in a manner of speaking, English food was eaten in Urdu. But some gentlemen were so steadfast of their lieutenancy that they would not deign to down anything without the aid of implements. And some of them were seen chasing peas—armed with fork and knife all over the plate. And the peas—here they dive in, there they surface; here in; there out! In brief, these super-peas remained undamaged. The bearers took the plates and went away and the lieutenants remained pining away with forks and knives.

The meal came to an end and we came back to the ante-room. Coffee was served, but soon after, the English captain stood up and the wonderful company broke up. It was, as the Persian poet has said, somewhat like the ending of the meeting with the beloved. So we too had to get up and come back to the barrack. And the same rude sergeant was already there. Addressing everybody, he said:

"Tomorrow morning at 0700 hours, P.T. You have to report to the P.T. ground. Dress will be vest, shorts, and rubber-soled shoes."

And having announced this, he walked rigidly away. It appeared that this man was not mending his ways. He persisted in doing only anti-lieutenancy acts.

Somebody asked: "Hey, what the hell is this seven hundred hours."

Another gentleman replied: "It is absurd. This sergeant speaks incorrect English."

A military cadet said gently: "It means at seven o'clock in the morning."

The day was so tiring that, despite my efforts, I reached a minute or two after seven. In the college I used to be hours late. And if the professor did have a wrinkle on his brow, it would be smoothed after a moment as if by an iron. But when this man saw me coming late, he shouted so that an earthquake came. As for the creases on his brow, they would have required a road-roller, not an iron, to smooth them. It was apparent that he was not merely exploding but actually saying something. But his English was quite different from the English I had read in books. His words, of course, I did not understand but their spirit went straight to my heart. And each of these words was enough to make me lose what remained of my lieutenancy.

We stood quietly in rows and the P.T. began. First, they made us run around the ground and this was called 'double'—this meaning of 'double' I learned for the first time. Then we were told to kneel and bend on angles which were entirely unnatural. After about half an hour of P.T., we did succeed in triumphing over nature to some extent but our own composition was slightly altered.

In the end, the P.T. ended and we were ordered to report back to the same place after breakfast. The time now given was nine hundred and thirty hours. The military cadet told us that this meant half past nine. It was also revealed to us that this Englishman was the Company sergeant-major, disobeying whom could endanger our careers.

After the breakfast when I reached the ground, the sergeant-major was absent. A look at the watch told us that he was not absent, we had arrived early. In other words, the very first dose of the army's discipline had proved effective. The sergeant-major appeared at the precise minute and smiled at his triumph. But it was only a fleeting gain, for he froze at once and ordered us to go to the Quartermaster stores to get boots of our size.

These boots looked like things which could only fit rhinoceros' feet. And when I tried to walk a few feet in them, it looked as if I were dragging the Nanga Parbat with me. The military cadet whispered in my ear that I would have to double in these hoots. On hearing this, the whole range of the Karakoram Mountains collapsed on my head.

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. What does the writer say about Hitler and the Second World War?
2. What questions were asked of the writer when he went for the interview?
3. What did he say when he was asked whether he had any relatives in the army?
4. Why was he disappointed when he was asked to report for training?
5. What was the response of the relatives and villagers when they heard of his selection as lieutenant?
6. What class of ticket was given to him for the train journey and what did he feel about it?
7. Narrate the incidents that happened in the train journey.
8. Why was he disappointed when he saw the place he was supposed to live in?
9. Narrate what happened in the mess.
10. What were his feelings when he realised that he was supposed to run in those heavy shoes?
11. Do you think this actually happened to the writer?
12. Write a letter to a friend on the choice of a profession.
13. Write an application to the D.C.O for a job.

Use the following pairs of words in your own sentences.

1. accept, except,
2. advice, advise
3. affect, effect
4. among, between
5. beside, besides
6. can, may
7. compare, contrast
8. farther, further
9. formally, formerly
10. home, house
11. lay, lie
12. loose, lose
13. off, of
14. principle, principal
15. than, then

ARTICLES

The Definite Article—THE

Articles in English are invariable. That is, they do not change according to the gender or number of the noun they refer to, e.g. **the boy, the woman, the children**.

'The' is used:

1. To refer to something which has already been mentioned.

Example: An elephant and a mouse fell in love.
The mouse loved **the elephant's** long trunk,
and **the elephant** loved **the mouse's** tiny nose.

2. When both the speaker and listener know what is being talked about, even if it has not been mentioned before.

Example: 'Where's **the bathroom?'**
'It's on **the first floor**.'

3. In sentences or clauses where we define or identify a particular person or object:

Example: **The man** who wrote this book is famous.
'Which car did you scratch?' **'The red one**.
My house is **the** one with a blue door.'

4. To refer to objects we regard as unique:

Examples: **the sun, the moon, the world**

5. Before superlatives and ordinal numbers: (see Adjectives)

Examples: **the highest** building, **the first** page, **the last** chapter.

6. With adjectives, to refer to a whole group of people:

Examples: **the** Japanese; **the** old

7. With names of geographical areas and oceans:

Examples: **the** Caribbean, **the** Sahara, **the** Atlantic

8. With decades, or groups of years:

Example: she grew up in **the** seventies

EXCEPTIONS TO USING THE DEFINITE ARTICLE

There is **no** article:

- With names of **countries** (if singular)
  Germany is an important economic power.

He's just returned from ***Zimbabwe***.
(**But:** I'm visiting ***the United States*** next week.)

- With the names of **languages**
  French is spoken in Tahiti.
  English uses many words of ***Latin*** origin.
  Indonesian is a relatively new language.

- With the names of **meals**.
  Lunch is at midday.
  Dinner is in the evening.
  Breakfast is the first meal of the day.

- With people's **names** (if singular):
  John's coming to the party.
  George King is my uncle.
  (**But:** we're having lunch with ***the Morgans*** tomorrow.)

- With **titles** and **names**:
  Prince Charles is ***Queen*** *Elizabeth's* son.
  President Kennedy was assassinated in Dallas.
  Dr. Watson was Sherlock Holmes' friend.
  (**But: *the Queen of England, the Pope*.**)

- After the **'s** possessive case:
  His brother's ***car***.
  Peter's ***house***.

- With **professions**:
  Engineering is a useful career.
  He'll probably go into ***medicine***.

- With **names of shops**:
  I'll get the card at ***Smith's***.
  Can you go to ***Boots*** for me?

- **years**:
  1948 was a wonderful year.
  Do you remember ***1995***?

- With **uncountable nouns:**
  Rice is the main food in Asia.
  Milk is often added to ***tea*** in England.
  War is destructive.

- With the names of **individual mountains, lakes and islands**:
  Mount McKinley is the highest mountain in Alaska.
  She lives near ***Lake Windermere***.
  Have you visited ***Long Island***?

- With most **names of towns, streets, stations and airports**:
  Victoria Station is in the centre of London.
  Can you direct me to Bond Street?
  She lives in Florence.
  They're flying from Heathrow.

- In some **fixed expressions**, for example:

by car
by air
on holiday
at school
at University
in prison

by train
on foot
on air *(in broadcasting)*
at work
in church
in bed

INDEFINITE ARTICLE

A / AN

Use ***'a'*** with nouns starting with a ***consonant*** *(letters that are not vowels)*, ***'an'*** with nouns starting with a ***vowel*** *(a,e,i,o,u)*

Examples:

A boy
An apple
A car
An orange
A house
An opera

NOTE:

An before an *h* mute - **an** hour, **an** honour.
A before *u* and *eu* when they sound like *'you'*: *a* European, , *a* **u**niversity, *a* **u**nit

The indefinite article is used:

- To **refer to something for the first time:**
  An elephant and ***a mouse*** fell in love.
  Would you like ***a drink***?
  I've finally got ***a good job***.

- To **refer to a particular member of a group or class**

Examples:

- **With names of jobs:**
  John is ***a doctor***.
  Mary is training to be ***an engineer***.
  He wants to be ***a dancer***.
- **With nationalities and religions:**
  John is ***an Englishman***.
  Kate is ***a Catholic***.
- **musical instruments:**
  Sherlock Holmes was playing ***a violin*** when the visitor arrived.
  (**BUT** to describe the activity we say "He plays the violin.")
- **With names of days:**
  I was born on ***a Thursday***
- **to refer to a kind of, or example of something:**
  the mouse had ***a tiny nose***
  the elephant had ***a long trunk***
  it was ***a very strange car***
- **With singular nouns, after the words *'what'* and *'such'*:**
  What ***a shame***!
  She's such ***a beautiful girl***.
- **Meaning 'one', referring to a single object or person:**
  I'd like ***an orange*** and two lemons please.
  The burglar took ***a diamond necklace*** and ***a valuable painting***.

Notice also that we usually say ***a*** *hundred*, ***a*** *thousand*, ***a*** *million*.

NOTE: that we use ***'one'*** to add emphasis or to contrast with other numbers:
I don't know ***one person*** who likes eating elephant meat.
We've got ***six computers*** but only ***one printer***.

Grammar UNIT-XIV

Prepositions

A *preposition* is a *word which shows relationships among other words in the sentence*. The relationships include *direction, place, time, cause, manner* and *amount*. In the sentence **She went to the store, to** is a *preposition* which shows *direction*. In the sentence **He came by bus, by** is a *preposition* which shows manner. In the sentence **They will be here at three o'clock, at** is a *preposition* which shows *time* and in the sentence **It is under the table, under** is a *preposition* which shows *place*.

A preposition always goes with a noun or pronoun which is called the *object of the preposition*. The *preposition* is almost always before the noun or pronoun and that is why it is called a preposition. The *preposition* and the *object of the preposition* together are called a *prepositional phrase*. The following chart shows the *prepositions, objects of the preposition,* and *prepositional phrases* of the sentences above.

Preposition	Object of the Preposition	Prepositional Phrase
to	the store	to the store
by	bus	by bus
at	three o'clock	at three o'clock
under	the table	under the table

Prepositional phrases are like idioms and are best learned through listening to and reading as much as possible. Below are some common *prepositions* of *time* and *place* and examples of their use.

Prepositions of time:

at two o'clock.
on Wednesday.
in an hour, **in** January; **in** 1992.
for a day.

Prepositions of place:

at my house.
in New York, in my hand.
on the table.
near the library.
across the street.
under the bed.
between the books.

Exercise

Identify all the prepositions in the following extract.

> For a space both men were silent, turning over in their minds the wonderful changes that this dramatic reconciliation would bring about. In the cold, gloomy forest, with the wind tearing in fitful gusts through the naked branches and whistling round the tree trunks, they lay and waited for the help that would now bring release and succour to both parties. And each prayed a private prayer that his men might be the first to arrive, so that he might be the first to show honourable attention to the enemy that had become a friend.

Exercise

Complete with a correct preposition.

1. My children don't approve .... my smoking.
2. The poor girl burst .... tears.
3. Who is responsible .... this mess?
4. I look forward .... seeing her again.
5. Marvin was arrested and charged ..... murder.
6. Al Capone was sued .... tax evasion.
7. I get very annoyed .... people who don't queue at bus stops.
8. He was in London .... business.
9. Help! The house is .... fire!
10. He did it deliberately, ... purpose.
11. I'll have a juice No, ... second thoughts, give me a Cola
12. You are in charge .... this group.
13. The senator is opposed .... this new bill.

14. The slot machine is .... order.
15. You will have to cheer her .... a bit.
16. Add some milk and sugar .... your tea.
17. Are you familiar .... the work I do ?
18. I am fed .... his behaviour.
19. So we'll see each other .... the hotel.
20. Helen lives .... Harley Street.
21. The sick man was brought .... the room.
22. He got promoted .... the 4th of July .... 9 a.m.
23. I haven't seen my elder brother .... 2 years.
24. I haven't seen John .... 1996.

Alphonse Daudet

The Last Lesson

(Translated fromFrench)

I started for school very late that morning and was in great dread of a scolding, especially because Mr. Hamel had said that he would question us on participles, and I did not know the first word about them. For a moment I thought of running away and spending the day out-of-doors. It was so warm, so bright! The birds were chirping at the edge of the woods; and in the open field, back of the sawmill, the Prussian soldiers were drilling. It was all much more tempting than the rule for participles, but I had the strength to resist, and hurried off to school.

When I passed the town hall there was a crowd in front of the bulletin board. For the last two years all our bad news had come from there-the lost battles, the draft, the orders of the commanding officer — and I thought to myself, without stopping:

"What can be the matter now?"

Then, as I hurried by as fast as I could go, the blacksmith, who was there with his apprentice reading the bulletin, called after me:

"Don't go so fast, boy; you'll get to your school in plenty of time!"

I thought he was making fun of me, and reached Mr. Hamel's little garden all out of breath.

Usually, when school began, there was a bustle, which could be heard out in the street, the opening and closing of desks, lessons repeated in unison, very loud, with our hands over our ears to understand better, and the teacher's great ruler rapping on the table. But now it was all so still! I had counted on the commotion to get to my desk without being seen; but, of course, that day everything had to be as quiet as Sunday morning. Through the window I saw my classmates, already in their places, and Mr. Hamel walking up and down with his terrible iron ruler under his arm. I had to open the door and go in before everybody. You can imagine now I blushed and how frightened I was.

But nothing happened. Mr. Hamel saw me and said very kindly:

"Go to your place quickly, little Franz. We were beginning without you."

I jumped over the bench and sat down at my desk. Not till then, when I had got a little over my fright, did I see that our teacher had on his beautiful green coat, his frilled shirt, and the little black silk cap, all embroidered, that he never wore except on inspection and prize days. Besides, the whole school seemed so strange and solemn. But the thing that surprised me most was to see, on the back benches that were always empty, the village people sitting quietly like ourselves; old Hauser, with his three-cornered hat, the former mayor, the former postmaster, and several others besides. Everybody looked sad; and Hauser had brought an old primer, thumbed at the edges, and he held it open on his knees with his great spectacles lying across the pages.

While I was wondering about it all, Mr. Hamel mounted his chair, and, in the same grave and gentle tone which he had used to me, said:

"My children, this is the last lesson I shall give you. The order has come from Berlin to teach only German in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine. The new master comes tomorrow. This is your last French lesson. I want you to be very attentive."

What a thunderclap these words were to me!

Oh, the wretches; that was what they had put up at the town hall!

My last French lesson! Why, I hardly knew how to write! I should never learn any more! I must stop there, then! Oh, how sorry I was for not learning my lessons, for seeking birds' eggs, or going sliding on the Saar! My books that had seemed such a nuisance a while ago, so heavy to carry, my grammar, and my history of the saints were old friends now that I couldn't give up. And Mr. Hamel, too; the idea that he was going away, that I should never see him again, made me forget all about his ruler and how cranky he was.

Poor man! It was in honour of this last lesson that he had put on his fine Sunday clothes, and now I understood why the old men of the village were sitting there in the back of the room. It was because they were sorry, too, that they had not gone to school more. It was their way of thanking our master for his forty years of faithful service and of showing their respect for the country that was theirs no more.

While I was thinking of all this, I heard my name called. it was my turn to recite. What would I not have given to be able to say that dreadful rule for the participle all through, very loud and clear, and without one mistake? But I got mixed up on the first words and stood there, holding on to my desk, my heart beating, and not daring to look up. I heard Mr. Hamel say to me:

"I won't scold you, little Franz; you must feel bad enough, see how it is! Every day we have said to ourselves: 'Bah! I've plenty of time. I'll learn it tomorrow: And now you see where we've come out. Ah, that's the great trouble with Alsace; she puts off learning till tomorrow. Now those fellows out there will have the right to say to you: 'How is it; you pretend to be Frenchmen, and yet you can neither speak nor write your own language?' But you are not the worst, poor little Franz. We've all a great deal to reproach ourselves with.

"Your parents were not anxious enough to have you learn. They preferred to put you to work on a farm or at the mills, so as to have a little more money. And I? I've been to blame also. Have I not often sent you to water my flowers instead of learning your lessons? And when I wanted to go fishing, did I not just give you a holiday?"

Then, from one thing to another, Mr. Hamel went on to talk of the French language, saying that it was the most beautiful language in the world-the clearest, the most logical; that we must guard it among us and never forget it, because when a people are enslaved, as long as they hold fast to their language it is as if they had the key to their prison. Then he opened a grammar and read us our lesson. I was amazed to see how well I understood it. All he said seemed so easy, so easy! I think, too, that I had never listened so carefully, and that he had never explained everything with so much patience. It seemed almost as if the poor man wanted to give us all he knew before going away, and to put it all into our heads at one stroke.

After the grammar, we had a lesson in writing. That day Mr. Hamel had new copies for us, written in a beautiful round hand: France, Alsace, France, Alsace. They looked like little flags floating everywhere in the schoolroom, hung from the rod at the top of our desks. You ought to have seen how everyone set to work, and how quiet it was! The only sound was the scratching of the pens over the paper. Once some beetles flew in; but nobody paid any attention to them, not even the littlest ones, who worked right on tracing their fishhooks, as if that was French, too.. On the roof the pigeons cooed very low, and I thought to myself:

"Will they make them sing in German, even the pigeons?"

Whenever I looked up from my writing I saw Mr. Hamel sitting motionless in his chair and gazing first at one thing, then at another, as if he wanted to fix in his mind just how everything looked in that little schoolroom. Fancy! For forty years he had been there in the same place, with his garden outside the window and his class in front of him, just like that. Only the desks and benches had been worn smooth; the walnut trees in the garden were taller, and the hop vine that he had planted himself twined about the windows to the roof. How it must have broken his heart to leave it all, poor man; to hear his sister moving about in the room above, packing their trunks! For they must leave the country next day.

But he had the courage to hear every lesson to the very last. After the writing, we had a lesson in history, and then the babies chanted their ba, be, bi, bo, bu. Down there at the back of the room old Hauser had put on his spectacles and, holding his primer in both hands, spelled the letters with them. You could see that he, too, was crying; his voice trembled with emotion, and it was so funny to hear him that we all wanted to laugh and cry. Ah, how well I remember it, that last lesson!

All at once the church clock struck twelve.

Then the Angelus. At the same moment the trumpets of the Prussians, returning from drill, sounded under our windows. Mr. Hamel stood up, very pale, in his chair. I never saw him look so tall.

"My friends," said he, "I — I —" But something choked him. He could not go on.

Then he turned to the blackboard, took a piece of chalk, and, bearing down with all his might, he wrote as large as he could:

*"Vive la France!"**

Then he stopped and leaned his head against the wall, and, without a word, he made a gesture to us with his hand:

"School is dismissed — you may go."

*Long live France!

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. What usually happens in Franz's class when school begins?
2. What is the classroom like now, and what surprising things does Franz see there?
3. What does Mr. Hamel announce at the start of the lesson?
4. How do Franz's feelings toward schoolwork and schoolbooks suddenly change?
5. What does Mr. Hamel say about the importance of language to an "enslaved" people?
6. What words does Mr. Hamel have the students copy as part of their writing practice? What final words does he write on the board?
7. In one word, describe Mr. Hamel's feelings about being French.
8. Why have Hauser and the other townspeople come to attend the lesson?

Use the following idiomatic expressions in your own sentences.

1. To break ground.
2. To break the ice.
3. To carry the day.
4. To cast an eye.
5. To catch a train.
6. To come of age.
7. To come to light.
8. To get into a soup.
9. To give way.
10. To have clean hands.
11. To make peace.
12. To turn one's back upon

Grammar UNIT-XV

Conjunctions

A *conjunction* is a *word that connects other words or groups of words*. In the sentence **Saira and Maira are friends** the *conjunction* **and** connects two nouns and in the sentence **He will drive or fly**, the *conjunction* **or** connects two verbs. In the sentence **It is early but we can go**, the *conjunction* **but** connects two groups of words.

Coordinating conjunctions are *conjunctions* which connect two equal parts of a sentence. The most common ones are and, or, but, and **so** which are used in the following ways:

and is used to join or add words together in the sentence **They ate and drank**.
or is used to show choice or possibilities as in the sentence **He will be here on Monday or Tuesday**.
but is used to show opposite or conflicting ideas as in the sentence **She is small but strong.**
so is used to show result as in the sentence **I was tired so I went to sleep**.

Subordinating conjunctions connect two parts of a sentence that are not equal and will be discussed more in another class. For now, you should know some of the more common *subordinating conjunctions* such as:

after
although
as
because
before
if
since
than
unless
until
when
while

Correlative conjunctions are pairs of *conjunctions* that work together. In the sentence **Both Farid and Javed are good swimmers, both . . .and** are *correlative conjunctions*. The most common *correlative conjunctions* are:

both . . .and
either . . . or
neither . . . nor
not only . . . but also

Grammar UNIT-XVI

Minor Word Classes

Formulaic Expressions

To express greetings, farewell, thanks, or apologies, we use a wide range of FORMULAIC EXPRESSIONS. These may consist of a single word or of several words acting as a unit. Here are some examples:

bye
goodbye
hello
farewell
hi
so long
excuse me
thanks
thank you
thanks a lot
sorry
pardon

Some formulaic expressions express agreement or disagreement with a previous speaker:

- *yes, yeah, no, okay, right, sure*

INTERJECTIONS generally occur only in spoken English, or in the representation of speech in novels. They include the following:

- *ah, eh, hmm, oh, ouch, phew, tsk, uhm, yuk*

Interjections express a wide range of emotions, including surprise (*oh!*), exasperation (*shit!*), and disgust (*yuk!*).

Formulaic expressions, including interjections, are unvarying in their form, that is, they do not take any inflections.

Existential *There*

We have seen that the word *there* is an adverb, in sentences such as:

- You can't park *there*.
- I went *there* last year.

Specifically, it is an adverb of place in these examples.

However, the word *there* has another use. As EXISTENTIAL *THERE*, it often comes at the start of a sentence:

- *There* is a fly in my soup.
- *There* were six errors in your essay.

Existential *there* is most commonly followed by a form of the verb *be*. When it is used in a question, it follows the verb:

- Is *there* a problem with your car?
- Was *there* a storm last night?

The two uses of *there* can occur in the same sentence:

- *There* is a parking space *there*.

In this example, the first *there* is existential *there*, and the second is an adverb.

Uses of *It*

In the section on pronouns, we saw that the word *it* is a third person singular pronoun. However, this word also has other roles which are not related to its pronominal use. We look at some of these other uses here.

When we talk about time or the weather, we use sentences such as:

- What time is *it*?
- *It* is four o'clock.
- *It* is snowing.
- *It*'s going to rain.

Here, we cannot identify precisely what *it* refers to. It has a rather vague reference, and we call this DUMMY *IT* or PROP *IT*. Dummy *it* is also used, equally vaguely, in other expressions:

- Hold *it*!
- Take *it* easy!
- Can you make *it* to my party?

It is sometimes used to "anticipate" something which appears later in the same sentence:

- *It*'s great to see you.
- *It*'s a pity you can't come to my party.

In the first example, *it* "anticipates" *to see you.* We can remove *it* from the sentence and replace it with *to see you*:

- *To see you* is great.
- *That you can't come to my party is a pity.*

Because of its role in this type of sentence, we call this ANTICIPATORY *IT*.

Exercise

In each of the following sentences, indicate whether the highlighted word is pronoun *it*, dummy *it*, or anticipatory *it*.

1. **It** won't do any good to hide from me.

   (A) Pronoun *it* (A) Dummy *it* (C) Anticipatory *it*

2. I think you've broken **it**.

   (A) Pronoun *it* (A) Dummy *it* (C) Anticipatory *it*

3. **It**'s very kind of you to see me at short notice.

   (A) Pronoun *it* (A) Dummy *it* (C) Anticipatory *it*

4. **It** was after midnight when I left the office.

   (A) Pronoun *it* (A) Dummy *it* (C) Anticipatory *it*

5. I've had **it** with this place — I'm leaving!

   (A) Pronoun *it* (A) Dummy *it* (C) Anticipatory *it*

Section-II

One-Act Plays

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THE DEAR DEPARTED

By

Stanley Houghton

CHARACTERS

Mrs. Amelia Slater	Sisters
Mrs. Elizabeth Jordan	
Henry Slater	Amelia's and Elizabeth's husbands
Ben Jordan	
Victoria Slater	A girl of ten; Slaters' daughter
Abel Merryweather	Grandfather; Amelia's and Elizabeth's father

SETTING

A small house in a lower middle-class district of a provincial town

SCENE

(The scene is the sitting-room of a small house in a lower middle-class district of a provincial town. On the spectator's left is the window, with the blinds down. A sofa is in front of it. On his right is a fire-place with an armchair by it. In the middle of the wall facing the spectator is the door into the passage. To the left of the door a cheap, shabby chest of drawers, to the right a sideboard. In the middle of the room is the table, with chairs round it. Ornaments and a cheap American clock are on the mantelpiece, in the hearth a kettle. By the sideboard a pair of gaudy new carpet slippers. The table is partly laid for tea, and the necessaries for the meal are on the sideboard, as also are copies of an evening paper and of "Tit Bits" and "Pearson's Weekly." Turning to the left through the door takes you to the front door; to the right, upstairs in the passage a hat-stand is visible.

When the curtain rises Mrs. Slater is seen laying the table. She is a vigorous, plump, red-faced vulgar woman, prepared to do any amount of straight talking to get her own way. She is in black; but not in complete mourning. She listens a moment and then goes to the window, opens it and calls into the street.

Mrs. Slater (*sharply*) Victoria, Victoria! My dear, come in, will you? *(Mrs. Slater closes window and puts the blind straight and then returns to her work at the table. Victoria, a precocious girl of ten, dressed in colours, enters.)*

Mrs. Slater I'm amazed at you, Victoria, I really am. How you can be gallivanting about in the street with your grandfather lying dead and cold upstairs I don't know. Be off now, and change your dress before your Aunt Elizabeth and your Uncle Ben Come. It would never do for them to find you in colours.

Victoria What are they coming for? They haven't been here for ages.

Mrs. Slater They're coming to talk over poor Grandpa's affairs. Your father sent them a telegram as soon as we found he was dead. *(A noise is heard)*. Good gracious, that's never them. *(Mrs. Slater hurries to the door ad opens it.)* No, thank goodness! It's only your father.

(Henry Slater, a stooping, heavy man with a drooping moustache, enters. He is wearing a black tail coat, grey trousers, a black tie, and a hat. He carries a little paper parcel.)

Henry Not come yet, eh?

Mrs. Slater You can see they haven't, can't you? Now, Victoria, be off upstairs and that quick. Put your white frock on with a black sash. *(Victoria goes out.)*

Mrs. Slater *(To Henry)* I'm not satisfied, but it's the best we can do till our new black's ready, and Ben and Elizabeth will never have thought about mourning yet, so we'll outshine them there. *(Henry sits in the armchair by the fire)* Get your boots off, Henry; Elizabeth's that prying she notices the least speck of dirt.

Henry I'm wondering if they'll come at all. When you and Elizabeth quarrelled she said she'd never set foot in your house again.

Mrs. Slater She'll come fast enough after her share of what Grandfather's left. You know how hard she can be when she likes. Where she gets it from I can't tell.

(Mrs. Slater unwraps the parcel Henry has brought. It contains sliced tongue, which she puts on a dish on the table.)

Henry I suppose it's in the family.

Mrs. Slater What do you mean by that, Henry Slater?

Henry I was referring to your father, not to you. Where are my slippers?

Mrs. Slater In the kitchen; but you want a new pair, those old ones are nearly worn out. *(Nearly breaking down.)* You don't seem to realize what it's costing me to bear up like I am doing. My heart's fit to break when I see the little trifles that belonged to Grandfather lying around and think he'll never use them again. *(Briskly)* Here! You'd better wear these slippers of Grandfather's now. It's lucky he'd just got a new pair.

Henry They'll be very small for me, my dear.

Mrs. Slater They'll stretch, won't they? I'm not going to have them wasted. *(She has finished laying the table.)* Henry, I've been thinking about that bureau of Grandfather's that's in his bedroom. You know I always wanted to have it after he died.

Henry You must arrange with Elizabeth when you're dividing things up.

Mrs. Slater Elizabeth's that sharp she'll see I'm after it, and she'll drive a hard bargain over it. Eh, what it is to have a low money-grubbing spirit!

Henry Perhaps she's got her eye on the bureau as well.

Mrs. Slater She's never been here since Grandfather brought it. If it was only down here instead of in his room, she'd never guess it wasn't our own.

Henry *(Startled)* Amelia! *(He rises.)*

Mrs. Slater Henry, whey shouldn't we bring that bureau down here now? We could do it before they come.

Henry *(Stupefied)* I wouldn't care to.

Mrs. Slater Don't look so daft. Why not?

Henry It doesn't seem delicate, somehow.

Mrs. Slater We could put that shabby old chest of drawers upstairs where the bureau is now. Elizabeth could have that and welcome. I've always wanted to get rid of it. *(She points to the drawers.)*

Henry Suppose they come when we're doing it.

Mrs. Slater I'll fasten the front door. Get your coat off.

Henry We'll change it.

(Mrs. Slater goes out to fasten the front door. Henry takes his coat off. Mrs. Slater reappears.)

Mrs. Slater I'll run up and move the chairs out of the way.

(Victoria appears, dressed according to her mother's instructions.)

Victoria Will you fasten my frock up the back, Mother?

Mrs. Slater I'm busy; get your father to do it.

(Mrs. Slater hurries upstairs, and Henry fastens the frock.)

Victoria What have you got your coat off for, Father?

Henry Mother and me is going to bring Grandfather's bureau down here.

Victoria *(After a moment's thought)* Are we pinching it before Aunt Elizabeth comes?

Henry *(Shocked)* No, my child. Grandpa gave it your mother before he died.

Victoria This morning?

Henry Yes.

Victoria Ah! He was drunk this morning.

Henry Hush; you mustn't ever say he was drunk, now.

(Henry has fastened the frock and Mrs. Slater appears carrying a handsome clock under her arm.)

Mrs. Slater I thought I'd fetch this down as well. *(She puts it on the mantelpiece.)* Our clock's worth nothing and this always appealed to me.

Victoria That's Grandpa's clock.

Mrs. Slater Chut! Be quiet! It's ours now. Come, Henry, lift your end. Victoria, don't breathe a word to your aunt about the clock and the bureau.-

(They carry the chest of drawers through the doorway.)

Victoria *(To herself)* I thought we'd pinched them.

(After a short pause there is a sharp knock at the front door.)

Mrs. Slater *(From upstairs)* Victoria, if that's your aunt and uncle you're not to open the door.

(Victoria peeps through the window.)

Victoria Mother, it's them?

Mrs. Slater You're not to open the door till I come down. *(Knocking repeated)* Let them knock away. *(There is a heavy bumping noise.)* Mind the wall, Henry.

(Henry and Mrs. Slater, very hot and flushed, stagger in with

a pretty old-fashioned bureau containing a locked desk. They put it where the chest of drawers was, and straighten the ornaments, etc. The knocking is repeated.)

Mrs. Slater That was a near thing. Open the door, Victoria. Now, Henry, get your coat on. *(She helps him.)*

Henry Did we knock much plaster off the wall?

Mr. Slater Never mind the plaster. Do I look all right? *(Straightening her hair at the glass.)* Just watch Elizabeth's face when she sees we're all in half mourning. *(Throwing him "Tit-Bits").* Take this and sit down. Try and look as if we'd been waiting for them.

(Henry sits in the armchair and Mrs. Slater left the table. They read ostentatiously. Victoria ushers in Ben and Mrs. Jordan. The latter is a stout, complacent woman with an impassive face and an irritating air of being always right. She is wearing a complete and deadly outfit of new mourning crowned by a great black hat with plumes. Ben is also in complete new mourning, with black gloves and a band round his hat. He is rather a jolly little man, accustomed to be humorous, but at present trying to adapt himself to the regrettable occasion. He has a bright, chirpy little voice. Mrs. Jordan sails into the room and solemnly goes straight to Mrs. Slater and kisses her. The men shake hands. Mrs. Jordan kisses Henry. Ben kisses Mrs. Slater. Not a word is spoken. Mrs. Slater furtively inspects the new mourning.)

Mrs. Jordan Well, Amelia, and so he's gone at last.

Mrs. Slater Yes, he's gone. He was seventy-two a fortnight last Sunday.

(She sniffs back a tear. Mrs. Jordan sits on the left of the table. Mrs. Slater on the right. Henry in the armchair. Ben on the sofa with Victoria near him.)

Ben *(Chirpily)* Now, Amelia, you mustn't give way. We've all got to die some time or other. It might have been worse.

Mrs. Slater I don't see how.

Ben It might have been one of us.

Henry It's taken you a long time to get here, Elizabeth.

Mrs. Jordan Oh, I couldn't do it. I really couldn't do it.

Mrs. Slater *(Suspiciously)* Couldn't do what?

Mrs. Jordan I couldn't start without getting the mourning. *(Glancing at her sister.)*

Mrs. Slater We've ordered ours, you may be sure. *(Acidly)* I never could fancy buying ready-made things.

Mrs. Jordan No? For myself it's such a relief to get into the black. And now perhaps you'll tell us all about it. What did the doctor say?

Mrs. Slater Oh, he's not been near yet.

Mrs. Jordan Not been near?

Ben *(In the same breath)* Didn't you send for him at once?

Mrs. Slater Of course I did. Do you take me for a fool? I sent Henry at once for Dr. Pringle, but he was out.

Ben You should have gone for another. Eh, Eliza?

Mrs. Jordan Oh, yes, it's a fatal mistake.

Mrs. Slater Pringle attended him when he was alive and Pringle shall attend him when he's dead. That's professional etiquette.

Ben Well, you know your own business best, but —

Mrs. Jordan Yes — it's a fatal mistake.

Mrs. Slater Don't talk so silly, Elizabeth. What good could a doctor have done?

Mrs. Jordan Look at the many cases of persons being restored to life hours after they were thought to be gone'.

Henry That's when they've been drowned, Your father wasn't drowned, Elizabeth.

Ben *(Humorously)* There wasn't much fear of that. If there was one thing he couldn't bear it was water. (He laughs, but no one else does.)

Mrs. Jordan *(Pained)* Ben! *(Ben is crushed at once.)*

Mrs. Slater *(Piqued)* I'm sure he washed regular enough.

Mrs. Jordan If he did take a drop too much at times, we'll not dwell on that, now.

Mrs. Slater Father had been 'merry' this morning. He went out soon after breakfast to pay his insurance.

Ben My word, it's a good thing he did.

Mrs. Jordan He always was thoughtful in that way. He was too honourable to have 'gone' without paying his premium.

Mrs. Slater Well, he must have gone round to the Ring-o'-Bells afterwards, for he came in as merry as a sandboy. I say, "we're only waiting Henry to start dinner." "Dinner," he says, "I don't want, no dinner, I'm going to bed!"

Ben *(Shaking his head)* Ah! Dear, dear.

Henry And when I came in I found him undressed sure enough and snug in bed. *(He rises and stands on the hearth rug.)*

Mrs. Jordan *(Definitely)* Yes, he'd had a 'warning' I'm sure of that. Did he know you?

Henry Yes, he spoke to me.

Mrs. Jordan Did he say he'd had a 'warning'?

Henry No. He said, "Henry, would you mind taking my boots off; I forgot before I got into bed."

Mrs. Jordan He must have been wandering.

Henry No, he'd got them on all right.

Mrs. Slater And when we'd finished dinner I though I'd take up a bit of something on a tray. He was lying there for all the world as if he was asleep, so I put the tray down on the bureau — *(correcting herself)* on the chest of drawers – and went to waken him. *(A pause)* He was quite cold.

Henry Then I heard Amelia calling for me, and I ran upstairs.

Mrs. Slater Of course we could do nothing.

Mrs. Jordan He was 'gone'?

Henry There wasn't any doubt.

Mrs. Jordan I always knew he'd go sudden in the end. *(A pause. They wipe their eyes and sniff back tears.)*

Mrs. Slater *(Rising briskly at length; in a business-like tone)* Well, will you go up and look at him now, or shall we have tea?

Mrs. Jordan What do you say, Ben?

Ben I'm not particular.

Mrs. Jordan *(Surveying the table)* Well then, if the kettle's ready we may as well have tea first.

(Mrs. Slater puts the kettle on the fire and gets tea ready.)

Henry One thing we may as well decide now; the announcement in the papers.

Mrs. Jordan I was thinking of that. What would you put?

Mrs. Slater At the residence of his daughter, 235 Upper Cornbank Street, etc.

Henry You wouldn't care for a bit of poetry?

Mrs. Jordan I like "Never Forgotten." It's refined.

Henry Yes, but it's rather soon for that.

Ben You couldn't very well have forgotten him the day after.

Mrs. Slater I always fancy "A loving husband, a kind father, and a faithful friend."

Ben *(Doubtfully)* Do you think that's right?

Henry I don't think it matters whether it's right or not.

Mrs. Jordan No, it's more for the look of the thing.

Henry I saw a verse in the *Evening News* yesterday. Proper poetry it was. It rhymed. *(He gets the paper and reads.)* "Despised and forgotten by some you may be. But the spot that contains you is sacred to we."

Mrs. Jordan That'll never do. You don't say "sacred to we."

Henry It's in the paper.

Mrs. Slater You wouldn't say it if you were speaking properly, but it's different in poetry.

Henry Poetic licence, you know.

Mrs. Jordan No, that'll never do. We want a verse that says how much we loved him and refers to all his good qualities and says what a heavy loss we've had.

Mrs. Slater You want a whole poem. That'll cost a good lot.

Mrs. Jordan Well, we'll think about it after tea, and then we'll look through his bits of things and make a list of them. There's all the furniture in his room.

Henry There's no jewellery or valuables of that sort.

Mrs. Jordan Except his gold watch. He promised that to our Jimmy.

Mrs. Slater Promised your Jimmy! I never heard of that.

Mrs. Jordan Oh, but he did, Amelia, when he was living with us. He was very fond of Jimmy.

Mrs. Slater Well *(amazed)* I don't know!

Ben Anyhow, there's his insurance money. Have you got the receipt for the premium he paid this morning?

Mrs. Slater I've not seen it.

(Victoria jumps up from the sofa and comes behind the table.)

Victoria Mother, I don't think Grandpa went to pay his insurance this morning.

Mrs. Slater He went out.

Victoria Yes, but he didn't go into the town. He met old Mr. Tattersall down the street and they went off past St. Philips's Church.

Mrs. Slater To the Ring-o-Bells, I'll be bound.

Ben The Ring-o-Bells?

Mrs. Slater That public-house that John Shorrock's widow keeps. He is always hanging about there. Oh, if he hasn't paid it.

Ben Do you think he hasn't paid it? Was it overdue?

Mrs. Slater I should think it was overdue.

Mrs. Jordan Something tells me he's not paid it. I've a 'warning,' I know it; he's not paid it.

Ben The drunken old beggar!

Mrs. Jordan He's done it on purpose, just to annoy us.

Mrs. Slater After all I've done for him, having to put up with him in the house these three years. It's nothing short of swindling.

Mrs. Jordan I had to put up with him for five years.

Mrs. Slater And you were trying to turn him over to us all the time.

Henry But we don't know for certain that he's not paid the premium.

Mrs. Jordan I do it's come over me all at once that he hasn't.

Mr. Slater Victoria, run upstairs and fetch that bunch of keys that's on your grand pa's dressing table.

Victoria *(Timidly)* In Grandpa's room?

Mrs. Slater Yes.

Victoria I – I don't like to.

Mrs. Slater Don't talk so silly. There's no one can hurt you. *(Victoria goes out reluctantly.)* We'll see if he's locked the receipt up in the bureau.

Ben In where? In this thing? *(He rises and examines it.)*

Mrs. Jordan *(Also rising)* Where did you pick that up, Amelia? It's new since last I was here. *(They examine it closely.)*

Mrs. Slater Oh, Henry picked it up one day.

Mrs. Jordan I like it. It's artistic. Did you buy it at an auction?

Henry Eh! Where did I buy it, Amelia?

Mrs. Jordan Yes, at an auction.

Ben *(Disparagingly)* Oh, second-hand.

Mrs. Jordan Don't show your ignorance, Ben. All artistic things are second-hand. Look at those old masters.

(Victoria returns, very scared. She closes the door after her.)

Victoria Mother! Mother!

Mrs. Slater What is it, child?

Victoria Grandpa's getting up.

Ben What?

Mrs. Slater What do you say?

Victoria Grandpa's getting up.

Mrs. Jordan The child's crazy.

Mrs. Slater Don't talk so silly. Don't you know your Grandpa's dead?

Victoria No, no; he's getting up. I saw him.

(They are transfixed with amazement: Ben and Mrs. Jordan left of table; Victoria clings to Mrs. Slater, right of table; Henry near fireplace.)

Mrs. Jordan You'd better go up and see for yourself, Amelia.

Mrs. Slater Here—come with me, Henry.

(Henry draws back terrified.)

Ben *(Suddenly)* Hist! Listen.

(They look at the door. A slight chuckling is heard outside. The door opens, revealing an old man clad in a faded but gay dressing gown. He is in his stockinged feet. Although over seventy he is vigorous and well coloured; his bright, malicious eyes twinkle under his heavy, reddish-grey eyebrows. He is obviously either Grandfather, Abel Merryweather or else his ghost.)

Grandfather What's the matter with little Vicky? *(He sees Ben and Mrs. Jordan.)* Hello! What brings you here? How's yourself, Ben?

(Grandfather thrusts his hand at Ben, who skips back smartly and retreats with Mrs. Jordan to a safe distance below the sofa.)

Mrs. Slater *(Approaching Grandfather gingerly)* Grandfather, is that you. *(She pokes him with her hand to see if he is solid.)*

Grandfather Of course it's me. Don't do that, Amelia. What the devil do you men by this tomfoolery?

Mrs. Slater *(To the others)* He's not dead.

Ben Doesn't seem like it.

Grandfather *(Irritated by the whispering)* You've kept away long enough, Lizzie; and now you've come you don't seem over pleased to see me.

Mrs. Jordan You took us by surprise, Father. Are you keeping quite well?

Grandfather *(Trying to catch the words)* Eh, What?

Mrs. Jordan Are you quite well?

Grandfather Ay, I'm right enough but for a bit of a headache. I wouldn't mind betting that I'm not the first in this house to be carried to the cemetery. I always think Henry there looks none too healthy.

Mrs. Jordan Well, I never!

(Grandfather crosses to the armchair and Henry gets out of his way to the front of the table.)

Grandfather Amelia, what the dickens did I do with my new slippers?

Mrs. Slater *(Confused)* Aren't they by the hearth, Grandfather?

Grandfather I don't see them. *(Observing Henry trying to remove the slippers.)* Why, you've got them on, Henry.

Mrs. Slater *(Promptly)* I told him to put them on to stretch them, they were that new and hard. Now, Henry.

(Mrs. Slater snatches the slippers from Henry and gives them to Grandfather, who puts them on and sits in armchair.)

Mrs. Jordan *(To Ben)* Well, I don't call that delicate, stepping into a dead man's shoes in such haste.

(Henry goes up to the window and pulls up the blind. Victoria runs across to Grandfather and sits on the floor at his feet.

Victoria Oh, Grandpa, I'm so glad you're not dead.

Mrs. Slater *(In a vindictive whisper)* Hold your tongue, Victoria.

Grandfather Eh? What's that? Who's gone dead?

Mrs. Slater (Loudly) Victoria says she's sorry about your head.

Grandfather Eh, thank you, Vicky, but I'm feeling better.

Mrs. Slater *(To Mrs. Jordan)* He's so fond of Victoria.

Mrs. Jordan *(To Mrs. Slater)* Yes; he's fond of our Jimmy too.

Mrs. Slater You'd better ask him if he promised your Jimmy his gold watch.

Mrs. Jordan *(Disconcerted)* I couldn't just now. I don't feel equal to it.

Grandfather Why, Ben, you're in mourning! And Lizzie too and Amelia, and Henry and little Vicky! Who's gone dead? It's some one in the family. *(He chuckles.)*

Mrs. Slater No one you know, Father. A relation of Ben's.

Grandfather And what relation of Ben's?

Mrs. Slater His brother.

Ben *(To Mrs. Slater)* Dang it, I never had one.

Grandfather Dear, dear. And what was his name Ben?

Ben *(At a loss)* Er—er.

(He crosses to front of table.)

Mrs. Slater *(Right of table, prompting)* Frederick.

Mrs. Jordan *(Left of table, prompting)* Albert.

Ben Er—Fred—Alb—Isaac.

Grandfather Isaac? And where did your brother Isaac die?

Ben In—er—in Australia.

Grandfather Dear, dear. He'd be older than you, eh!

Ben Yes, five years.

Grandfather Ay, ay. Are you going to the funeral?

Ben Oh, yes.

Mrs. Slater And

Mrs. Jordan No, no.

Ben No, of course not. *(He retires to Left.)*

Grandfather *(Rising)* Well, I suppose you've only been waiting for me to begin tea. I'm feeling hungry.

Mrs. Slater *(Taking up the kettle)* I'll make tea.

Grandfather Come along, now; sit you down and let's be jolly.

(Grandfather sits at the head of the table, facing spectators. Ben and Mrs. Jordan on the left. Victoria brings a chair and sits by Grandfather. Mrs. Slater and Henry sit on the right. Both the women are next to Grandfather.)

Mrs. Slater Henry, give Grandpa some tongue.

Grandfather Thank you. I'll make a start.

(He helps himself to bread and butter. Henry serves the tongue and Mrs. Slater pours out tea. Only Grandfather eats with any heartiness.)

Ben Glad to see you've got an appetite, Mr. Merryweather, although you've not been so well.

Grandfather Nothing serious. I've been lying down for a bit.

Mrs. Slater Been to sleep, Grandfather?

Grandfather No, I've not been to sleep.

Mrs. Slater & Henry Oh?

Grandfather *(Eating and drinking)* I can t exactly call everything to mind, but I remember I was a bit dazed, like I couldn't move an inch, hand or foot.

Ben And could you see and hear, Mr. Merryweather?

Grandfather Yes, but I don't remember seeing anything particular. Mustard, Ben. *(Ben passes the mustard.)*

Mrs. Slater Of course not, Grandfather. It was all your fancy. You must have been asleep.

Grandfather *(Snappishly)* I tell you I wasn't asleep, Amelia. Damn it, I ought to know.

Mrs. Jordan Didn't you see Henry or Amelia come into the room?

Grandfather *(Scratching his head)* Now let me think—

Mrs. Slater I wouldn't press him, Elizabeth. Don't press him.

Henry No, I wouldn't worry him.

Grandfather *(Suddenly recollecting)* Ay, Amelia and Henry, what the devil did you mean by shifting my bureau out of my bedroom? *(Henry and Mrs. Slater are speechless)* Do you hear me? Henry! Amelia!

Mrs. Jordan What bureau was that Father?

Grandfather Ah, that's it, What's it doing here, Eh? *(A pause. The clock on the mantelpiece strikes six. Everyone looks at it.)* Drat me if that isn't my clock, too. What the devil's been going on in this house? *(A slight pause.)*

Ben Well I'll be hanged.

Mrs. Jordan *(Rising)* I'll tell you what's been going on in this house, Father. Nothing short of robbery.

Mrs. Slater Be quiet, Elizabeth.

Mrs. Jordan I'll not be quiet. Oh, I call it double faced.

Henry Now, now, Elizabeth.

Mrs. Jordan And you, too. Are you such a poor creature that you must do every dirty thing she tells you?

Mrs. Slater *(Rising)* Remember where you are, Elizabeth.

Henry *(Rising)* Come, come. No quarrelling.

Ben *(Rising)* My wife's every right to speak her own mind.

Mrs. Slater Then she can speak it outside, not here.

Grandfather *(Rising, thumping the table)* Damn it all, will some one tell me what's been going on.

Mrs. Jordan Yes, I will. I'll not see you robbed.

Grandfather Who's been robbing me?

Mrs. Jordan Amelia and Henry. They've stolen your clock and bureau. *(Working herself up)* They sneaked into your room like thieves in the night and stole them after you were dead.

Henry and Slater Hush! Quiet, Elizabeth!

Mrs. Jordan I'll not be stopped. After you were dead, I say.

Grandfather After who was dead?

Mrs. Jordan You!

Grandfather But I'm not dead.

Mrs. Jordan No, but they thought you were. *(A pause)*

Grandfather *(He gazes round at them.)* Oh! So that's why you're all in black to-day. You thought I was dead. *(He chuckles.)* That was a big mistake. He sits and resumes his tea.)

Mrs. Slater *(Sobbing)* Grandfather.

Grandfather It didn't take you long to start dividing my things between you.

Mrs. Jordan No, Father; you mustn't think that. Amelia was simply getting hold of them on her own account.

Grandfather You always were a keen, one, Amelia. I suppose you thought the will wasn't fair.

Henry Did you make a will?

Grandfather Yes, it was locked up in the bureau.

Mrs. Jordan And what was in it, Father?

Grandfather That doesn't matter now. I'm thinking of destroying it and making another.

Mrs. Slater *(Sobbing)* Grandfather, you'll not be hard on me.

Grandfather I'll trouble you for another cup of tea, Amelia; two lumps and plenty of milk.

Mrs. Slater With pleasure, Grandfather. *(She pours out the tea.)*

Grandfather I don't want to be hard on anyone. I'll tell you what I'm going to do. Since your mother died I've lived part of the time with you, Amelia, and part with you, Lizzie. Well, I shall make a new will, leaving all my bits of things to whoever I'm living with when I die. How does that strike you?

Henry It's a bit of a lottery, like.

Mrs. Jordan And who do you intend to live with from now?

Grandfather *(Drinking his tea)* I'm just coming to that.

Mrs. Jordan You know, Father, it's quite time you come to live with us again. We'd make you very comfortable.

Mrs. Slater No, he's not been with us as long as he was with you.

Mrs. Jordan I may be wrong — but I don't think Father will fancy living on with you after what's happened today.

Grandfather So you'd like to have me again, Lizzie?

Mrs. Jordan You know we're ready for you to make your home with us for as long as you please.

Grandfather What do you say to that, Amelia?

Mrs. Slater All I can say is that Elizabeth's changed her mind in the last two years. *(Rising)* Grandfather, do you know what the quarrel between us was about!

Mrs. Jordan Amelia, don't be a fool, sit down.

Mrs. Slater No, if I'm not to have him you shan't either. We quarrelled because Elizabeth said she wouldn't take you off our hands at any price. She said she'd had enough of you to last a lifetime, and we'd got to keep you.

Grandfather It seems to me that neither of you has any cause to feel proud about the way you've treated me.

Mrs. Slater If I've done anything wrong, I'm sure I'm sorry for it.

Mrs. Jordan And I can't say more than that

Grandfather It's a bit late to say it now. Neither of you cared to put up with me.

Mrs. Slater & Mrs. Jordan No, no, Grandfather.

Grandfather Ay, you both say that because of what I've told you about leaving my money. Well, since you don't want me, I'll go to some one that does.

Ben Come, Mr. Merryweather. You've got to live with one of your daughters.

Grandfather I'll tell you what I've got to do. On Monday next I've got to do three things. I've got to go to the lawyer's and alter my will; and I've got to go to the insurance office and pay my premium; and I've got to go to St. Philips' Church and get married.

Ben & Henry What!

Mrs. Jordan Get married!

Mrs. Slater He's out of his senses.

(General consternation.)

Grandfather I say I'm going to get married.

Mrs. Slater Who to?

Grandfather To Mrs. John Shorrocks who keeps the Ring-o'-Bells. We've had it fixed up a good while now, but I was keeping it for a pleasant surprise. *(He rises).* I felt I was a bit of a burden to you, so I found some one who'd think it a pleasure to look after me. We shall be very glad to see you at the ceremony. *(He gets to the door.)* Till Monday, then. Twelve O'clock at St. Philips's Church. *(Opening the door.)* It's a good thing you brought that bureau downstairs, Amelia. It'll be handier to carry across to the Ring-o'-Bells on Monday. *(He goes out.)*

CURTAIN

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. Who is Mrs. Slater expecting and why?
2. Why does Mrs. Slater ask Victoria to change dress?
3. Why does Mrs. Slater suggest to Henry that they bring Grandpa's bureau downstairs?
4. Why does Ben call Grandfather 'the drunken old beggar'?
5. Why is Victoria scared when she returns from Grandpa's room?
6. Why do they talk about Ben's brother when he doesn't have one?

7. Why do Mrs. Slater and Mrs. Jordan quarrel about?
8. What does Grandpa have to do on Monday next?
   To whom is Grandpa getting married and why?
10. How does the playwright describe the characters? Write a note on each one.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS

By

Fan Kissen

CHARACTERS

Damon	**Pythias**
The King	**Soldier**
First Robber	**Second Robber**
First Voice	**Second Voice**
Third Voice	**Mother**
Narrator	

SETTING

Long, long ago, on the island of Sicily

[*Sound: Iron door opens and shuts. Key in lock.*]

[*Music: Up full and out.]*

NARRATOR: Long, long ago there lived on the island of Sicily two young men named Damon and Pythias. They were known far and wide for the strong friendship each had for the other. Their names have come down to our own times to mean true friendship. You may hear it said of two persons:

FIRST VOICE: Those two? Why, they're like Damon and Pythias!

NARRATOR: The king of that country was a cruel tyrant. He made cruel laws, and he showed no mercy toward anyone who broke his laws. Now, you might very well wonder.

SECOND VOICE: Why didn't the people rebel?

NARRATOR: Well, the people didn't dare rebel because they feared the king's great and powerful army. No one dared say a word against the king or his laws—except Damon and Pythias speaking against a new law the king had proclaimed.

SOLDIER: Ho, there! Who are you that dares to speak so about our king?

PYTHIAS: [*Unafraid.*] I am called Pythias.

SOLDIER: Don't you know it is a crime to speak against the king or his laws? You are under arrest! Come and tell this opinion of yours to the king's face!

[*Music: A few short bars in and out.*]

NARRATOR: When Pythias was brought before the king, he showed no fear. He stood straight and quiet before the throne.

KING: [*Hard, cruel.*] So, Pythias! They tell me you do not approve of the laws I make.

PYTHIAS: I am not alone, your Majesty, in thinking your laws are cruel. But you rule the people with such an iron hand that they dare not complain.

KING: [*Angry.*] But you have the daring to complain for them! Have they appointed you their champion?

PYTHIAS: No, your Majesty. I speak for myself alone. I have no wish to make trouble for anyone. But I am not afraid to tell you that the people are suffering under your rule. They want to have a voice in making the laws for themselves. You do not allow them to speak up for themselves.

KING: In other words, you are calling me a tyrant! Well, you shall learn for yourself how a tyrant treats a rebel! Soldier! Throw this man into prison!

SOLDIER: At once, your Majesty! Don't try to resist, Pythias!

PYTHIAS: I know better than to try to resist a soldier of the king! And for how long am I to remain in prison, your Majesty, merely for speaking out for the people?

KING: [*Cruel.*] Not for very long, Pythias. Two weeks from today at noon, you shall be put to death in the public square as an example to anyone else who may dare to question my laws or acts. Off to prison with him, soldier!

[*Music: In briefly and out.*]

NARRATOR: When Damon heard that his friend Pythias had been thrown into prison, and about the severe punishment that was to follow, he was heartbroken. He rushed to the prison and persuaded the guard to let him speak to his friend.

DAMON: Oh, Pythias! How terrible to find you here! I wish I could do something to save you!

PYTHIAS: Nothing can save me, Damon, my dear friend. I am prepared to die. But there is one thought that troubles me greatly.

DAMON: What is it? I will do anything to help you.

PYTHIAS: I'm worried about what will happen to my mother and my sister when I'm gone.

DAMON: I'll take care of them, Pythias, as if they were my own mother and sister.

PYTHIAS: Thank you, Damon. I have money to leave them. But there are other things I must arrange. If only I could go see them before I die! But they live two days' journey from here, you know.

DAMON: I'll go to the king and beg him to give you your freedom for a few days. You'll give your word to return at the end of that time. Everyone in Sicily knows you for a man who has never broken his word.

PYTHIAS: Do you believe for one moment that the king would let me leave this prison, no matter how good my word may have been all my life?

DAMON: I'll tell him that I shall take your place in the prison cell. I'll tell him that if you do not return by the appointed day, he may kill me in your place!

PYTHIAS: No, no, Damon! You must not do such a foolish thing! I cannot—I will not—let you do this! Damon! Damon! Don't go!

[*To himself.*] Damon, my friend! You may find yourself in a cell beside me!

[*Music: In briefly and out.*]

DAMON: [*Begging.*] Your Majesty! I beg of you! Let Pythias go home for a few days to bid farewell to his mother and sister. He gives his word that he will return at your appointed time. Everyone knows that his word can be trusted.

KING: In ordinary business affairs-perhaps. But he is now a man under sentence of death. To free him even for a few days would strain his honesty-any man's honesty-too far. Pythias would never return here! I consider him a traitor, but I'm certain he's no fool.

DAMON: Your Majesty! I will take his place in the prison until he comes back. If he does not return, then you may take my life in his place.

KING: [*Astonished.*] What did you say, Damon?

DAMON: I'm so certain of Pythias that I am offering to die in his place if he fails to return on time.

KING: I can't believe you mean it!

DAMON: I do mean it, your Majesty.

KING: You make me very curious, Damon, so curious that I'm willing to put you and Pythias to the test. This exchange of prisoners will be made. But Pythias must be back two weeks from today, at noon.

DAMON: Thank you, your Majesty!

KING: The order with my official seal shall go by your own hand, Damon. But I warn you, if your friend does not return on time, you shall surely die in his place! I shall show no mercy.

[*Music: In briefly and out.*]

NARRATOR: Pythias did not like the king's bargain with Damon. He did not like to leave his friend in prison with the chance that he might lose his life if something went wrong. But at last Damon persuaded him to leave and Pythias set out for his home. More than a week went by. The day set for the death sentence drew near. Pythias did not return. Everyone in the city knew of the condition on which the king had permitted Pythias to go home. Everywhere people met, the talk was sure to turn to the two friends.

FIRST VOICE: Do you suppose Pythias will come back?

SECOND VOICE: Why should he stick his head under the king's axe once he has escaped?

THIRD VOICE: Still would an honourable man like Pythias let such a good friend die for him?

FIRST VOICE: There's no telling what a man will do when it's a question of his own life against another's.

SECOND VOICE: But if Pythias doesn't come back before the time is up, he will be killing his friend.

THIRD VOICE: Well, there's still a few days' time. I, for one, am certain that Pythias will return in time.

SECOND VOICE: And I am just as certain that he will not. Friendship is friendship, but a man's own life is something stronger. I say!

NARRATOR: Two days before the time was up, the king himself visited Damon in his prison cell.

[*Sound: Iron door unlocked and opened.*]

KING: [*Mocking.*] You see now, Damon, that you were a fool to make this bargain. Your friend has tricked you! He will not come back here to be killed! He has deserted you.

DAMON: [*Calm and firm.*] I have faith in my friend. I know he will return.

KING: [*Mocking.*] We shall see!

[*Sound: Iron door shut and locked.*]

NARRATOR: Meanwhile, when Pythias reached the home of his family, he arranged his business affairs so that his mother and sister would be able to live comfortably for the rest of their years. Then he said a last farewell to them before starting back to the city.

MOTHER: [*In tears.*] Pythias, it will take you two days to get back. Stay another day, I beg you!

PYTHIAS: I dare not stay longer, Mother. Remember, Damon is locked up in my prison cell while I'm gone. Please don't weep for me. My death may help bring better days for all our people.

NARRATOR: So Pythias began his journey in plenty of time. But bad luck struck him on the very first day. At twilight, as he walked along a lonely stretch of woodland, a rough voice called:

FIRST ROBBER: Not so fast there, young man! Stop!

PYTHIAS: [*Startled.*] Oh! What is it? What do you want?

SECOND ROBBER: Your money bags.

PYTHIAS: My money bags? I have only this small bag of coins. I shall need them for some favours, perhaps, before I die.

FIRST ROBBER: What do you mean, before you die? We don't mean to kill you, only take your money.

PYTHIAS: I'll give you my money; only don't delay me any longer. I am to die by the king's order three days from now. If I don't return on time, my friend must die in my place.

FIRST ROBBER: A likely story! What man would be fool enough to go back to prison ready to die!

SECOND ROBBER: And what man would be fool enough to die for you?

FIRST ROBBER: We'll take your money, all right. And we'll tie you up while we get away.

PYTHIAS: [*Begging.*] No! No! I must get back to free my friend! [*Fade.*] I must go back!

NARRATOR: But the two robbers took Pythias's money, tied him to a tree, and went off as fast as they could. Pythias struggled to free himself. He cried out for a long time. But no one travelled through that lonesome woodland after dark. The sun had been up for many hours before he finally managed to free himself from the ropes that had tied him to the tree. He lay on the ground, hardly able to breathe.

[*Music: In briefly and out.*]

NARRATOR: After a while Pythias got to his feet. Weak and dizzy from hunger and thirst and his struggle to free himself, he set off again. Day and night he travelled without stopping, desperately trying to reach the city in time to save Damon's life.

[*Music: Up and out.*]

NARRATOR: On the last day, half an hour before noon, Damon's hands were tied behind his back, and he was taken into the public square. The people muttered angrily as Damon was led in by the jailer. Then the king entered and seated himself on a high platform.

[Sound: Crowd voices in and hold under single voices.]

SOLDIER: [*Loud.*] Long live the king!

FIRST VOICE: [*Low.*] The longer he lives, the more miserable our lives will be!

KING: [*Loud, mocking.*] Well, Damon, your lifetime is nearly up. Where is your good friend Pythias now?

DAMON: [*Firm.*] I have faith in my friend. If he has not returned, I'm certain it is through no fault of his own.

KING: [*Mocking.*] The sun is almost overhead. The shadow is almost at the noon mark. And still your friend has not returned to give back your life!

DAMON: [*Quiet.*] I am ready and happy to die in his place.

KING: [*Harsh.*] And you shall, Damon! Jailer, lead the prisoner to the-—

[*Sound: Crowd voices up to a roar, then under.*]

FIRST VOICE: [*Over noise.*] Look! It's Pythias!

SECOND VOICE: [*Over noise.*] Pythias has comeback!

PYTHIAS: [*Breathless.*] Let me through! Damon!

DAMON: Pythias!

PYTHIAS: Thank the gods I'm not too late!

DAMON: [*Quiet, sincere.*] I would have died for you gladly, my friend.

CROWD VOICES: [*Loud, demanding.*] Set them free! Set them both free!

KING: [*Happy.*] Pythias, what made you take so long? A bit more delay and your friend would have been executed.

PYTHIAS: Your Majesty, I would have been here in the morning but for those two robbers!

KING: [*Alert.*] Robbers? What robbers?

PYTHIAS: Two robbers intercepted me last evening on my way here. They took the money bag from me and tied me up to a tree despite my begging to let me go.

KING: [*Oh.*] How did you manage to untie yourself?

PYTHIAS: Your Majesty, I struggled the whole night to untie myself. Luckily, one knot got loosened and I was able to untie it.

KING: I shall see to it that those robbers are caught and punished. They nearly killed an innocent man!

CROWD VOICES: [*Loud, demanding.*] Set them free! Set them both free!

KING: [*Loud.*] People of the city! [*Crowd voices out.*] Never in all my life have I seen such faith and friendship, such loyalty between men. There are many among you who call me harsh and cruel. But I cannot kill any man who proves such strong and true friendship for another. Damon and Pythias, I set you both free. [Roar of approval from crowd.] I am king. I command a great army. I have stores of gold and precious jewels. But I would give all my money and power for one friend like Damon or Pythias.

[*Sound: Roar of approval from crowd up briefly and out.*]

[*Music: Up and out.*]

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. Who were Damon and Pythias and where did they live?
2. What was the King like?
3. Why didn't the people rebel against the cruel King?
4. Why is Pythias arrested?
5. How does the King react to Pythias' disapproval of his laws?
6. What punishment does the King accord to Pythias?
7. What does Damon do when he hears about his friend's imprisonment?
8. What thought troubles the mind of Pythias?
9. What does Pythias wish to do before he is put to death?
10. What is Pythias known for throughout Sicily?
11. What plan does Damon propose to Pythias to help him do what he wants to do?
12. How does Damon plead Pythias' case before the King?
13. Why does the King agree to Damon's proposal?
14. Does Pythias like Damon's bargain with the King? Why?
15. What do the people, represented by the voices, think whether Pythias will return to die or not?
16. Why doesn't Pythias stay for another day as his mother asks him to?
17. Do the robbers believe Pythias' story about Damon and himself?
18. Why does the King mock Damon and what is Damon's response?
19. What does the King say when he hears about the two robbers?
20. Why does the King let Damon and Pythias go free?
21. What is the theme of the play? Whose behaviour, Damon's, Pythias', or the King's most admirable and why?
22. Using your information, write character sketches of the characters.

HEAT LIGHTNING

By

Robert. F. Carroll

Characters

Girl
First Man
Second Man

Setting

The interior of a bus station

SCENE

The drab interior of a bus station along a deserted highway somewhere in the Midwest. There are two long benches stage Right, back to back; one faces the audience and one faces the rear wall. A *door up Centre leads out onto the road. It has a single glass pane on the top and the bottom is wooden. Two doors, up Left and down Left. Up Left door reads "Men"; down Left door reads "Women." The room is lighted by an overhanging light with a dull green shade. A large bus schedule on the wall up Right Centre. A window is up Right of Centre and another at Right.*

The sound of heavy RAIN can be heard outside. LIGHTNING flashes outside followed by large bursts of THUNDER. With each flash of lightning, the light in the room dims almost to the point of going out, but somehow feebly struggles back to its full strength.

When the Curtain rises the stage is bare. Then a Man enters from the "Men's" room. He is a pleasant looking Man of about thirty-five. He takes off his hat and shakes the water from it; puts it on the bench downstage. He glances at the door up Centre. Moves to it and peers out through the glass; turns and moves to the Schedule on the wall and reads it. He then moves downstage and sits on the bench facing the audience. He picks up a discarded newspaper that lies on the seat beside him. He glances back at the door, then turns his attention once more to the paper and begins going through it casually.

The door up Centre suddenly bursts open and a Girl of about twenty-three rushes into the room. She is sobbing and is out of breath. She throws her body against the door, slamming it. The Man turns about quickly. She throws the bolt into place and turns slowly, seeing the Man. The Girl's clothes are wet and muddy. Her hair is dishevelled. She sobs and rushes to the Man quickly.

Girl *(Hysterically)* Thank God! Someone is here! Oh, thank God! *(She almost falls and the Man catches her.)*

Man My dear! What is it?

Girl Help me. Oh, please — please help me!

Man Good Heavens! You're in a terrible state. What has happened?

Girl Don't let him in. Please. He's after me. Please don't let him in.

Man Who? Who's after you?

Girl He'll be here any minute. Please — help me! *(The Girl looks to the Centre door. The LIGHTENING flashes and the LIGHT dims slowly. The Girl looks at the light and begins sobbing again.)*

Man *Please, my dear, try to tell me what* happened. You've locked the door. No one can come in. Now try to calm yourself. *(The LIGHT has recovered again.)*

Girl You're waiting for the bus, aren't you? Oh, don't leave me! *(She rushes into his arms.)*

Man There, my dear! Of course I won't leave you!

Girl The bus. What time — Oh, tell me it will be here soon.

Man The last one's due any time now. The storm has probably slowed it down. Now, listen to me. I shall do whatever I can for you, but you must tell me what has happened.

Girl Yes — Yes — I must get hold of myself.

Man Here. Sit down. *(He brings her down to the bench facing the audience.)* There, now, that's better, isn't it? Now —

Girl I was at a party. I — I could have stayed all night with a friend, but I thought I had enough gas to get home —

Man Where do you live?

Girl About eight miles from here.

Man I see.

Girl About a mile from here, I suppose — I don't really know, I ran out of gas — I took my flashlight and locked the car and started walking down the road. There are so few cars this time of the morning, but I thought — anyway — I knew I could get the bus when it came along and then — go back for the car later. *(She breaks off and glances at the door again. She shudders at her own thoughts.)*

Man Come on, now. You were doing fine.

Girl I must have walked — I don't know — just a little way, when I noticed a car pulled off into a lane. I saw the rear light burning. I wanted to call to them. I thought I'd just call out to them and ask if they could help me — if they might let me have some gas.

Man Did you?

Girl No — I — I didn't get the chance to. I walked near enough to the car to be heard if I called, but — before I could call out, I saw someone. The front door of the car was open and someone was standing by it. A man — he hadn't heard me — he was — he was pulling something out of the car. I couldn't tell what it was at first — and then the lightning — and I — I saw her hand and then — her head — her hair was light and long and it dragged in the mud.

Man This is dreadful! *(There is a flash of LIGHTNING and a* crash *of* thunder

Girl He'll be here. He'll be here. I'm scared. Oh, God, I'm scared.

Man Did he see you?

Girl May be my flashlight — may be I screamed — I don't know — I don't think I screamed. I was too frightened. He looked up — I knew he saw me. I dropped the flashlight and Started running. I could hear him behind me. I could hear the water splashing under his feet as he ran. I knew he was behind me — I was afraid I was going to faint. I ran crazy like all over the road — then I ran off the road and into the woods — I circled round and round hoping I'd lose him, but I kept hearing something behind me — I ran until fell — I knew there was no use — I couldn't keep it up — but then I realized I must have lost him — because I didn't hear him anymore.

Man And you came straight here, then?

Girl Yes — Yes — Oh, he's still out there — somewhere. He'll be here. Oh, God! I know he will.

Man The bus will be here soon and you'll be all right.

Girl Yes. Oh, God, please let it come quickly.

Man You'll have to get to the police immediately.

Girl No — I couldn't. I don't want to — I'm afraid.

Man But you must. It's your duty. This is a dreadful thing.

Girl I know, but — what could I tell them?

Man Tell them what you told me just now.

Girl That wouldn't be enough — they'd want me to describe him. May be identify him. I couldn't — I just couldn't.

Man Are you sure you couldn't think of something that might give them a lead. Anything?

Girl I don't even know what he looked like. I couldn't see him very well — I was so frightened.

Man Nevertheless you've got to go to the police.

Girl I don't know — I —

Man They'll ask you a lot of questions, of course, but I'm sure you can answer most of them. After you tell them the story the way you told it to me, there'll be routine questions, but they'll be simple. They'll probably ask you something like — was he wearing a hat? How was he dressed?

Girl I don't even know that!

Man Or — was he tall? Was he short? How would you describe him generally?

Girl I don't know — I swear — I just don't know.

Man In the lightning — are you sure you didn't see his face at all?

Girl I don't remember. Maybe he was wearing a hat or something. I don't remember seeing his face.

Man But you saw the girl.

Girl No — I didn't.

Man But you said her hair was light — and you saw her hand.

Girl Yes, I did. In the lightning, I think —Yes.

Man But you don't remember seeing him?

Girl No – I don't. *(She begins sobbing.)*

Man I'm sorry-? Shouldn't be going on like this — you are much too upset to even think any more about it. Don't worry about it anymore. Something will come to you later — that you've forgotten about right now. You'll see.

Girl Perhaps.

Man Your flashlight — for instance. You could identify that, couldn't you?

Girl Yes — but —

Man There, you see! Now — look — (Points to *"Women's" room.)* Go in there, dry your eyes and fix yourself up. You'll feel much better.

Girl You won't leave, will you?

Man Of course not, my dear. I'll be right here!

(She moves toward the door up Left. There is a brilliant flash of LIGHTNING. The LIGHT begins to dim. The Girl looks toward the Centre door. There is a second flash of LIGHTNING illuminating the Centre door. The Girl screams. In the flash of lightning, a Man's face can be seen pressed against the glass outside the door. The door rattles viciously. The LIGHT in the room has almost dimmed out.)

Man *(Pushing her toward Women's room).* Get in there. Stay until I tell you to come out. *(The Man pushes her into the room quickly.)*

Second Man *(Outside the door. Rattles the door viciously once more).* Let me in. Open this door. Let me in!

Man What do you want?

Second Man (*Outside*). I want to get out of this storm. What the hell do you think I want? What's the idea of locking this door? You think you own this place? *(The Man goes to the door slowly, throws back the bolt and the Second Man enters quickly. He is a nondescript sort of person. Tall, nice looking and about thirty years of age. He looks about the room as he enters.)* You've got no right to lock that door — keeping people outside in this kind of weather. *(The Second Man moves up to the Schedule on the wall.)* Has there been a bus?

Man No — not yet.

Second Man Late, huh? Good.

Man Why?

Second Man Why? I'd have missed it if it were on time — wouldn't I?

Man Yes — of course — how stupid of me.

Second Man There's someone else here, isn't there?

Man What do you mean?

Second Man I saw somebody else when I looked in.

Man There —

Second Man A girl, wasn't it? *(The two Men look at each other a moment; then the First Man walks to the door where the Girl has gone and knocks on it. The door opens slowly and the Girl enters, When she sees the other man standing in the room, she starts to cry out, but the man puts his finger to his lip conveying silence to her and then guides her downstage to the bench.)*

Second Man I thought you said —

Man I didn't say anything

Second Man You tried to tell me there was no one else here. I thought there was —

Man Did you?

Second Man Yeah, I was sure there was. What was the idea of lying?

Man I wasn't conscious of lying about anything.

Second Man Yeah? I guess I'm imaging in' things. Oh, well — forget it. How far you going?

Man Just into town.

Second Man How about you, Miss?

Girl Not far.

(The Second Man starts moving down towards the Girl. She sees him coming and moves over to the wall, appearing to read the schedule)

Second Man It's pretty late, isn't it? I was in luck, don't you think? I told that to our friend here, but he didn't get it. *(To First Man)*. I'll bet she's smarter than you are.

Man Yes — I suppose she might — be.

Second man *(Noticing the Girl's nervousness)*. Say, you look pretty nervous about something. Storm upset your plans? You can expect storms to slow up buses. If people were smart they wouldn't be out on a night like this. Just try to get somewhere when it storms — can't be done — especially if you're in a hurry.

Girl I'm — I'm in no particular hurry.

Second Man Well, I sure as hell am — but there's nothing I can do about it — I guess.

(There is another, flash of LIGHTNING and the LIGHT dims very low again. The Girl is pressed against the Right window in fear. The LIGHT recovers.)

Second Man Say — you're really upset, aren't you? Has somebody been bothering you? (The *Second Man moves toward her again.)*

Girl It's — it's just the storm.

Second Man Afraid of storms?

Girl Yes — I — am.

(The Girl seems as if she is about to faint. The First Man pushes ahead of the Second Man, and takes her by the arm and leads her down to the bench)

Man She'll be all right. Why don't you leave her alone?

Second Man Yeah! Sure! *(He moves away, watching the Girl.)*

(There is another brilliant flash of LIGHTNING and a crack of' THUNDER.. The LIGHT dims slowly and goes out. The Girl lets out a muffled cry.)

Man Here! Have a chewing gum, my dear.

(The Man. opens the packet and gives her one. The Second man pushes his head between them.)

Second Man Don't mind to have one more, do you?

Man No, of course not. *(Gives him one, too) The LIGHT comes up slowly).*

Second Man Thanks. *(He strolls up towards the Centre door.)* God! What a night! Always wonder what brings people out on nights like this. Wouldn't catch me out if it weren't pretty important. (To *Man.)* How about you?

Man I have early business in town.

Second Man *(To Girl).* And you'?

Girl I was visiting — with friends. I should have stayed the night.

Second Man Oh! You're not together then?

Man Er — no —

Second Man I see. *(He moves down towards the Girl)* How far did you say you were going?

Girl Not far — about eight miles. *(The Second Man sits beside her and she moves away suspiciously.)*

Second Man I never saw anybody so afraid of a storm.

Girl It's the lightning — I —

Second Man Lightning. I used to be afraid of it, when I was a kid, but I got over it. All by myself too. *(He takes the Girl's arm)* Look! Come here, I'll show you. *(He leads her up to the window rear Right.)* Watch the sky the next time there's a big flash. One of the really beautiful sights in this world if you look at it right — like a great big Fourth of July. *(There is now a brilliant flash of LIGHTNING)* Look! See! What did I tell you? It's just like it was cutting the whole world in two. *(The Girl breaks away and goes Right.) You* wouldn't even watch it. You'll never get over being afraid of things if you won't face them.

Girl I can't. *(There is the hum of a MOTOR in the distance. They All listen. The Second* man *goes to the window.)*

Second Man I guess that's it — Yep — Looks empty.

Girl Empty! *(There is the sound of BRAKES being applied. Each waits for the other to make the first move.)*

Second Man Well — are we going?

Man No!

Second man What?

Man I'm not going!

Second Man Why?

Man I don't see that I have to give you a reason for what I do.

Second Man No — I guess you don't at that — (He looks *at the Girl, then moves to her, reaching for her arm.)* Well, in that case, I guess we'll just keep each other company, won't we? *(The Girl is stunned. She looks to the First Man, who stands behind the Second Man. The First Man shakes his head "no." There is the sound of a HORN outside.)*

Girl *(Backing away from the Second Man).* No — No — I don't think I'll go either. I'll wait.

Second Man I think you'd better come on. We'll have it all to ourselves.

Girl No — No — I won't. Leave me alone. I'm going to stay here — with him.second man:*(Looks from one to the other)*. I get it. Waiting for a bus! *(The Second Man exits laughing.)*

(The Girl rushes after him, slamming the door and throwing the bolt once more. She listens to the sound of the BUS pulling away. Then she turns quickly to the Man.)

Girl Thank God!

Man I tried to tell him you weren't here.

Girl But you let him in — In God's name — why?

Man He was making such a disturbance out there. Besides, there was really no way to tell for certain that —

Girl No — He's gone — He's gone — I guess it wasn't — No — I somehow don't think it was —

Man You don't think it was he?

Girl No — I — don't —

Man Yes — You do! You know that wasn't the man. Why? That's a step to remembering.

Girl No—only that he — left. He left —

Man Yes, you do! I knew it would come back slowly — that you'd remember something.

Girl No!

Man First, you would say — That wasn't the man because I remember — and then later — That was the man because I remember. Yes. You would remember!

Girl No! *(There is another brilliant flash of LIGHTENING the LIGHT begins to dim.)* Oh — no — the light — Dear God — No!

Man Don't worry, my dear, you'll have light.

(He has taken a flashlight from his coat pocket. The Girl stares at it as the LIGHTNING crashes again and the already very dim LIGHT dies completely. The piercing light of the flash light is the only light in the room. The Girl runs up to the Centre door and pulls at it). She bolts the door before the Man comes near her. A dog that comes there by chance to save itself from the storm jumps and seizes the Man with its sharp teeth.

The light plays over, and highlights the inside of the room. The dog forces the Man to run away and the Girl comes out to pat the dog.

CURTAIN

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. What had happened to the girl that she is so frightened?
2. Why does she ask the Man not to let him in? Who is 'him'?
3. Why couldn't the girl describe the killer?
4. How was the weather?
5. Who is the Second Man? Why has he come to the bus station?
6. Why is the girl afraid of the Second Man?
7. Why doesn't the girl leave when the bus arrives?
8. Why does the girl get frightened when she sees the flashlight with the Man?
9. What does actually turn out at the end?
10. How is the girl saved from the Man?
11. Why does the Man act so friendly towards her? He even advises her to go to the police. Why?
12. Tell the story in your own words beginning 'One stormy night, a girl …'

Section-III

Poetry

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Introduction

To the Student

Before you attempt to analyze the poems in this anthology, you should have in mind some system or plan of analysis which you can apply to every poem you read. Such a formal approach to the study of a poem often seems much more forbidding and difficult than in fact it is. Some students even resent having to analyze a poem, claiming that a disciplined reading of a poem destroys or damages the pleasure in reading it. This is not so. The truth is that any reasonably intelligent student can be taught to analyze a poem with accuracy and perceptivity. You will discover that knowing how to analyze a poem systematically will increase your appreciation and enjoyment. As you progress, you will also discover that you will reach at least general agreement with other readers on the meaning or interpretation of specific poems. The value, then, of a systematic, formal approach to reading poetry is twofold: such a method will make your interpretation of poetry more accurate and objective, and it will heighten and increase your enjoyment and appreciation of poetry.

How do we go about employing a system or method of reading a poem? Basically, there are only three elements to keep in mind in approaching our problem: setting, theme, and language. Our concern in reading a poem should be to analyze each of these elements as it is involved in the specific poem; then we should synthesize or integrate our analysis of each of the three elements so that we can see how they are interrelated and unified into a meaningful comment on human existence. Usually, this process is called explicating a poem.

Setting: Let us turn to setting, the first of the three elements to be considered in an explication and ask some necessary questions. Are there any names, dates, references, or other items which require knowledge of things or events outside the poem itself? Are there any autobiographical elements from the poet's own life to be found in the poem? Is the historical context of the poem essential enough to its meaning to require an explanation? Now, these questions will often have no relevance for lyric poetry, and, when they do have relevance, they can usually be disposed of in a sentence or two. In some poetry anthologies, the editors themselves answer these questions (and others like them which vary from poem to poem).

More important questions involving setting include the following. Who is the speaker of the poem? Is there an audience present in the poem as well as a speaker? If so, who is the audience? Does the poem occur at a certain time of the year or in a certain period of history? Does the poem occur in a certain place? In other words, are there any physical, geographical, spatial, or chronological elements which we must discuss before we can understand the poem fully? What we are trying to do, to put the matter in theatrical terms, is to stage the poem in our own minds so that we may appreciate its theme and language completely.

Theme: A discussion of theme requires that we answer similar questions. When we turn to theme, we are hoping to take from the poem its central or predominant idea, its comment on human values. We are asking ourselves, "What does the poem say?" Here we are concerned with the "matter" of the poem. In very moralistic poems, the student will usually find the theme put in simple, dogmatic terms. In more sophisticated poems, however, an accurate and sensitive understanding of theme may be much more difficult to achieve.

The beginning student of poetry should understand that there are problems involved in stating a poem's theme accurately. The most common of these is "reading in." A student can easily fool himself into thinking that ideas which are not present in a poem at all are really there, only because he wants to see them there. Such a student's reading of a poem will be distorted by his private beliefs or lack of them.

A second problem concerns the way the student words his statement of a poem's theme. Many lyric poems have no "message" as such at all. There may be observation, comment, and perhaps a plea for thought or action-but there need not be all three. So the student should try to avoid being dogmatic, general, or trite in stating a poem's theme. Theme is always a comment on some aspect of life, though it need not be profound. Again, the student must ask himself, "What does the poem say?" Depending on the complexity of the poem, an answer to this question may be difficult to formulate, but the effort is well worth the trouble, for a poem's theme is ultimately its single most important value.

Language: When we turn from theme to language, the question we ask is not "What does the poem say?" but "How does the poem say it?" Here we must analyze all the elements of language which bear upon the meaning of the poem. These elements include imagery, sound pattern, rhyme scheme, meter, line length, stanzaic form, and punctuation -as well as many others. Just as theme is the "matter" of the poem, so language is the "form" of the poem. At times this part of the analysis will become very detailed, and the student should again recognize that the analysis of language in a poem is a complex and, at times, discouraging process. Still, with some practice the student can expect to become reasonably proficient at understanding poetry's "form."

Synthesis: After you have discussed a poem's setting, theme, and language, you are ready to attempt a synthesis of these elements. Here you should ask how the parts of the poem are interrelated to form one unified, coherent whole. The questions asked at this juncture are: "Why does the poem say what it does the way it does?" How do the elements of the poem come together (if indeed they do) to make a relevant and enduring comment on human existence in just the particular language which the poem uses? You might incidentally wish to note that other terms besides setting, theme, and language are sometimes used in the formal analysis of poetry, but, whatever terms are used, you must concern yourself with the problems which have here been labelled by those terms.

Approaching a Poem

We do not, if we are honest, keep in readiness a number of different approaches to poems or to people. We try to keep our integrity. But at the same time we must recognize and accept the otherness that we face. In getting to know a person or a poem we make the kind of accommodation that we have called tact. But we do not pretend, we do not emote falsely, and we try not to make stock responses to surface qualities. We do not judge a man by his clothes or even by his skin. We do not judge a poem by words or ideas taken out of their full poetic context. We do not consider a statement in a poem without attention to its dramatic context, the overtones generated by its metaphors and ironies, the mood established by its metrics. And we try to give each element of every poem its proper weight.

Obviously, there can be no single method for treating every poem with tact. What is required is a flexible procedure through which we can begin to understand the nature of any poem. The suggestions below are intended to facilitate such a procedure. Like everything else in this book they should serve as a scaffolding only-a temporary structure inside of which the real building takes shape. Like any scaffolding, this one must be discarded as soon as it becomes constricting or loses its usefulness. Like good manners learned by rote, this procedure will never amount to anything until it is replaced by naturally tactful behaviour. Then it will have served its purpose.

1. Try to grasp the expressive dimension of the poem first. This means especially getting a clear sense of the nature and situation of the speaker. What are the circumstances under which he or she says, writes, or thinks these words? Who hears them? Are they part of an ongoing action which is implied by them?

2. Consider the relative importance of the narrative-dramatic dimension and the descriptive-meditative dimension in the poem. Is the main interest psychological or philosophical-in character or in idea? Or is the poem's verbal playfulness or music its main reason for being? How do the nature of the speaker and the situation in which he speaks colour the ideas and attitudes presented?

3. After you have a sense of the poem's larger, expressive dimension, re-read it with particular attention to the play of language. Consider the way that metaphor and irony colour the ideas and situations. How does the language work to characterize the speaker or to colour the ideas presented with shadings of attitude? How important is sheer word-play or verbal wit in the poem? How well do the images and ideas fit together and reinforce one another in a metaphoric or ironic way?

4. Re-read the poem yet again with special attention to its musical dimension. To the extent that it seems important, analyze the relation of rhythm and rhyme to the expressive dimension of the poem.

5. Throughout this process, reading the poem aloud can be helpful in establishing emphases and locating problems. Parts of a poem that are not fully understood will prove troublesome in the reading. Questions of tone and attitude will become more insistent in oral performance. Thus, it is advisable to work toward a reading performance as a final check on the degree to which we have mastered situation, ideas, images, attitudes, and music. An expert may be able to read through a piece of piano music and hear in his mind a perfect performance of it. Most of us need to tap out the notes before we can grasp melodies, harmonies, and rhythms with any sureness. Reading poetry aloud helps us to establish our grasp of it—especially if a patient and knowledgeable teacher is there to correct our performance and encourage us to try again.

You may also use the following questions to help you determine the meaning of the poem:

a) Who is the speaker of the poem? The speaker of the poem is the voice of the poem. Sometimes the speaker is the poet himself or herself; sometimes the speaker is a character or thing created by the poet.
b) Does the poem focus on the actions of a character?
c) Does the poem describe a person, a place or a thing?
d) Does the poem focus on an idea? A feeling?
e) What emotional response does the poem seem to call up in you?
f) After your immediate emotional response, on what does the poem cause you to reflect?

You should copy and use the following chart to record your statement of the meaning of the poem and your observations about the techniques. Each column in the chart deals with one of the poetic techniques.

Meaning: ____

____

____

SPEAKER	**SOUND**	**IMAGERY**	**FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE**
	Rhythm: Alliteration: Consonance: Assonance: Onomatopoeia:	Visual: Hearing: Smell: Taste: Touch:	Similes: Metaphors: Implied metaphors:

The Schoolboy

William Blake

I love to rise in a summer morn *morning*
When the birds sing on every tree;
The distant huntsman winds his horn, *hunter*
And the skylark sings with me.
Oh, what sweet company!

But to go to school in a summer morn,
Oh! it drives all joy away;
Under a cruel eye outworn *exhausted, weary*
The little ones spend the day
In sighing and dismay. *alarm, distress*

Ah! then at times I drooping sit, *exhausted*
And spend many an anxious hour;
Nor in my book can I take delight,
Nor sit in learning's bower, *shady shelter*
Worn through with the dreary shower. *bleak; depressing*

How can the bird that is born for joy
Sit in a cage and sing?
How can a child, when fears annoy, *irritate, trouble*
But droop his tender wing,
And forget his youthful spring?

O, father and mother, if buds are nipped *clip, cut*
And blossoms blown away,
And if the tender plants are stripped *to remove the leaves*
Of their joy in the springing day,
By sorrow and care's dismay,

How shall the summer arise in joy,
Or the summer fruits appear?
Or how shall we gather what grief destroy,
Or bless the mellowing year, *maturing, ripening*
When the blasts of winter appear? *gusts of wind*

The Schoolboy

Understanding the Poem

1. This poem is structured as follows:

   - In the first stanza, the speaker (who is the speaker by the way?) tells us what he loves to do in the summer morning (remember, summer in England is the most pleasant season of the year—like the months of March and April in Pakistan);
   - In the second stanza, the speaker says that going to school spoils all the joy since they have to spend their day under a cruel eye (whose cruel eye?);
   - In the third stanza, the speaker laments that later he has to spend many anxious hours—in doing what?
   - In the fourth stanza, the speaker considers himself a caged bird, not allowed to sing and enjoy freedom and deprived of enjoying his youthful spring;
   - The fifth stanza is an appeal to parents, and the speaker asks a series of rhetorical questions continued through to the end.

In short, the poem moves through three stages: (1) what the speaker enjoys to do in the mornings in summer, (2) what he is forced or obliged to do, and (3) his appeal to parents that he should be allowed to enjoy his youth.

2. In English poetry, the SPRING season is usually a symbol of birth or re-birth, SUMMER a symbol of bloom or youth, AUTUMN, a symbol of old age or decay, and WINTER and snow, a symbol of death. What do you think the speaker means by "the blasts of winter appear" in the last line of the poem?

3. Identify one-word metaphors for "youth", "freedom", and "instruction" in the poem.

4. Now that you have understood the poem, make a paraphrase/explanation of it in your own words.

What is Life?

John Clare Clare

And what is Life? An hour-glass on the run, *device for keeping time*
A mist retreating from the morning sun,
A busy, bustling, still-repeated dream. *stirring, fluttering*
Its length? A minute's pause, a moment's thought.
And Happiness? A bubble on the stream,
That in the act of seizing shrinks to nought. *nothing*

And what is Hope? The puffing gale of morn,
That of its charms divests the dewy lawn, *strips, robs*
And robs each floweret of its gem — and dies;
A cobweb, hiding disappointment's thorn,
Which stings more keenly through the thin disguise.

And what is Death? Is still the cause unfound? *not found*
That dark mysterious name of horrid sound?
A long and lingering sleep the weary crave. *delayed*
And Peace? Where can its happiness abound? *to exist in abundance*
Nowhere at all, save heaven and the grave.

Then what is Life? When stripped of its disguise,
A thing to be desired it cannot be;
Since everything that meets our foolish eyes
Gives proof sufficient of its vanity. *excessive pride*

'Tis but a trial all must undergo,
To teach unthankful mortals how to prize
That happiness vain man's denied to know,
Until he's called to claim it in the skies.

What is Life?

Understanding the Poem

1. The structure of this poem can be explained as follows:

   - The very title of the poem is in the form of a question; hence, the poem must provide an answer to this question. And It does so by asking a series of other questions which it answers as the poem proceeds:

     - What is Life?
     - What is its Length?
     - What is Happiness?
     - What is Hope?
     - What is Death?
     - What is Peace?
     - And finally again, what is Life?

2. The poet has answered the questions with the help of metaphors. Find all the metaphors pertaining to the questions asked in the poem. Try to explain their meanings to see if they appropriately answer the questions?

3. Now that you have understood the poem, make a paraphrase/explanation of it in your own words.

A Psalm of Life

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,   *strain, song*
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,   *sleeps*
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!   *serious*
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each tomorrow
Finds us farther than today.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,   *flying*
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating   *dulled, covered*
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,   *temporary camp*
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!   *sruggle, conflict*

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,   *noble, exalted*
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,   *open ocean*

A forlorn and shipwrecked brother, *forsaken, desperate*
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

A Psalm of Life

Understanding the Poem

1. This poem has a different structure from the ones discussed before, which can be described as follows:

    - Stanza-I is a rejection of a view of life — that 'Life is but an empty dream' — proposed to the speaker;
    - In Stanza-II, the speaker presents his own view of life: what is that view?
    - Stanza-III tells us about what should be the purpose and objective of life: what is that objective?
    - Stanza-IV reminds us the reality that life, with each passing moment, gets closer and closer to the grave;.
    - But Stanza-V urges us to fight on and be a hero;
    - Stanza-VI advises us to act: what should be the manner of that action?
    - Stanza-VII asks us to learn from the lives of great men, then leaving our own lessons for posterity; what does "footprints on the sands of time" mean?
    - Stanza-VIII tells us the importance and value of leaving our footprints: what is that importance and value?
    - Finally, Stanza-IX advises us to wait and accept: wait for and accept what?

2. A psalm is a sacred song or hymn and a psalmist is a person who sings a psalm. Why does the poet call it "A Psalm of Life"? Do you think it is a sacred/religious poem? How is it a sacred poem?

3. Now that you have understood the poem, write a paraphrase/explanation of it in your own words.

Growing Old

Matthew Arnold

What is it to grow old?
Is it to lose the glory of the form, *body*
The lustre of the eye? *brilliance, radiance*
Is it for beauty to forego her wreath? *flowers & foliage*
Yes, but not for this alone.

Is it to feel our strength —
Not our bloom only, but our strength — decay? *youth*
Is it to feel each limb
Grow stiffer, every function less exact,
Each nerve more weakly strung?

Yes, this, and more! but not,
Ah, 'tis not what in youth we dreamed 'twould be!
'Tis not to have our life
Mellowed and softened as with sunset-glow,
A golden day's decline!

'Tis not to see the world
As from a height, with rapt prophetic eyes, *absorbed, charmed*
And heart profoundly stirred;
And weep, and feel the fullness of the past,
The years that are no more!

It is to spend long days
And not once feel that we were ever young.
It is to add, immured *shut away*
In the hot prison of the present, month
To month with weary pain.

It is to suffer this,
And feel but half, and feebly, what we feel:
Deep in our hidden heart
Festers the dull remembrance of a change, *rots, waste away*
But no emotion — none.

It is — last stage of all —

When we are frozen up within, and quite	
The phantom of ourselves,	*ghost*
To hear the world applaud the hollow ghost	
Which blamed the living man.	

Growing Old

Understanding the Poem

1. This poem is structured as follows:
   - The poet asks a series of questions about what growing old is like in stanzas I and II;
   - The poet says 'Yes" to all the questions in stanza-III, but says there's more to growing old; the poet then continues and says what it is not;
   - And finally, in stanzas V–VI, he says what it is.
2. If you look at each stanza closely, you will realise that each one describes a particular loss that we experience as we grow old; for example, the first stanza describes the loss of physical beauty. What kind of loss do the other stanzas describe?
3. Now that you have understood the poem, make a paraphrase/explanation of it in your own words.

One Way of Love

Robert Browning

I

All June I bound the rose in sheaves.	*fastened*
Now, rose by rose, I strip the leaves	*tear*
And strew them where Pauline may pass.	*scatter*
She will not turn aside? Alas!	
Let them lie. Suppose they die?	
The chance was they might take her eye.	

II

How many a month I strove to suit	*struggled*
These stubborn fingers to the lute!	*guitar like instrument*
To-day I venture all I know.	*dare*
She will not hear music? So!	
Break the string : fold music's wing ;	
Suppose Pauline had bade me sing!	*asked*

III

My whole life long I learned to love.	
This hour my utmost art I prove	
And speak my passion—heaven or hell?	
She will not give me heaven? 'Tis well!	
Lose who may—I still can say,	
Those who win heaven, blest are they!	*blessed*

One Way of Love

Understanding the Poem

1. Let us look at the structure of the poem:

   - In Stanza-I, the poet talks about collecting roses in June and binding them in a nosegay which he now strip rose by rose, petal by petal. Why — for what purpose?
   - In Stanza-II, the poet talks about learning to play the lute — for what purpose? What does he come to know? Why break the string?
   - In Stanza-III, the poet says that his whole life he learned the art of love, but what he gets in return — she will not give him heaven? What does he mean?

2. Write a paraphrase/explanation of the poem in your own words.

Opportunity

Berton Braley

With doubt and dismay you are smitten; *struck, afflicted*
You think there's no chance for you, son?
Why, the best books haven't been written,
The best race hasn't been run,
The best score hasn't been made yet,
The best song hasn't been sung,
The best tune hasn't been played yet.
Cheer up, for the world is young!

No chance? Why the world is just eager
For things that you ought to create:
Its store of true wealth is still meagre *deficient, scant, poor*
Its needs are incessant and great;
It yearns for more power and beauty, *desire intensely*
More laughter and love and romance,
More loyalty, labour and duty;
No chance? Why, there's nothing but chance!

For the best verse hasn't been rhymed yet,
The best house hasn't been planned,
The highest sky hasn't been climbed yet,
The mightiest rivers aren't spanned,
Don't worry and fret, faint-hearted; *grieve, mourn*
The chances have just begun.
For the best jobs haven't been started—
The best work hasn't been done!

Opportunity

Understanding the Poem

1. Let us see how this poem is structured:

   - In Stanza-I, the speaker, seeing his son dejected who thinks there's no chance for him in this world, tells him that there are chances galore; only he has to have the will to explore;
   - In Stanza-II, the father informs his son that the world is waiting for new things, and there's nothing but chance for him;
   - In Stanza-III, the speaker again lists the different things that are still waiting to be achieved; it depends on the son: the sky is the limit.

2. One may sometime wonder, like the son in this poem, whether all the fine things have already been done, and whether something is left for one to do. Can you think of other things which are yet to be achieved, yet to be explored, and yet to be discovered?

3. To seize the opportunity to do "the best work", the right decision is needed; the right choice about what to do with one's life is important. Have you ever taken any decision about what to do with your life?

4. Now that you have understood the poem, write a paraphrase/explanation of it in your own words.

The Road not Taken

Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood, — *forked, branched off*
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveller, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden back. — *walked*
Oh, I kept the other for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if ever I should come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I —
I took the one less travelled by,
And that has made all the difference.

The Road Not Taken

Understanding the Poem

1. Let us look at the structure of the poem:

   - In Stanza-I, the poet talks about two roads; and he was supposed to make a choice; he examined one of the roads;
   - In Stanza-II, the poet tells us about the other road, which he then took;
   - In Stanza-III, the poet says that both were equally good, but he chose the one less trodden;
   - In Stanza-IV, the poet says that taking the less trodden road made all the difference.

2. Everyone has his/her moments of decision, and the right decision makes all the difference. Here, the poet was confronted with making a decision which he did and his decision made all the difference. What difference is the poet talking about?

3. Now that you have understood the poem, write a paraphrase/explanation of it in your own words.

Rubaiyat Of Omar Khayyam

Edward FitzGerald

Awake! For Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight:
And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught *the sun*
The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light. *tower*

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes, or it prospers; and anon, *fails*
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face
Lighting a little Hour or two—is gone.

There was a Door to which I found no Key;
There was a Veil past which I could not see:
Some little Talk awhile of Me and Thee *short time*
There seem'd—and then no more of Thee and Me.

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ, *Fate*
Moves on; nor all thy Piety nor Wit *pious living*
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line, *Fate*
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.

Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

Rubiayat of Omar Khayyam

Understanding the Poem

1. Let us look at the structure of the poem:

   - In Stanza-I, the poet talks about awakening and dawn and that the sun has spread its light everywhere.
   - The second stanza talks about the defeat of man's hopes in this world: "Man proposes; God disposes."
   - In Stanza-III, the poet talks about a door without a key and a veil beyond which one can't see — what do they stand for?
   - In stanza-IV, the poet states that whatever is written in one's fate cannot be washed by any means, neither piety nor wisdom.
   - The last stanza tells us about the end of spring: the rose has withered and the nightingale is gone — what is left?

2. The poem moves from the awakening of dawn to the end of spring. Do you think the poem is about human life?

3. Now that you have understood the poem, write a paraphrase/explanation of it in your own words.

What Then?

W. B. Yeats

His chosen comrades thought at school
He must grow a famous man;
He thought the same and lived by rule,
All his twenties crammed with toil;
'What then?' sang Plato's ghost. 'What then?'   *Greek Thinker*

Everything he wrote was read,
After certain years he won
Sufficient money for his need,
Friends that have been friends indeed;
'What then?' sang Plato's ghost. 'What then?'

All his happier dreams came true —
A small old house, wife, daughter, son,
Grounds where plum and cabbage grew,
Poets and Wits about him drew;   *scholars*
'What then?' sang Plato's ghost. 'What then?'

'The work is done,' grown old he thought,
'According to my boyish plan;
Let the fools rage, I swerved in naught,   *stray; deviate*
Something to perfection brought';
But louder sang the ghost, 'What then?'

What then?

Understanding the Poem

1. This poem has the structure of a narrative. It is the story of a prodigy, a promising, talented child:
   - The First stanza describes the first stage of the child: how was he at school and what his peers thought about him; he worked hard for twenty years;
   - The Second stanza describes him as a writer and through his writings earned a lot of money;
   - The Third stanza talks about the fulfilment of his dreams: a house, a wife, children, and the admiration of other writers;
   - The Last stanza describes his satisfaction as an old man who lived a perfect life.

2. The first three stanzasend with the same line, known as a refrain: '*What then?' sang Plato's ghost, 'What then?* whereas the last one ends with, *But louder sang the ghost, 'What then?* The purpose of the refrain at the end of the first three stanzas is understood as it asks 'what happened next'. What is the purpose of asking 'What then?' at the end of the last stanza?

3. Now that you have understood the poem, write a paraphrase/explanation of it in your own words.

Those Two Boys

Franklin P. Adams

When Bill was a lad he was terribly bad.
He worried his parents a lot;
He'd lie and he'd swear and pull little girls' hair;
His boyhood was naught but a blot.

At play and in school he would fracture each rule— *break*
In mischief from autumn to spring;
And the villagers knew when to manhood he grew
He would never amount to a thing.

When Jim was a child he was not very wild;
He was known as a good little boy;
He was honest and bright and the teacher's delight—
To his mother and father a joy.

All the neighbours were sure that his virtue'd endure,
That his life would be free of a spot;
They were certain that Jim had a great head on him
And that Jim would amount to a lot.

And Bill grew to manhood and honour and fame
And bears a good name;
While Jim is shut up in a dark prison cell—
You never can tell.

Those Two Boys

Understanding the Poem

1. This poem is also in the narrative form. It tells the story of two boys, Bill and Jim, and what became of them at the end:
    - The first two stanzas describe what kind of a boy Bill was, horrible, and terrible; everyone believed that nothing would become of him;
    - The next two stanzas describe Jim's behaviour as a boy: a good little boy, teacher's delight, parents' joy; everyone believed that he would achieve great things in life;
    - The Last stanza describes Bill as a man of honour and fame, whereas Jim is shut up in a dark prison.

2. This poem has a surprise ending: the one who was a good lad is in prison, and the one who was horrible has gained honour and fame. Do you think it is a humorous poem or a serious one?

3. Now that you have understood the poem, write a paraphrase/explanation of it in your words.

About the Authors

Abbas, Ghulam (1909–1983): Ghulam Abbas was educated at Lahore and began writing in 1924. He worked as a producer for BBC for four years, and was editor of several journals in Pakistan. His short story collection *Anandi* won a cash award from the Government of Pakistan.

Adams, Franklin P. (1881–1960): As the oldest and most established member of the Algonquin Round Table, Franklin P. Adams, or F.P.A. as he was known, often served as a talent scout and mentor. His column, "The Conning Tower," appearing in the *New York World* and then in the *Herald Tribune*, spotlighted his own erudite wit along with light verse, puns, parodies, and jokes submitted by others. Contributors found that F.P.A.'s recognition could launch their careers. Periodically, F.P.A. wrote columns called "The Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys," chronicling the activities of his immediate circle

Arnold, Matthew (1822–1888): Arnold was educated at Rugby, Winchester, and at Balliol College, Oxford. He won the Newdigate prize with a poem on Cromwell. He became a fellow of Oriel College, and in 1851, he became an inspector of schools in which capacity he served for 35 years. He published a number of collections of poems which established him as a leading poet of his age. In his maturity, Arnold turned increasingly to prose, writing essays on literary, educational and social topics that established him as the leading critic of the day. He also delivered lectures on poetry while he was Professor of poetry at Oxford.

Bierce, Ambrose (1842–1914?): Ambrose Gwinett Bierce was born in Ohio in 1842. He fought for the Union in the Civil War, prospected for gold, worked as a journalist for William Randolph Hearst and wrote short stories before disappearing into revolution-torn Mexico in 1914. Ambrose Bierce was the author of supernatural stories that have secured his place in both the weird tradition and in American letters at large. Apart from a few well-anthologized ghost stories (notably, "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge"), Bierce is best remembered for his cynical but humorous Devil's Dictionary. In time, Bierce established himself a kind of literary dictator of the West Coast and was so respected and feared as a critic that his judgment could "make or break" an aspiring author's reputation.

Blake, William (1757–1827): Born in 1757, William Blake had chosen to be an engraver and he held to that choice until he died. He served for seven years as an apprentice; he engraved for booksellers; he ran a paint shop. In fact, Blake, the poet, lived as an engraver. He is remembered as a great visionary. The poems included in this selection represent the basic features of his poetry.

Both his writing and his actions reflected his belief that anything is possible. His "educators," after all, had told him that it would be "impossible" and "unprecedented" to play football and to finish three and a half years of high school in only two years, but he did.

Braley, Berton (1882–1966): Berton Braley began his brilliant career as a reporter in Butte, Montana-first for the Inter-Mountain, then for the Evening News. There, he was able to observe the gold and silver miners working in the "mile-high-and-mile-deep" city. This experience cultivated a respect for the working world and for human achievement that would shine throughout his writings. The most prolific verse writer in America, Braley is regarded as "the most widely read American poet" of his time.

Browning, Robert (1812-1889) was born of parents who were not rich but were well off enough to enable the son, whose genius they recognised, to dedicate himself to literature. He was married to the poet Elizabeth Barrett in 846. He and his wife lived in Italy since their marriage till her death in 1861. Browning returned to London in 1861 and lived there until his death in 1889.

Chekhov, Anton (1860–1904): Anton Chekhov of Russia is considered one of the grand masters of the short story. He was born into a poor family. Chekhov began writing to support himself while attending medical school. He didn't earn much as a doctor since he chose to practise among the poor classes. He therefore continued to write plays and stories to supplement his income. Chekhov is known for his realistic blend of comedy and tragedy and for its strong moral tone. Many of his plays — including *Uncle Vaniya*, *The Cherry Orchard* and *The Three Sisters* — are considered classics. His stories are short and simple yet powerful, illustrating his belief that "consciousness is the sister of talent."

Clare, John (1793–1864): The son of a labourer, John Clare was born in Helpstone, Northamptonshire. He also worked as hedge-setter and day labourer. Though he was married to Martha Turner, his estrangement from Mary Joyce, his first love, troubled him throughout his life due to which he had to spend his life, from 1837 onwards, in a mental asylum. Though the theme of loss is predominant in his poetry, he is also known for his personal evocation of landscape and place. His best poems demonstrate a complex sensibility and fine organisation, and have been variously read as laments for lost love and talent, for the death of rural England and for lost innocence.

Daledda, Grazia (1875–1936): Nobel Prize-winner in 1926, Grazia Daledda is famous for her vivid and realistic portraits of life on the Italian island of Sardinia. Her father was a lawyer and three times mayor of Nuoro. She received a decent education and was still a student when she became interested in writing. She published her first stories when she was seventeen. She wrote novels such as *Flower of Sardinia* and *The Mother*. Her work is concerned with human problems in general. Many of her works explore in a vivid, naturalistic style the questions of temptation and sin.

Daudet, Alphonso (1840–1897): French author Alphose Daudet is famous for writing short stories and novels with a charming mixture of realism, humour, and sentiment. Born in Nîmes, France, he attended school in Lyon. He began writing poetry and fiction when he was only fourteen. When his parents lost all their money three years later, Daudet was forced to seek work in Paris. He contributed to the newspaper *Figaro* and worked as secretary to the duke of Morny. He married Julia Allard, a fellow writer, in 1867. He enlisted in the army to fight in the Franco-Prussian War during 1871. "In the Last Lesson," one of his best known stories, Daudet shows the change in France's fortunes after defeat through the eyes of a young boy from the border region of Alsace.

Dell, Floyd (1887–1969): Floyd Dell was born in 1887 in Pike County, Missouri. His father, Anthony Dell, found it difficult to find regular work and the family experienced a great deal of poverty. At school Dell developed a love of reading. At sixteen, he joined the Socialist Party and gave speeches on street-corners about his political beliefs. He also produced material for a small Socialist monthly, *Tri-City Workers' Magazine*. After a spell as an apprentice candy-maker Dell worked as a cub-reporter for the *Davenport Times*. He later moved to the *Chicago Evening Post* and by 1911 was editor of the newspaper's *Friday Literary Review*. Dell believed that the everyday life of the middle and working classes provided subjects worthy of serious literary treatment. Dell valued authenticity and accuracy of detail.

Fitzgerald, Edward (1809-1883): Edward Fitzgerald was born at Bradfield and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was an intimate friend of Tennyson and Carlyle. In 1859, he translated the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. This English rendering of Khayyam was highly praised by Rossetti and Swinburne. His other works were largely translations from Greek.

Frost, Robert Lee (1874–1963): Robert Lee Frost, an American poet, was born in San Francisco. He spent some time at Dartmouth College and Harvard University, but left to teach, edit a country paper, learn to make shoes, and to farm. He came to England in 1912 where he published his first volume of poems. Upon his return to New England (USA), he continued to write poetry, supporting himself by successive teaching appointments in several colleges. Frost has established himself as one of the most popular of 20th Century American poets, admired for the blend of the colloquial and the traditional in his poetry.

Houghton, Stanley (1881-1913): Stanley Houghton was one of the most prominent dramatists. However, his career was cut off at the early age of 32. A Manchester businessman, he was a professional dramatic critic for the Manchester Guardian. He wrote plays in his leisure hours. The play included in our selection is one of his best plays.

Jerome, K. Jerome (1859-1927): A novelist and playwright, Jerome's *Three Men in a Boat* from which "The Stuffed Trout" is taken, appeared in 1889 and is popular all over the world for its blending of humour and sentiment; it has been translated into many languages.

Khan, Mohammad (b. 1914): Col. Mohammad Khan received his early education in Chakwal, his birth town, and then went to the Government College, Lahore. On joining the army during World War II, he saw action in Iraq, Egypt, Libya and Burma. Later he served as Director of Army Education in the Pakistan Army. His penchant for humour is revealed in such books as *Bajang Amad* (1966), *Basalamat Rawi* (1975), *Bazm Aiaiyan* (1980) and *Badeshi Mazah* (1992).

Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth (1807–1882): Longfellow, the American poet, was born in Maine and educated at Bowdoin. The offer of a professorship of modern languages at Bowdoin took him to Europe to study from 1826–29). Later, he returned to Europe again to prepare for the post of professor at Harvard. In 1836, he began his many influential years of teaching at Harvard. By 1843, he was established as the most widely read poet in the English-speaking world. He is known for his didactic pieces, and philosophical discourses. His later work is marked by sombreness due to the tragic death of his second wife.

Mansfield, Katherine (1888-1923): Born in Wellington of rich parents, Katherine Mansfield received an allowance from her father all her life. After her schooling she attended Queen's College, London, for four years and after two years' stay at home she left for New Zealand for ever. In London, she ultimately married John Middleton Murray.

Maupassant, Guy de (1850–1893): French short story writer and novelist, Maupassant ranks with the world's greatest fiction writers. After serving in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 to 1871, Maupassant became a government clerk but devoted his free time to writing. The nearly three hundred stories, simply and directly told, typically deal with country folk or urban employees and civil servants though other social groups (aristocrats, soldiers, etc.) also appear regularly. He is widely praised for his portraits of peasant life and his keen understanding of human nature. Beside stories, he wrote six novels.

O'Flaherty, Liam (1897–1984): O'Flaherty was born in the Aran Islands off the West Coast of Ireland. His film about life in these islands is a classic of the cinema screen. His novels and short stories are well- known.

Thurber, James (1894–1961): A famous and popular American writer and artist, James Thurber's humorous prose and drawings are never gay because their enthusiasm is dampened by melancholy. His fantastic people and animals are distorted and misshapen by a malignant fate. Thurber has stated his artistic credo in these words: "Humour is a kind of emotional chaos talked about calmly and quietly in retrospect."

Tu Peng-Cheng (born 1921): Born and grown up in the province of Shenshi, Tu worked as a correspondent for the *New China News* during the Chinese civil war in the late 1940s. He is known for his acclaimed war novel *Defend Yenan* published in 1954. He published his next major novel, *In Peacetime*, in 1958. He enjoyed a flourishing career throughout the 1950s but fell from favour with the Communist government in the 1960s. His works were banned until 1978 when the government allowed him to resume his writing career.

Yeats, W.B. (1865-1939): W.B. Yeats, poet and dramatist, was born near Dublin, but he was brought up in London. His father was a painter. In 1896, he returned to Ireland and was a member of the Irish Senate during 1922-28. He was awarded The Nobel Prize for Literature in 1923. He published his last poems in 1939. He died in France.

Glossary

The following abbreviations are used in this Glossary:

n	noun	*Conj*	conjunction
v	verb	*Prep*	preposition
adj	adjective	*Interj*	interjection
adv	adverb	*Pl*	Plural
pron	pronoun	n pl	Plural noun

A

a sell (slang) *n* a disappointment

abate v to ease or lessen in severity

ablution *n* ceremonial cleansing

abode *n* home; dwelling place

abysmal adj very deep

acacia *n* tree of the mimosa family

acquaintance *n* person whom one knows but who is not a close friend

acquire v to get by one's own efforts

adjudge v to deem; consider

adversary *n* enemy; opponent

affable adj friendly

air *n* 1 manner 2 melody

airs, *n pl* pretense of superiority

alight v to land

all by oneself completely alone without any help from some one else

allusion *n* a casual or indirect reference

ally v to combine or unite

aloof adj remote; reserved

amazed *adj* surprised

amputate v to cut off (a limb, etc)

anemic adj pale

antechamber *n* entrance room

anvil *n* steel or iron block on which softened metals are hammered into various shapes

aplomb *n* poise; self-confidence

appall v to horrify

apparel v to dress

apposite adj appropriate

appraise v evaluate the quality of

apprehensive adj worried about future events **apprehensively,** adv

arable adj fit for cultivation

arid adj having a dry climate

aristocracy *n* 1 upper class 2 group that is regarded as superior

array to adorn

artful adj clever; cunning

artillery *n* mounted firearms capable of shooting projectiles

ascent *n* act of going up or climbing

ascribe v to attribute assurance [a

shoor'ans] *n* certainty

astray adj wandering; off the correct path

atone v to make amends

attest v affirm to be true

auspicious adj promising; favorable

avid adj eager; avidly, *adv*

avowal *n* straight declaration

B

banter *n* playful; **bantering**, adj - **banteringly**, *adv*

baptize v to initiate into a Christian church by ceremony

base adj low; dishonourable

beacon *n* guiding light

begad (a colloquial expression) by God

behindhand adj late

belabour v to thrash; beat soundly

belfry *n* tower containing a bell, often part of a church or other structure

belligerent adj eager to fight **belligerently,** adv

benevolent adj kindly

berate v scold

beseech v to plead -**besought,** past tense and past participle of **beseech**

bestow v to give

bide v to wait or stay

billet *n* small stick of wood

blaspheme v 1 to speak irreverently of sacred matters 2 to curse

blinds *n* screens for windows

bower *n* area enclosed by branches

bravado *n* pretended bravery, especially when it is boastful

brazen adj bold **brazenly,** adv

breathe a word to *v phrase* to disclose

bridgehead *n* a secured position established by one force in the territory held by its enemy **burble** *n* a bubbling sound

bureau *n* desk with drawers

C

callow adj immature; inexperienced

calumny [kal'am né] *n* slander

camellia *n* fragrant flower with pink, red, or white petals

candelabrum *n* a large candle stick with holders for several candles

carcass *n* animal's dead body

cassock *n* ankle-length, close-fitting garment worn by the clergy

caterwaul v to make a screech or shrill sound like that of a cat

cavalier *n* 1 knight 2 gallant man

chagrin *n* distress caused by frustration or disappointment

chandelier *n* a lamp that has holders for a number of candles or lightbulbs and hangs from the ceiling

chaste adj pure; modest; virtuous

cherub *n* innocent child

chest *n* large strong box

chide v to reproach

chuckle *v* suppress laughter, laugh with closed mouth

churlish adj surly **churlishness,** *n*

cinder [sin'dar] *n* speck of ash

clamour *n* noisy outcry

cleave v 1 to stick to 2 to remain devoted or faithful to

coax v to persuade

collaborate v to work together

collide v to crash into something, usually moving

colonnade *n* a row of columns

commodity *n* product; item of trade

commotion *n* bustle; confusion

compensate v to repay

complacent *adj* self satisfied

comply v to act in accordance with a command or request

compound *n* enclosed area containing buildings

concussion *n* the shock of a blow or collision

confederate *n* accomplice

confirm v to admit to full membership in a Christian church by ceremony

congeal v to solidify or thicken

conjecture *n* guess

conscientious adj ruled by one's conscience

consolation *n* something that comforts someone who is sad or disappointed

consolidate v to combine, to make solid

consternation *n* dismay, surprise and fear

constitutional *n* exercise, often a walk, taken to benefit one's health

constrict v to make narrower or smaller

contralto adj relating to the lowest female voice

converge v to come together

coquettish adj flirtatious

corrupt v to destroy the morality of

countenance *n* face

covetous adj excessively desirous; greedy **covetousness,** *n*

critique *n* critical assessment or evaluation

curtail v to shorten

curvet *v* leap, jump, move rapidly or suddenly (Actually a horse's leap with fore-legs raised together and hind-legs raised with a leap before fore-legs reach ground)

cut *n* passage

D

daft *adj* foolish, crazy

dalliance *n* wasting of time

debauch v to corrupt

decimate v to destroy a large number of

declaim v to recite or speak in a dramatic or artificial manner

defile n narrow passageway in a mountain region

degradation *n* state of being lowered in character or status

deign v to condescend; consent; see/think fit

demur v to object

denigrate v to belittle

denounce v to condemn publicly

denude v strip bare

deplorable adj extremely bad

deportation *n* ejection of a foreign person from a country

depot *n* place where military supplies are stored

depravity *n* state of being corrupt

deprecate v to belittle **deprecatory** adj

derby hat *adj phrase* bowler hat

despised adj not liked, hated

destitute adj impoverished

devoid adj lacking

dexterous adj skillful **dexterously,** *adv*

diabolic adj fiendish; cruel - **diabolical,** *adj*

dickens *n* (colloquial) devil

diffident adj shy

dilatory adj inclined or intended to cause delay or gain time

dimension *n* measurable extent

diminutive adj of an extremely small size; tiny

discern v to recognize

discomfit v to confuse; disconcert

discreet adj showing prudence or extra care about what is done **discreetly,** *adv*

disdain v to scorn

disheveled adj not well groomed; messy

disparage v bring discredit to, depreciate, speak slighting of - **disparagingly** *adv*

disquieting adj causing uneasiness; disturbing

dissimulate v to disguise feelings; pretend

distillation *n* concentration of something

divine v to prophesy; discover or interpret by supernatural means -**diviner**, *n*

doesn't seem delicate *phrase* does not look proper

domain *n* area under one government

dormant adj 1 sleeping 2 inactive

double-faced *adj* insincere

dresser n kitchen side-board

drove *n* a crowd

drudgery *n* tedious or menial work

E

edification *n* improvement or enlightenment

effusive adj expressing excessive feeling or emotion **effusively,** adv

elasticity *n* quality of being able to adapt to various circumstances; flexibility

elation *n* great happiness

elocution *n* art of public speaking

eloquence *n* vivid, expressive speech

emaciated adj very thin

emanate v to issue or come forth from a source

embankment *n* a long mound of earth, stones, etc, used to stop water or hold up a road

emblematic *adj* acting as a symbol or representation of something else

emigrate v to go from one country to another

emulation *n* attempt to equal or surpass

enact v to put into effect, as a law

encampment [en kamp'mant] *n* camp

enchant v to charm; bewitch **enchantment,** n

encircle v to surround

enclave *n* a territory surrounded by another territory

encounter v to find; meet; come upon

endow v to provide with some quality

engender v to cause to be; create

enigmatic *adj* puzzling; mysterious

entangle v to catch in a tangle

entice v to tempt

entourage *n* group of companions

entrails *n pl* bowels; inner organs

eradicate v to do away with

espousal *n* advocacy

ether *n* a supposed substance once thought to fill outer space

ethereal *adj.* light and delicate

euphemism *n* mild or polite word used in place of a harsher one

ewer *n* wide-mouthed, large pitcher

exalt v to esteem; glorify **-exalted,** adj.

exertion *n* effort

exhilaration *n* excited condition

exhort *n* to urge

exigency *n* situation calling for immediate action or attention

expedient adj. appropriate

exploit *n* heroic feat or deed

extremity *n* condition of great need

exultant *adj* rejoicing; triumphant

F

fabrication n lie; false statement

facetious *adj* joking, sometimes inappropriately

falter v to stumble; move unsteadily

fancy v to imagine

fatuous adj foolish

faze v to bother; disturb; disconcert

fervent *adj* having great emotional intensity

fetid adj stinking; foul-smelling

fetter v to bind with chains

filial *adj* befitting a son

flag v to lose vigour; grow weak

flamboyant adj showy **flamboyantly,** *adv*

flush v of a face becoming red or hot

fly *n* a fishing bait

fogy *n* an old-fashioned person

foreboding *n* premonition; feeling that something will happen, usually something bad

foredoom v to condemn in advance

forestall v to thwart

forfeit v to lose; give up

forge *n* blacksmith's workshop

formidable *adj* inspiring awe; impressive

fortune *n* the way events turn out, especially when favourable; luck

fraternize v to associate with someone else in a friendly way

frivolity *n* 1 condition of being of little importance 2 silliness; playfulness

frivolous *adj* unimportant

furrow *n* narrow groove in the ground

furtive *adj* done in a sneaky manner - **furtively,** *adv*

G

gallery *n* theater balcony

gallivant v go about idly; roam about

garrulous *adj* talkative

gaudy *adj* showy, tastelessly fine

gaze *v* to looks around intently, fixedly

genealogy *n* study of a person's or a amily's ancestry **genealogical**, *adj*

get hold of oneself *v phrase* to become calm

get over something *v phrase* to recover from something (such as fear)

ghastly *adj* terrible; horrible

gibberish *n* nonsense; obscure language

gingerly *adv* cautiously, with showing extreme care so as to avoid what is touched

gird v to fasten with a belt goblet *n* drinking glass

give them a lead *v phrase* provide them with a clue

gnaw *v* to bite with repeated efforts

goitre *n* morbid swelling in thyroid gland (in the neck)

gorge *n* narrow opening between steep sides

gospel *n* 1 the account of the life of Jesus given in the first four books of the New Testament 2 the teachings or message of Jesus

grandiloquent adj using flowery and important-sounding but empty language

grave adj serious

grievous adj serious; causing grief

grouse *n* fowl-like game bird

grub *v* search, rummage, provide

gruff adj rough and deep

guileless *adj* candid; not sly or crafty

gumption *n* courage; initiative guttural adj with a rasping quality

gyration *n* circular motion

H

hallucination *n* perception of something that is not really there

hamlet *n* small village

hard on *adj* severe, too severe in treatment

hawser *n* a heavy rope for moving or anchoring a ship

hearten *v* to encourage **-heartening,** *adj*

herald v to announce; proclaim

hie v to hurry

hobgoblin *n* mischievous elf

homage *n* respect; honour; reverence

Homeric fight *adj phrase* a heroic fight like the one described by Homer in his great epics; an ironical expression

hoodoo *n* 1 bad luck 2 thing or person that brings bad luck

hulking *adj* massive

hush *v* be silent, be quiet, be silent

hysterically *adv* with outbursts of emotion

I

ignominy *n* dishonour

imbue v to pass through; fill

immeasurable adj unable to be measured

immunity *n* protection from harm

impassive adj not showing or feeling emotion; calm

impassive *adj* without feeling or emotion, not subject to suffering

impeccable adj without fault or flaw; perfect

impenetrable *adj* unable to be passed through

imperious *adj* domineering

Impertinence *n* rudeness or offensive boldness

impetuous adj rash; impulsive

implacable *adj* relentless; unchanging

Implore v to beg

incantation *n* words spoken to cast a spell

Incessant adj going on without interruption

incomprehensible adj unable to be understood

Incredulous adj unbelieving

Increment *n* a small amount of growth, such as a salary increase

indignant *adj* full of anger about supposed injustice **-indignantly,** *adv*

Indiscriminate *adj* not making distinctions or noting differences; random

Indolent *adj* lazy

Induce v to bring about

Indulgent adj characterized by leniency - **indulgently,** *adv*

Ineffable *adj* difficult to express in words

Inert *adj* unmoving

Infectious *adj* tending to spread among people

Infest v to spread over; fill; overrun

Ingenuity *n* cleverness in accomplishing something

Ingratiate v to bring oneself deliberately into another person's favour **ingratiating,** adj

innumerable adj too many to count

inscrutable *adj* not easily understood; mysterious

insidious adj characterized by deceitfulness or sly treachery

insular adj narrow-minded

interment *n* act of burying

interminable adj endless or seeming to last forever

interrogation *n* questioning

intimacy *n* state of close friendship

intimidate v to make fearful

intrigue *n* underhanded plot

inveterate adj habitual

invoke v call on; pray for

iridescent *adj* showing changing colours

irrepressible *adj* unable to be restrained

irresolute *adj* without determination **-irresolutely,** *adv*

J

jasmine *n* a plant with sweet-smelling yellow, white, or red flowers

jeer v to shout at in a derisive or scornful manner

Johnny cake *n* cake of maize-meal or wheat-meal

jovial adj full of good humour; jolly - **jovialness,** *n*

judicious *adj* showing good judgment

juncture *n* point in time

L

lackey *n* a servant

laggard *n* a slow individual; one who lags behind

languid *adj* sluggish; without energy

lave v to wash

lavish *adj* extravagant

legacy *n* something left in a will

lethargic adj sluggish; without energy

list v to tilt

listless adj without energy or enthusiasm -**listlessly**, *adv*

loathe v to hate

lodge v to give someone a place to stay on a temporary basis

lofty adj towering; of great height

lute *n* a stringed instrument with a pear-shaped body

luxuriant adj abundant or thick

M

mackerel *n* sea-fish used as food

malice n ill will

malice *n* vindictive feelings

malicious *adj* full of ill-will

mallet *n* hammer with a wooden head

mangy *adj* squalid and dirty in appearance

marrow *n* innermost part

martial *adj* relating to war

meagre adj thin; insufficient

meditate v to think deeply

mendicant *n* beggar

menial adj degrading

meritorious adj deserving praise

metamorphosis *n* change or transformation

meteorite *n* a body from space that has fallen to Earth

milestone *n* stone on a roadway that shows the distance in miles to or from a specific place; a significant event in one's life or history

mime *n* art of pantomime

mingle v to join

minnow *n* very small fish

mirage *n* visual illusion

mischance *n* bad luck

misgiving *n* feeling of doubt, fear, or worry

moderation *n* state of avoiding extremes

money-grubbing money-hunting

monotony *n* unvaried, tiresome sameness

morose adj gloomy

municipal adj of the city

munificent adj lavish

muse *v* to think in an idle way - **musings**, *n pl*

mystify v to puzzle; bewilder

N

nebulous adj not clear; hazy

niche *n* a recess or hollow in a wall, used to place an ornament; a suitable place

nocturnal adj having to do with or happening at night

nondescript *adj* uninteresting

not to make half enough of *v phrase* not praise sufficiently

nuptials *n* wedding ceremony

nurture v to nourish

O

oblivion *n* state of forgetfulness

obscurity *n* quality of being not well known

obsequious adj overly humble, attentive, and obedient

ordinance *n* law

ostentatiously *adv* with ostentation, showing off, attempt or intention to attract attention

ovation *n* enthusiastic demonstration of public acclaim

overture *n* proposal meant to bring about some action; offer

P

pagan adj pertaining to a religion that worships many gods -*n* person who is not religious

pagoda *n* in the Far East, a multi-storeyed tower, often pyramidal in form

palatial adj like that of a palace

pall v to become boring; lose appeal

pallid adj pale; of an unhealthy colour

paltry adj unimportant

pander *n* one who helps others yield to base deeds or desires

parapet *n* a wall, sometimes on top of a large mound of earth, to protect soldiers from attack

parasitic adj living at another person's expence

parish *n* district containing its own church

parlor *n* living room or room where guests are received and entertained

parry v to turn aside; fight off

patriarch *n* old man who is given great respect

paunch *n* a belly that sticks out

pedestal *n* support for a statue

peevish adj cross; ill-tempered; irritable

pensive adj thoughtful

penurious adj stingy; miserly - **penuriously,** *adv*

peremptory adj not permitting argument or delay; commanding

permeate v to spread through

perpendicular adj at right angles to the line of the horizon; vertical

perpetual adj eternal; endless

perplexity *n* state of confusion

pervade v to spread through

piercing *v* going into or through

pinch *v* steal

pipe-claying *n* fine white clay with which he was polishing his shoes

piqued *adj* irritated

pivotal *adj* of central importance

placid *adj* calm -placidity [ple sidle t6j, *n*

plagiarist *n* someone who presents another person's writing as his or her own; **plagiarism** *n*

plaintive *adj* sad; mournful

play the wag *v phrase* to be a truant; run away from school

plumage *n* coat of feathers of a bird

plump *adj* full, rounded, fleshy

poignant adj touching; evoking emotions

ponderous adj heavy and clumsy - **ponderously,** adv

poplar *n* tree of the willow family

posterior *n* the buttocks

potent adj powerful; strong

practice in Arithmetic a compendious way of multiplying quantities involving several units by means of aliquots parts

prattle *n* idle talk

precarious *adj* uncertain; dependent on chance

precipice *n* extremely steep bank or cliff

precocious *adj* developed before time; (of plants) flowering or fruiting early

prefiguration *n* something that foreshadows

premium *n* sum paid to insurance company

prescribe v to direct

pretext *n* excuse; false reason

prickle *n* sharp point

primer *n* elementary book on any subject

prodigious *adj* enormous

prodigy *n* extremely talented or gifted person, usually a child

profane v treat something regarded as sacred with disrespect or contempt

profound adj felt intensely; characterized by deep understanding

profuse adj abundant **-profusely,** *adv*

propitiate v to appease; pacify

prosaic adj commonplace

protestation *n* serious affirmation

protract v to extend in time

protrude v to stick out

protuberance *n* something that sticks out; bulge

provisions *n* supplies

provocative adj tending to stir up emotion

prowess *n* 1 bravery 2 ability; skill

prudent adj exercising caution; using good judgment

Q

quake v to shake

quench v to satisfy

querulous adj inclined to complain or find fault **-querulously,** *adv*

quest *n* search to find something or achieve a goal

quintessence *n* basic or most essential part of something **-quintessential** adj

R

rabble *n* a mass of people, usually regarded as being of a low class

radiate v to shine out

rancour *n* strong hate or spite

ravine *n* deep valley in the earth

rebuff v to reject bluntly

rebuke v to reprimand

recollect *v* remember, recall

recollection *n* remembrance

recompensev to repay

regrettable *adj* sorrowful

reiterate v to say or do repeatedly

remorse *n* feeling of sorrow or guilt for past behaviour **-remorseful,** *adj*

rendezvous *n* arranged meeting, especially when done in secret

repose *n* rest

reprieve *n* release from something unpleasant; relief

reproach v to blame

resolute *adj* having determination **-resolutely,** *adv*

resolution *v* to be determined

resolve *n* steadfast

resound v to be full of sound; echo; reverberate

respite *n* interval of relief

resplendent *adj* shining brilliantly;

gleaming

retail v to retell or repeat

revelation *n* a sudden or striking disclosure

rimy adj covered with frost

rosary *n* a string of beads used in praying

rudimentary adj very basic or elementary

ruinous *adj* tending to bring disaster

rustic *n* a person from the country, especially when regarded as unsophisticated

rustle *n* soft sound

S

sallow *adj* having a pale or sickly yellowish complexion

sandboy *n* boy hawking sand for sale; as happy as a sandboy

sash *n* scarf worn by woman or child round waist (from Arabic: shash—muslin)

saunter v to stroll

scabbard *n* a case for the blade of a sword

scarab *n* gem cut in the shape of a beetle

scavenger *n* one who searches through refuse for useful things

scintillate v to give off flashes of light

score v to write out parts of a musical composition for various instruments

scrupulous adj paying strict attention to what is right; careful **-scrupulously,** *adv*

scuttle v to move with short, rapid steps

sedate *adj* calm **-sedately,** *adv*

semblance *n* outward appearance, especially a false one

serenity *n* state of being calm or peaceful

shabby *adj* in bad condition, much worn

shamble v to shuffle

sharper *n* cheat

sharply *adv* bitterly, in shrill voice

sheepish *adj* embarrassed or bashful - **sheepishly,** *adv*

shirk v to avoid

shroud *n* cloth covering for a dead body -*v* to cover; conceal

sickle *n* tool with a crescent-shaped blade attached to a short handle that is used for cutting weeds, grass, and other growing things

siege *n* sustained attack involving cutting off an enemy from sources of supplies

siegeworks *n pl* barricade set up by a force surrounding an enemy

silhouette *n* dark shape seen against a lighter background; outline

sinewy adj powerful; strong

skein *n* bundle of yarn or thread

skip *v* jump, move quickly

slipshod adj careless

slither v to move with a gliding motion - **slithery,** *adj*

snappish *adj* ill-tempered; **snappishly** adv irritably

sneak *v* go quietly, slink, go furtively, steal, make off

sniff *v* draw up (air, liquid or scent)

snug *adj* well enclosed comfortably placed

sojourn v to live somewhere on a temporary basis

sordid *adj* filthy; squalid

sot *n* one who drinks too much by habit

spawn v to bring into existence; produce

speck *n* spot, dot, stain, particle

speculate v to think about something and come to a guess **-speculation,** *n*

speechless *adj* dumb, temporary loss of words

spew v to vomit

splay v, spread out

spry adj nimble; lively; active

squabble v to quarrel or argue noisily

stagger *v* walk unsteadily, totter

stalwart *n* one who is physically or morally strong or brave

startled *adj* alarmed, shocked

steep v to saturate

stint *n* limitation

stout *adj* sturdy, strongly built

stunn *v* shock

stupefy v to astonish; bewilder – **stupefaction,** *n*

sullen *adj* sulky; gloomy **-sullenly,** *adv*

sully v to dirty; soil; dishonour

superannuated *adj* too old for work or use

supercilious adj arrogant; disdainful - **superciliously,** *adv*

supine *adj* lying on one's back

suppliant *n* one who asks for something humbly

sure as hell adj phrase very much sure

surmise v to guess

swagger v to walk in a bold or superior fashion

symmetrical *adj* exhibiting correspondence of opposite parts in size, shape, and position

T

taciturn *adj* very quiet

talon *n* bird's claw

tankard *n* large mug with a lid

tedium *n* state of being wearisome or boring; unchanging dullness

temper v to soften; moderate

temperate *adj* moderate

tenacity *n* state of being inclined to hold firmly

terrain *n* region of land, especially with regard to its features

the rage *n* the object of widespread, temporary enthusiasm or interest

the rule of three the method of finding the fourth terms of proportion when three are given

threshold *n* point of entry; be ginning

thump *v* beat heavily, especially with fist; deliver heavy

timorous adj showing a lack of courage

to be gone *v phrase* to be dead

trace *n* a strap or chain connecting an animal's harness to a vehicle being pulled

traipse v to walk around aimlessly

transcendent adj surpassing all others; superior

transfixed *adj* rooted to the spot: (of horror or confusion) unable to move, speak, think, etc

transgress v to go beyond a proper limit **-transgression,** *n* sin

transition *n* passage from one condition or state to another

transmit v to send or communicate

transpire v to happen

tremolo *n* a wavering or trembling sound

trifle *n* something unimportant **-a trifle,** *adv* somewhat

trifles *n* things of little value or importance

trudge v to walk laboriously

tweak v to pull sharply

U

uncanny adj strange and mysterious; eerie

undaunted adj not discouraged

unpretentious adj not showy or affected; modest

unshriven adj not having received confession and absolution

unwonted adj unusual

usurp v to take unjustly

V

vagabond *n* wanderer; tramp

vainglory *n* great vanity

valet *n* servant who cares for a person's clothes

vapor *n* 1 cloudy or gaseous matter 2 something insubstantial

variegated adj streaked or marked with different colors

veranda *n* an open porch, which may be roofed

veritable adj actual

viciously *adv* giving or doing with evil intention

vicissitude *n* change in a situation

vindictive *adj* revengeful

visor *n* front part of a helmet that lowers to cover the top part of the face

vista *n* view, particularly one seen through a long passage

vivacity *n* liveliness

voluble adj speaking easily and rapidly; talkative **-volubly,** *adv*

vulgar *adj* coarse, low; uncultured

vulnerable adj able to be harmed

W

wag *n* one who jokes

waif *n* homeless person, especially a child

wan adj 1 pale; sickly 2 weak; faint - **wanly,** adv

ware *n* item for sale

wattle *n* a fence made of interlaced rods or twigs

wayfarer *n* traveller, usually on foot

whopper *n* a very large thing

wishbone of a child *adj phrase* a lean bony child (wishbone is the forked bone in front of the breastbone in most birds)

work oneself up *v phrase* to bring gradually to an effective state, to excite by degrees, to advance gradually to climax

wrath *n* rage; extreme anger

wrest v to extract by exerting great effort

Z

zeal *n* great enthusiasm

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